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E. V. ODLE

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CONTENTS

TRAVEL AND DISCOVERY

			PAGE
The Finding of the Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen	*The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen*	Howard Carter	3
A Caravan Journey through Unexplored Tibet	*To the Forbidden Land*	Sven Hedin	11
On the Roof of the World	*The Assault on Mount Everest*	Captain George Finch	21
The Good Sheykh	*Travels in Arabia Deserta*	Charles M. Doughty	30
The Dash for the Pole	*Scott's Last Expedition*	Captain Robert Falcon Scott	39

WAR

A War Correspondent in Greece	*Changes and Chances*	Henry W. Nevinson	59
The Armoured Train	*My Early Life*	Winston Churchill	67
My First Fight with the Foreign Legion	*Twenty-Four Hours in the Foreign Legion*	P. C. Wren	77
My Escape from a Turkish Prison	*Bengal Lancer*	F. Yeats-Brown	82

CONTENTS

THE PIONEERING INSTINCT AND SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISE

			PAGE
A Vision	*Autobiography of Kingsley Fairbridge*	Kingsley Fairbridge	95
Flight Home from Australia	*Australia and Back*	Sir Alan Cobham	102
A Descent to Davy Jones' Locker	*Half Mile Down*	Dr. William Beebe	110
Record " Glides " in a Motorless Aeroplane	*Kronfeld on Gliding and Soaring*	Robert Kronfeld	117
On Being One's Own Rabbit	*Possible Worlds and other Essays*	J. B. S. Haldane	125
My School-days	*My Life*	George Lansbury	133
How I sense the World	*The World I live in*	Helen Keller	139
A Signature on the Canadian Prairie	*Farmer's Glory*	A. G. Street	142

ON THE ROAD, BY SEA, AND IN THE ARENA

On the Road with " Professionals "	*The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*	W. H. Davies	153
Across the Pacific Ocean in a Small Sailing Boat	*Deep Water and Shoal*	W. A. Robinson	161
My First Salvage Case	*Ship Ashore*	Desmond Young	169
" The Lions are Loose ! "	*Seventy Years a Showman*	Lord George Sanger	186

CONTENTS

			PAGE
My Fight with Bombardier Wells	*My Fighting Life*	Georges Carpentier	192
Photographing Lions by Flash-light	*Camera Adventures in the African Wilds*	A. Radclyffe Dugmore	197
Notes			207
Essay Questions			229

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INTRODUCTION

In the writing of prose narrative describing actual experience the individuality of the author is no less important than in the writing of fiction or the imaginative essay. "Adventure is the man" may be as true as "style is the man." A simple test of this would be to imagine each of the individual adventures contained in this collection as described by other writers, no less skilled; the result might be excellent history or biography, but the style of the writing could not be exactly fitted both to the man and the matter as it is bound to be in the case of a personal record.

Men reveal themselves in the kind of adventure they seek, and the sentences they write are as typical of them as are the steps they took to attain their objects. Exploration in Tibet and Excavation in Luxor are both undertakings carried out with a common object —the aim of both is to add to human knowledge of cultures or ways of living. Yet it is impossible to read the pages of Sven Hedin's story of lifelong caravanning in the Tibetan plains, or of Howard Carter's description of the finding of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, without realising that Hedin would have been bored with the valley of the Kings, and that Carter would have found the caravan journeys an intolerable trial to his patience. Both react to what secretly thrills them. To the boyish, active spirit of the Swedish explorer the jingle of the caravanserai as it winds its way through the almost impassable passes of a forbidden land is as essential to the adventure as are the

scientific discoveries to be made in regions where the dead are no less sacred than they were in ancient Egypt. To Carter, on the other hand, the very monotony of the quest is part of its charm. He revels in the daily task of digging in the dull earth for treasure that may not after all be there ; the suspense and anxiety, the seven years' pursuit of a single aim, are to him as attractive as is the magnificent circus-parade to Sven Hedin. Both are magicians, the one glorying in a succession of transformation scenes in which all is shown and wonder piled on wonder, the other delighting in the simplicity of the conjuror's table, living for the moment when out of the darkness of the hat he is able to produce the unexpected rabbit.

The men and women who move about in the strange places of the earth make them stranger still by the force of character that reveals to them what is in themselves as well as the mysteries they explore. Dr. Beebe, seated in his Bathysphere and looking out on a dark blue world at the bottom of the sea never before seen, conveys to you not merely the impression of a new world discovered but of a new Dr. Beebe, sweating with physical strain and wonder and apprehension. And what a showman he is, reminding you at precisely the right moment, with the skill of a Lord George Sanger, of the exact dimensions of his steel globe and the chances of its thin sides collapsing under the terrific impact of unthinkable pressures of water !

In a variety of different ways these adventurers make us familiar with the seemingly unfriendly forces here and there, in a world which is growing old while we are still groping our way to scrape its lowest depths or puzzling and gasping up the trail to its highest point. Theirs is the gift to make homely the infinitude of lonely stars and to place a warm human brazier where for untold generations there was only the icy

coldness of the unknown. Who can read Scott's diary without feeling, with a sad embarrassment, that he knows almost by heart that tragic trail from the summit of the South Pole to the base that was never reached? It is a record which, fall the snow again and again, cannot be obliterated. "This way they passed," and whoever passes that way again treads not virgin ground but over the points where Evans stumbled for the last time and Oates sought in a blinding blizzard the last blessing he could bestow upon himself and his comrades.

Quest does not always imply the kind of conquest that can be staked out as a claim; it is sometimes an experience of the spirit, which knows no distinction between success and failure, which is an enrichment of universal consciousness. Supposing every conceivable corner of this globe discovered, explored, mapped: there is still the reaction of the poet or scholar who sets out to correct impressions, or to create where others merely observed. What strange, revealing work might not have been written by Charles Doughty, of a journey from Clapham Junction to Balham? His *Travels in Arabia Deserta* is a record of spiritual experience first and foremost, the work of a traveller saturated in ideas which he weaves into the fabric of the visible world. Chance or inexplicable impulse led him to the Orient; but the undercurrent of wisdom that makes his book one of the greatest written was already in him, ready to flow out.

Apart from their arrangement under convenient headings no attempt has been made to preserve chronological order in these accounts of personal adventure. The aim has been to illustrate by as great a variety as possible the effect of experience upon human character, and to select records which make memorable the personalities concerned as well as their experiences. Here is a company of human beings who

might appear odd when assembled on one stage to take the curtain ; but as a " single turn " each one has been superb in his or her way. Nor is there wanting a thread of purpose to unite them ; for none of them have been content to see the universe with everyday eyes, but rather by their enterprises and adventures have they proved that human life is something still in the throes of creation. Sven Hedin flogging his almost dead horses to reach the city of the sacred dead, Sir Alan Cobham leaping from crag to crag in space and time like a cosmic antelope, Kronfeld gliding over the earth like a bird trying out its wings, Desmond Young racking his brain to redeem what the sea has claimed, Churchill revelling in war for its own sake and Nevinson wondering why such a phenomenon as war exists, Kingsley Fairbridge seeing the pale faces of London slum children in a flash of Rhodesian sunlight, J. B. S. Haldane shutting himself up, like a jack-in-the-box, in a poison-filled chamber, George Lansbury agitating for what the world now realises to be normal human rights, W. H. Davies tramping England on one foot and with unsung songs in his almost broken heart, and Helen Keller seeing more light in the enforced darkness of her world than most people too used to what eyesight shows them, have all in their ways busily demonstrated the fact of human progress, and also the fact that human progress is not so much a steady, unified march forward as an eternal adjustment of arrears. The pioneers with their long overdue messages are rather breathless overtakers of humanity's past than gropers into the future.

Nor must be forgotten, or belittled, the lighter side of human enterprise, and those spectacular performances which may be rehearsals for the greater adventures. The coolness and wit of Lord George Sanger in a crisis, the courage and impudence of Georges

INTRODUCTION

Carpentier in hitting one certainly not his own size, and hitting him down, the ingenuity and nerve of Major Dugmore in "shooting" lions with a cinematograph camera, A. G. Street writing his name with a plough on a strip of land in far-flung Manitoba, and young Robinson setting out to cross the Pacific in a 10-ton yacht, are all aspects of the same theme, and their big moments different vibrations in the eternal pulse.

E. V. O.

Introduction

Travel & the Discovery

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TRAVEL AND DISCOVERY

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THE FINDING OF THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

THIS was to be our final season in The Valley. Six full seasons we had excavated there, and season after season, had drawn a blank ; we had worked for months at a stretch and found nothing, and only an excavator knows how desperately depressing that can be ; we had almost made up our minds that we were beaten, and were preparing to leave The Valley and try our luck elsewhere ; and then—hardly had we set hoe to ground in our last despairing effort than we made a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams. Surely, never before in the whole history of excavation has a full digging season been compressed within the space of five days.

Let me try and tell the story of it all. It will not be easy, for the dramatic suddenness of the initial discovery left me in a dazed condition, and the months that have followed have been so crowded with incident that I have hardly had time to think. Setting it down on paper will perhaps give me a chance to realise what has happened and all that it means.

I arrived in Luxor on October 28th, and by November 1st I had enrolled my workmen and was ready to begin. Our former excavations had stopped short at the north-east corner of the tomb of Rameses VI, and from this point, I started trenching southwards. In this area there were a number of roughly constructed workmen's huts, used probably by the labourers in the tomb of Rameses. These huts,

built above three feet above bedrock, covered the whole area in front of the Ramesside tomb, and continued in a southerly direction to join up with a similar group of huts on the opposite side of The Valley, discovered by Davis [1] in connection with his work on the Akh-en-Aten cache. By the evening of November 3rd, we had laid bare a sufficient number of these huts for experimental purposes, so, after we had planned and noted them, they were removed, and we were ready to clear away the three feet of soil that lay beneath them.

Hardly had I arrived on the work next morning (November 4th) than the unusual silence, due to the stoppage of the work, made me realise that something out of the ordinary had happened. I was greeted by the announcement that a step cut in the rock had been discovered underneath the very first hut to be attacked. This seemed too good to be true, but a short amount of extra clearing revealed the fact that we were actually in the entrance of a steep cut in the rock, some thirteen feet below the entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI, and a similar depth from the present dead level of The Valley. The manner of cutting was that of the sunken stairway entrance so common in The Valley, and I almost dared to hope that we had found our tomb at last. Work continued feverishly throughout the whole of that day, and the morning of the next, but it was not until the afternoon of November 5th that we succeeded in clearing away the masses of rubbish that overlay the cut, and were able to demarcate the upper edges of the stairway on all its four sides.

It was clear by now beyond any question that we actually had before us the entrance to a tomb, but doubts, born of previous disappointments, persisted in creeping in. There was always the horrible possi-

[1] American excavator who preceded Carter.

bility suggested by our experience in the Thothmes III Valley, that the tomb was an unfinished one, never completed and never used ; if it had been finished there was the depressing probability that it had been completely plundered in ancient times. On the other hand, there was just a chance of an untouched or only partially plundered tomb, and it was with ill-suppressed excitement that I watched the descending steps of the staircase, as one by one they came to light. The cutting was excavated in the side of a small hillock, and, as the work progressed, its western edge receded under the slope of the rock until it was, first partially, and then completely, roofed in, and became a passage, ten feet high by six feet wide. Work progressed more rapidly now ; step succeeded step, and at the level of the twelfth, towards sunset, there was disclosed the upper part of a doorway, blocked, plastered, and sealed.

A sealed doorway—it was actually true, then ! Our years of patient labour were to be rewarded after all, and I think my first feeling was one of congratulation that my faith in The Valley had not been unjustified. With excitement growing to fever-heat, I searched the seal impressions on the door for evidence of the identity of the owner, but could find no name ; the only decipherable ones were those of the well-known royal necropolis seal ; the jackal and nine captives. Two facts, however, were clear ; first, the employment of this royal seal was certain evidence that the tomb had been constructed for a person of very high standing ; and second, the fact that the sealed door was entirely screened from above by workmen's huts of the Twentieth Dynasty was clear proof that at least from that date it had never been entered. With that, for the moment, I had to be content.

While examining the seals I noticed, at the top of

the doorway, where some of the plaster had fallen away, a heavy wooden lintel. Under this, to assure myself of the method by which the doorway had been blocked, I made a small peephole, just large enough to insert an electric torch, and discovered that the passage beyond the door was filled completely from floor to ceiling with stones and rubble—additional proof this of the care with which the tomb had been protected.

It was a thrilling moment for an excavator. Alone, save for my native workmen, I found myself, after years of comparatively unproductive labour, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery. Anything, literally anything, might lie beyond that passage, and it needed all my self-control to keep from breaking down the doorway, and investigating then and there.

One thing puzzled me, and that was the smallness of the opening in comparison with the ordinary Valley tombs. The design was certainly of the Eighteenth Dynasty. Could it be the tomb of a noble buried here by royal consent? Was it a royal cache, a hiding-place to which a mummy and its equipment had been removed for safety? Or was it actually the tomb of the king for whom I had spent so many years in search?

Once more I examined the seal impressions for a clue, but on the part of the door so far laid bare only those of the royal necropolis seal already mentioned were clear enough to read. Had I but known that a few inches lower down there was a perfectly clear and distinct impression of the seal of Tut-Ankh-Amen, the king I most desired to find, I would have cleared on, had a much better night's rest in consequence, and saved myself nearly three weeks of uncertainty. It was late, however, and darkness was already upon us. With some reluctance I re-closed the small hole I

had made, filled in our excavation for protection during the night, selected the most trustworthy of my workmen—themselves almost as excited as I was—to watch all night above the tomb, and so home by moonlight, riding down The Valley.

.

November 26th was the day of days, the most wonderful that I have ever lived through, and certainly one whose like I never hope to see again. Throughout the morning the work of clearing continued, slowly perforce, on account of the delicate objects that were mixed with the filling. Then, in the middle of the afternoon thirty feet down from the outer door, we came to a second sealed door, almost an exact replica of the first. The seal impressions in this case were less distinct, but still recognisable as those of Tut-ankh-Amen and of the royal necropolis. Here again the signs of opening and re-closing were clearly marked upon the plaster. We were firmly convinced by this time that it was a cache that we were about to open, and not a tomb. The arrangement of stairway, entrance passage and doors reminded us very forcibly of the cache of Akh-en-Aten and Tyi material found in the very near vicinity of the present excavation by Davis, and the fact that Tut-ankh-Amen's seals occurred there likewise seemed almost certain proofs that we were right in our conjecture. We were soon to know. There lay the sealed doorway, and behind it was the answer to our question.

Slowly, desperately slowly it seemed to us as we watched, the remains of passage debris that encumbered the lower part of the doorway were removed, until at last we had the whole door clear before us. The decisive moment had arrived. With trembling hands I made a tiny breach in the upper left hand corner. Darkness and blank space, as far as an iron

testing-rod could reach, showed that whatever lay beyond was empty, and not filled like the passage we had just cleared. Candle tests were applied as a precaution against possible foul gases, and then, widening the hole a little, I inserted the candle and peered in, Lord Carnarvon, Lady Evelyn, and Callender standing anxiously beside me to hear the verdict. At first I could see nothing, the hot air escaping from the chamber causing the candle flame to flicker, but presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room within emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold—everywhere the glint of gold. For the moment—an eternity it must have seemed to the others standing by—I was struck dumb with amazement, and when Lord Carnarvon, unable to bear the suspense any longer, inquired anxiously, "Can you see anything?" it was all I could do to get out the words, "Yes, wonderful things." Then, widening the hole a little further, so that we could both see, we inserted an electric torch.

I suppose most excavators would confess to a feeling of awe—embarrassment almost—when they break into a chamber closed and sealed by pious hands so many centuries ago. For the moment, time as a factor in human life has lost its meaning. Three thousand, four thousand years maybe, have passed and gone since human feet last trod the floor on which you stand, and yet, as you note signs of recent life around you—the half filled bowl of mortar for the door, the blackened lamp, the finger-mark upon the freshly painted surface, the farewell garland dropped upon the threshold—you feel it might have been but yesterday. The very air you breathe, unchanged throughout the centuries, you share with those who laid the mummy to its rest. Time is annihilated by little intimate details such as these, and you feel an intruder.

That is perhaps the first and dominant sensation, but others follow thick and fast—the exhilaration of discovery, the fever of suspense, the almost over-mastering impulse, born of curiosity, to break down seals and lift the lids of boxes, the thought—pure joy to the investigator—that you are about to add a page to history, or solve some problem of research, the strained expectancy—why not confess it?—of the treasure-seeker. Did these thoughts actually pass through our minds, or have I imagined them since? I cannot tell. It was the discovery that my memory was blank, and not the mere desire for dramatic effect, that occasioned this digression.

Surely never before in the whole history of excavation had such an amazing sight been seen as the light of our torch revealed to us. Imagine how the objects appeared to us as we looked down upon them from our spy-hole in the blocked door-way, casting the beam of light from our torch—the first light that had pierced the darkness of the chamber for three thousand years—from one group of objects to another, in a vain attempt to interpret the treasure that lay before us. The effect was bewildering, overwhelming. I suppose we had never formulated exactly in our minds just what we had expected or hoped to see, but certainly we had never dreamed of anything like this, a room-ful, a whole museumful it seemed—of objects, some familiar, but some the like of which we had never seen, piled one upon the other in seemingly endless pro-fusion.

Gradually the scene grew clearer, and we could pick out individual objects. First, right opposite to us—we had been conscious of them all the while—were three great gilt couches, their sides carved in the form of monstrous animals, curiously attenuated in body, as they had to be to serve this purpose, but with heads of startling realism. Uncanny beasts enough

to look upon at any time : seen as we saw them, their brilliant gilded surfaces picked out of the darkness by our electric torch, as though by limelight, their heads throwing grotesque distorted shadows on the wall behind them, they were almost terrifying. Next, on the right, two statues caught and held our attention ; two life-sized figures of a king in black, facing each other like sentinels, gold kilted, gold sandalled, armed with mace and staff, the protective sacred cobra upon their foreheads.

These were the dominant objects that caught the eye at first. Between them, around them, piled on top of them, there were countless others—exquisitely painted and inlaid caskets; alabaster vases, some beautifully carved in openwork designs ; strange black shrines, from the open door of one a great gilt snake peeping out ; bouquets of flowers or leaves ; beds ; chairs beautifully carved ; a golden inlaid throne ; a heap of curious white oviform boxes ; staves of all shapes and designs ; beneath our eyes, on the very threshold of the chamber, a beautiful lotiform cup of translucent alabaster ; on the left a confused pile of overturned chariots glistening with gold and inlay ; and peeping from behind them another portrait of the king.

Such were some of the objects that lay before us. Whether we noted them all at the time I cannot say for certain, as our minds were in much too excited and confused a state to register accurately. Presently it dawned upon our bewildered brains that in all this medley of objects before us there was no coffin or trace of mummy, and the much-debated question of tomb or cache began to intrigue us afresh. With this question in view we re-examined the scene before us, and noticed for the first time that between the two black sentinel statues on the right there was another sealed doorway. The explanation gradually dawned

upon us. We were but on the threshold of our discovery. What we saw was merely the ante-chamber. Behind the guarded doors there would be other chambers, possibly a succession of them, and in one of them beyond any shadow of doubt, in all his magnificent panoply of death, we should find the Pharaoh lying.

HOWARD CARTER

A CARAVAN JOURNEY THROUGH UNEXPLORED TIBET

ONE of the most adventurous stories commences now; for I now pass the winter days in northern Tibet. In the night of December 3 the thermometer fell to −10·1°. Next morning all the baggage was packed up and carried down the valley to Shyok by coolies. Two fellows, as strong as bears, carried my two tent-boxes. The animals carried only their new saddles. One group after another marched off, and at last I remained alone. Then I shook hands with my faithful companion, Robert, thanked him for his invaluable services, his honesty, his courage and his patience; took leave also of most of the others who had followed me so far; mounted into my new Ladak saddle on my trusty white, and rode down to the Shyok valley with Anmar Ju. I was the last remaining of the original caravan, and was surrounded by men who were complete strangers to me, but I was also strange to them, and they had no suspicion of the foolhardy adventures I intended to lead them into. The wind, however, was the same, and the same stars would twinkle in the sky during the cold silent nights in Tibet. So I should not be quite alone.

It is little more than 6 miles to Shyok, and yet this short distance took almost eight hours. We had to

cross the river six times, which just below the village of Drugub has cut a deep narrow passage between rocks of granite and gneiss. The first crossing was easy, for there the river had been frozen over in the night and, though the ice cracked, we passed over by a path strewn with sand. At the second passage the river was open but broad and shallow, and the ice belts on both sides had been strewn with sand. The third, where we had to cross over again to the right bank, was very awkward, because ice belts suddenly ending in the middle were flooded in consequence of a damming up of the ice lower down. They could not therefore be strewn with sand, and we had to be careful lest we should fall out of the saddle when the horses set their feet down in the water 3 feet deep. It is little more agreeable when they jump up on the opposite edge, and their hoofs slide about before they can get a firm foothold on the smooth ice.

Worse awaited us at the fourth and the fifth crossing ; while, at the sixth, the baggage had to be carried over the water by stark-naked men who tried with staves in their hands to keep their equilibrium among the treacherous rounded stones in the river-bed. An elderly man was seized with cramp when he was half-way across and could not move a step. Two bold youths jumped into the water and dragged him to land. Two mules, which could not be induced by coaxing or scolding to enter the water, were tugged over with a rope. I had a guide before my horse, which was wet half-way up the saddle, so that I had to tuck up my legs as high as possible and in this position it was very difficult to keep my balance, as the horse made unexpected jumps among the blocks. The men raised such a loud hurrah that the mountains rang again when I was over the last ford with a whole skin.

Then we rode in the twilight up and down hill, and it was pitch-dark before a welcome blazing fire showed

us that we were near the village of Shyok. We gathered round it as we came up, and delighted in its radiating heat. I could not help consoling myself with the thought that, if any pursuers followed me up from the English side, they would at any rate get a cold bath before they found me.

In the night the temperature fell to only 15·4°, but here we were at a height of no more than 12,365 feet. We spent December 5 in Shyok, to dry the pack-saddles and give the animals a day's rest after their trying work. In the evening the men held a farewell festival, for Shyok was the last village in Ladak. As soon as the drums and flutes were heard, all the women and girls of the country flocked to the dance.

It was after December 15 that we commenced to have a harder time. Heavy clouds and piercingly cold wind increased the difficulty of our march. We frequently passed the remains of unfortunate caravans —dead horses, bales of goods and pack-saddles from which the hay had been removed to save the life of a dying horse.

Our route ran up the narrow fissured Murgu valley, at first up and down over hills, where numbers of dead horses, which had once been strong and fat, showed us the way. Then we descended a break-neck path into the deep valley where spring water at the bottom formed cracked domes of ice. Then on the slopes of the left flank we climbed again up a zigzag path ; the snow became deeper and was piled up, especially on the path, so smooth that if the horses had made a false step we should have been lost beyond recovery. The landscape was magnificent, but it could not be properly enjoyed when the temperature at one o'clock was only 0·3°. Then again we went down headlong to the valley bottom, where we passed over a natural bridge of rock improved by the hand of man.

So far our direction had been east, but now, as we diverge more and more to the north and north-west, the snow becomes deeper, the sun sinks, the shadows creep up the reddish-yellow hills, the wind is stronger and one thinks : " If this lasts much longer I shall freeze." At last we halt at the foot of a terrace on the right side of the valley, where the sheep are driven into a cave to keep them warm in the night. I slip down from the saddle with all my limbs numbed, and long for a fire. Not a trace of organic life was to be seen near us. The horses and mules were tethered so that they stood in a close pack. Here I was informed that our supply of barley would last only eight to ten days. " Did I not tell you to take barley for two and a half months ? " I asked Abdul Kerim. " Yes, Sahib," said Abdul Kerim, " I have acted wrongly. Send me with some animals to Shahidulla. I can be back again in a fortnight." That was impossible. So I sat in my tent all evening considering the matter from all sides, and measured the distances on my map with compasses. I finally decided to go forward : even if we had to sacrifice everything and creep on all-fours to the nearest tent, I would not give in.

Night came with a clear sky, twinkling stars and sharp frost ; by nine o'clock the temperature was down to − 20·4°. The animals stood quietly crowded together to keep themselves warm. When I awoke occasionally I did not hear them, and they might have vanished. The minimum was reached at − 31·2°. When I was awakened, Kutus had been out on the prowl into a broad valley, coming in from the east, and had found a road which, as far as he could see, was excellent. We had still two days' journey from our camp to the dreaded Karakorum Pass, which I wished to avoid. If we ascended the side valley eastwards, we should soon arrive at the main crest of the Kara-

korum range and be spared two days' journey. I resolved to try it.

So we travelled on December 20 to the east-north-east over crunching snow. The valley looked very promising, especially as old horse-tracks could be seen in some places. In the middle of the valley was the bed of a brook covered over with smooth, treacherous ice, but elsewhere there was nothing but detritus. After we had passed a hill thickly overgrown with *burtse* tufts, all vegetation ceased. At one o'clock the temperature was −5·8°. My beard was white with rime, my face-cloth turned into a mass of ice, and all the animals were white. For hours we slowly mounted upwards. In some places the valley was so contracted that it was only two yards broad. The best of the day was over when the caravan suddenly came to a halt. All was quiet in front, and I waited with Kutus for whatever was to happen.

Meanwhile Abdul Kerim had discovered that the valley was impassable at two points. I went to look. The first barrier of rocks might be forced, but the second was worse. We could certainly have dragged the baggage over the ice between and under the blocks, but there was no passage for the animals. Should we try to make a road along which the animals could be helped over the blocks by the united strength of the men? Yes; but first men must be sent up to find out whether there were more of such barriers to cross. When they came back with the news that the way was still worse above, I gave orders to pitch the camp as the shades of evening were falling.

Good heavens, what a camp! Not a blade of grass, not a drop of water! Again we sat in a mouse-trap between steep mountain walls, where, at any moment, devastating blocks might be detached from the sides by the frost. The horses scraped about in the snow looking for grass. During the night they

roamed about, and stumbled over the tent-ropes. The thermometer fell to −30·6°.

A frosty morning ! We must take care not to touch metal, for it burns like fire. A mule made his way into my tent and looked for something edible in my washing basin. To his great astonishment it stuck to his nose, and he took it a few steps with him. The hungry animals had consumed two empty sacks and six ropes during the night, and played mischief with one another's tails. During the day of rest, pieces of ice were hewn out of the brook and melted in the two large kettles of the men. Horses and mules were then able to drink their fill.

In the night a most welcome change took place in the weather, the whole sky was overcast, and the thermometer fell only 1° ; it felt quite warm in the morning. So we decided to pass the valley junction, and we were again on the great caravan route, the road of dead horses. Four lay in a ravine quite close together, as though they did not wish to part even in death. Some were nearly covered with snow, and others had fallen in a curious cramped position, but most of them lay as though death had surprised them when they were composing themselves to rest after violent exertion. Nearly all were hollow ; the hide was stretched over the backbone and ribs, and they looked intact from the back, but on the other side it could be seen that they were only empty, dry skeletons, hard as iron. The dogs barked at the first carcases, but soon they became familiar with the sight of them. What sufferings and what desperate struggles for life these dreary mountains must have witnessed in the course of time ! Lying awake at night one fancies one hears the sighs of worn-out pack-animals and their laboured breathing as they patiently go towards their end, and sees an endless parade of veterans condemned to die who can endure no more in the service of cruel

man. When the dogs bark outside in the silent night they seem to bark at ghosts and apparitions who try with hesitating steps to make their way out of the snowfields that hold them fast, and intervene between them and the juicy meadows of Ladak. If any road in the world deserves the name " Via Dolorosa," it is the caravan road over the Karakorum Pass connecting eastern Turkestan with India. Like an enormous bridge of sighs it spans with its airy arches the highest mountain-land of Asia and of the world.

In the region where we spent the month of January the mountains are less continuous and form sharp peaks and pyramids of small relative height. It had usually snowed all the preceding night, but the morning of January 5 was fine as we travelled eastwards along the route Kutus had investigated. It led up over snow-covered ground to a small pass (17,995 feet), on the other side of which another branch of the Karakash crossed our course. We must get out of this entanglement, which delayed our march and told on our strength. As long as the animals kept up we had nothing to complain of. I was glad of every day that brought us a little nearer to the spring and out of the winter's cold. It penetrated through everything. My feet had no feeling in them. Gulam rubbed them and massaged me in the evening over the fire, but could not bring them to life. The ink was turned into a lump of ice and had to be thawed before the fire ; when I wrote I had to bend over the brazier, and still the ink congealed in the pen and froze on the paper. Singularly enough I have still an unquenchable desire for ice-cold water and prefer it to warm tea, but the water we usually get is far from pleasant. One has to take a spade and fill an empty sack with snow, and then melt it in a kettle. Gulam tries to persuade me to drink tea and cannot under-

SRI PRATAP COLLEGE

stand how it is that I am not sick of water. It is no use being thirsty in the night ; a cup of water standing near the brazier is frozen to the bottom in a quarter of an hour.

How slowly the hours pass on a day like this ! I am a prisoner in my own tent, for cold and wind keep me from work out of doors. As long as the sun is above the horizon I pass the time very comfortably, for I can see the mountains, these silent, dreary, lonely mountains, where men never wander, and I see the sand-spouts whirling along before the wind. But when the sun sets, the long winter evening begins, and I hear only the howl of the storm without. Patience ! Spring will come sometime. Every day that passes we are a step farther from this horrible winter.

It was on January 10 that we again proceeded on our march. We had taken along with us fresh blocks of ice in our sacks, because the water question had now become pressing, for apparently we could not count on snow much farther ; and we could not dig for water as before, for the ground was frozen into stone. We must therefore proceed cautiously. We had a great open wilderness in front of us ; we must make our way from one point of support to another and explore the routes in advance lest we might come to a catastrophe. I therefore gave orders that, now that the loads were considerably smaller, a couple of our animals should carry snow or ice.

On this day the wind was boisterous, and we were frozen through in a minute. We were proceeding to a spot 15 miles away where I knew there was good pasturage. In the lee of the caravan, which went in advance, lay a cloud of dust like smoke. As we came nearer the spot, the yellow hue of the grass could be seen from a distance, and the sight so refreshed my men that they began to sing on the march. The

animals understood that they were coming to good pasturage, and quickened their pace without any shouts from the men. The tents were set up in the same place as last year, and here I closed my long circuitous route through Tibet. It was the place where Muhamed Isa had raised his tall cairn. The height here was 16,198 feet.

For about a fortnight we travelled through this region, fixing our miserable camps at different spots. Now as I turn over the leaves of my diary of this terrible journey how often I come across the remark that *this* was the hardest day we had hitherto experienced. And yet days were always coming when we suffered still more. So it was on January 26. The sky was covered with such compact clouds that we might fancy we were riding under a prison-vault. The storm raged with undiminished violence, and a quarter of an hour after I had mounted my horse I was benumbed and powerless. My hands ached and I tried to thaw my right hand by breathing on it whenever I had to take a note, but after reading the compass for two seconds my hands lost all feeling. My feet troubled me less, for I had no feeling at all in them. I only hoped I should reach the camp before the blood froze in my veins.

After Arport-tso worse followed, for the rocky point fell straight down to the lake on its eastern side, and here we had slippery ice swept clear of snow, which we sanded. One horse or mule after another slipped and fell. Some of them made no attempt to get up again, but were dragged over the ice to firm ground, where their loads were put on again. Some fell with a heavy thud on the hard treacherous ice. We had to double a whole series of points in this way till we came to one where further progress was impossible, for at its foot issued forth springs which produced large openings in the ice. There icy-cold waves beat

with a sharp sound against the edges of the ice under the lash of the wind, which drove continually clouds of snow dancing like elves over the dark green field of ice. We had to struggle up over steep slopes till at last, thoroughly tired out, we reached an inlet where a few leaves of grass grew. We had left a mule on the ice, and two men went back and gave it a drop of whisky so that it could come on to the camp. But my brown horse from Shigatse, which had so often carried me up to the east gate of Tashi-lunpo, remained behind for good.

On the morning of the 28th we found two horses dead on the grass. One was one of the veterans of Leh which Robert had ridden, and which also bore me to the springs in the Sutlej bed. We had now only twenty-three animals left and my small white Ladaki was the last of the veterans. Little I thought that he would survive a hundred and fifty comrades. Every morning two long icicles hung down from his nostrils. He was taken great care of, and I always saved a piece of bread from my breakfast for him.

One of the worst days was January 29. We cared about nothing except to get to our camp alive. I had a scarf wound several times over my face, but it was quickly turned into a sheet of ice, which cracked when I turned my head. I tried to smoke a cigarette, but it froze on to my lips. Two horses died on the way, and Abdul Kerim's horse took over the load of one of them, while the man himself went on foot like the others. Two of my men suffered from pains at the heart. I tried to cheer them up, and promised to give them medicine if they would follow slowly in the track of the caravan. Was it now the turn of the men after half the caravan had been lost? Behind us the snow obliterated our tracks, and the future awaited us with its impenetrable secrets.

SVEN HEDIN

ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

On May 24, Captain Noel, Tejbir, Geoffrey Bruce, and I, all using oxygen, went up the North Col (23,000 feet). Bent on a determined attack we camped there for the night. Morning broke fine and clear though somewhat windy, and at eight o'clock we sent off up the long snow-slopes leading towards the North-east shoulder of Mount Everest, twelve porters carrying oxygen cylinders, provisions for one day, and camping gear. An hour and a half later, Bruce, Tejbir, and I followed, and, in spite of the fact that each bore a load of over 30 lb., which was much more than the average weight carried by the porters, we overtook them at a height of about 24,500 feet. They greeted our arrival with their usual cheery, broad grins. But no longer did they regard oxygen as a foolish man's whim; one and all they appreciated the advantages of what they naively chose to call "English air." Leaving them to follow, we went on, hoping to pitch our camp somewhere above 26,000 feet. But shortly after one o'clock the wind freshened up rather offensively, and it began to snow. Our altitude was 25,500 feet, some 500 feet below where we hoped to camp, but we looked round immediately for a suitable camping site, as the porters had to return to the North Col that day, and persistence in proceeding further would have run them unjustifiably into danger. This I would under no circumstances do, for I felt responsible for those cheerful, smiling, willing men, who looked up to their leader and placed in him the complete trust of little children. As it was, the margin of safety secured by pitching camp where we did instead of at a higher elevation was none too wide; for before the last porter had departed downwards the weather had

become very threatening. A cheerful spot in which to pitch a tent it was not; but though I climbed a couple of hundred feet or so further up the ridge, nothing more suitable was found. Remembering that a wind is felt more severely on the windward side of a ridge than on the crest, a possible position to the west of the ridge was negatived in favour of one on the very backbone. The lee side was bare of any possible camping place within reasonable distance. Our porters arrived at 2 A.M., and at once all began to level off the little platform where the tent was soon pitched, on the very edge of the tremendous precipices falling away to the East Rongbuk and Main Rongbunk Glaciers, over 4000 feet below. Within twenty minutes the porters were scurrying back down the broken, rocky edge towards the snow-slopes leading to the North Col, singing, as they went, snatches of their native hillside ditties. What splendid men! Having seen the last man safely off, I looked to the security of the guy-ropes holding down the tent, and then joined Bruce and Tejbir inside. It was snowing hard. Tiny spicules driven by the wind penetrated everywhere. It was bitterly cold, so we crawled into our sleeping-bags, and, gathering round us all available clothing, huddled up together as snugly as was possible.

With the help of solidified spirit we melted snow and cooked a warm meal, which imparted some small measure of comfort to our chilled bodies. A really hot drink was not procurable, for the simple reason that at such altitudes water boils at so low a temperature that one can immerse the hand in it without fear of being scalded. Over a *post-prandium* cigarette, Bruce and I discussed our prospects of success. Knowing that no man can put forward his best effort unless his confidence is an established fact, the trend of my contribution to the conversation was

chiefly, " Of course, we shall get to the top." After sunset, the storm rose to a gale, a term I use deliberately. Terrific gusts tore at our tent with such ferocity that the ground-sheet with its human burden was frequently lifted up off the ground. On these occasions our combined efforts were needed to keep the tent down and prevent its being blown away. Although we had blocked up the few very small openings in the tent to the best of our ability, long before midnight we were all thickly covered in a fine frozen spindrift that somehow or other was blown in upon us, insinuating its way into sleeping-bags and clothing, there to cause acute discomfort. Sleep was out of the question. We dared not relax our vigilance, for ever and again all our strength was needed to hold the tent down and to keep the flaps of the door, stripped of their fastenings by a gust that had caught us unawares, from being torn open. We fought for our lives, realising that once the wind got our little shelter into its ruthless grip, it must inevitably be hurled, with us inside it, down on the East Rongbuk Glacier, thousands of feet below.

And what of my companions in the tent? To me, who had certainly passed his novitiate in the hardships of mountaineering, the situation was more than alarming. About Tejbir I had no concern; he placed complete confidence in his sahibs, and the ready grin never left his face. But it was Bruce's first experience of mountaineering, and how the ordeal would affect him I did not know. Throughout the whole adventure he bore himself in a manner that would have done credit to the finest of veteran mountaineers, and returned my confidence with a cheerfulness that rang too true to be counterfeit. By one o'clock on the morning of the 26th the gale reached its maximum. The wild flapping of the canvas made a noise like that of machine-gun fire. So deafening

was it that we could scarcely hear each other speak. Later, there came interludes of comparative lull succeeded by bursts of storm more furious than ever. During such lulls we took it in turn to go outside to tighten up slackened guy-ropes, and we also succeeded in tying down the tent more firmly with our Alpine rope. It was impossible to work in the open for more than three or four minutes at a stretch, so profound was the exhaustion induced by this brief exposure to the fierce cold wind. But with the Alpine ropes taking some of the strain, we enjoyed a sense of security which, though probably only illusory, allowed us all a few sorely needed moments of rest.

Dawn broke bleak and chill ; the snow had ceased to fall, but the wind continued with unabated violence. Once more we had to take it in turns to venture without and tighten up the guy-ropes, and to try and build on the wind-ward side of the tent a small wall of stones as an additional protection. The extreme exhaustion and chill produced in the body as a result of each of these little excursions were sufficient to indicate that, until the gale had spent itself, there could be no hope of either retreat or advance. As the weary morning hours dragged on, we believed we could detect a slackening off in the storm. And I was thankful, for I was beginning quietly to wonder how much longer human beings could stand the strain. We prepared another meal. The dancing flames of the spirit stove caused me anxiety bordering on anguish lest the tent, a frail shelter between life and death, should catch fire. At noon the storm once more regained its strength and rose to unsurpassed fury. A great hole was cut in one side of the tent, and our situation thus unexpectedly became more desperate than ever.

But we carried on, making the best of our predicament until, at one o'clock, the wind dropped suddenly

from a blustering gale to nothing more than a stiff breeze. Now was the opportunity for retreat to the safety of the North Col camp. But I wanted to hang on and try our climb on the following day. Very cautiously and tentatively I broached my wish to Bruce, fearful lest the trying experience of the last twenty-four hours had undermined his keenness for further adventure. Once again, I might have spared myself all anxiety. He jumped at the idea, and when our new plans were communicated to Tejbir, the only effect upon him was to broaden his already expansive grin.

It was a merry little party that gathered round to a scanty evening meal cooked with the last of our fuel. The meal was meagre for the simple reason that we had catered for only one short day's rations, and we were now very much on starvation diet. We had hardly settled down for another night, when, about 6 P.M., voices were heard. Our unexpected visitors were porters who, anxious as to our safety, had left the North Col camp that afternoon when the storm subsided. With them they brought thermos flasks of hot beef tea and tea provided by the thoughtful Noel. Having accepted these gratefully we sent the porters back without loss of time.

That night began critically. We were exhausted by our previous experiences and through lack of sufficient food. Tejbir's grin had lost some of its expanse. On the face of Geoffrey Bruce, courageously cheerful as ever, was a strained, drawn expression which I did not like. Provoked, perhaps by my labours outside the tent, a dead, numbing cold was creeping up my limbs—a thing I had only once before felt and to the seriousness of which I was fully alive. Something had to be done. Like an inspiration came the thought of trying the effect of oxygen. We hauled an apparatus and cylinders into

the tent, and, giving it the air of a joke, we took doses all round. Tebjir took his medicine reluctantly, but with relief I saw his face brighten up. The effect on Bruce was visible in his rapid change of expression. A few minutes after the first deep breath, I felt the tingling sensation of life and warmth returning to my limbs. We connected up the apparatus in such a way that we could breathe a small quantity of oxygen throughout the night. We slept well and warmly. Whenever the tube delivering the gas fell out of Bruce's mouth as he slept, I could see him stir uneasily in the uric, greenish light of the moon as it filtered through the canvas. Then, half-unconsciously replacing the tube, he would fall at once more into a peaceful slumber. There is little doubt that it was the use of oxygen which saved our lives during this second night in our camp.

Before daybreak we were up, and proceeded to make ready for our climb. Putting on our boots was a struggle. Mine I had taken to bed with me, and a quarter of an hour's striving and tugging sufficed to get them on. But Bruce's and Tejbir's were frozen solid, and it took them more than an hour to mould them into shape by holding them over lighted candles. Shortly after six we assembled outside. Some little delay was incurred in arranging the rope and our loads, but at length at 6.30 A.M., soon after the first rays of the sun struck the tent, we shouldered our bundles and set off. What with cameras, thermos bottles, and oxygen apparatus, Bruce and I carried well over 40 lb.; Tejbir with two extra cylinders of oxygen shouldered a burden of about 50 lb.

Our scheme of attack was to take Tejbir with us as far as the North-east shoulder, there to relieve him of his load and send him back. The weather was clear. The only clouds seemed so far off as to presage no evil, and the breeze though intensely cold,

was bearable. But it soon freshened up, and before we had gone more than a few hundred feet the cold began to have its effect on Tejbir's sturdy constitution, and he showed signs of wavering. Bruce's eloquent flow of Gurumuki,[1] however, managed to boost him up to an altitude of 26,000 feet. There he collapsed entirely, sinking face downwards on to the rocks and crushing beneath him the delicate instruments of his oxygen apparatus. I stormed at him for thus maltreating it, while Bruce exhorted him for the honour of his regiment to struggle on; but in vain. Tejbir had done his best; and has every right to be proud of the fact that he has climbed to a far greater height than any other native. We pulled him off his apparatus and, relieving him of some cylinders, cheered him up sufficiently to start him with enough oxygen on his way back to the high camp, there to await our return. We had no compunction about letting him go alone, for the ground was easy and he could not lose his way, the tent being in full view.

After seeing him safely off and making good progress, we loaded up Tejbir's cylinders, and, in view of the easy nature of the climbing, mutually agreed to dispense with rope, and thus enable ourselves to proceed more rapidly. Climbing not very steep and quite easy rocks, and passing two almost level places affording ample room for some future high camp, we gained an altitude of 26,500 feet. By this time, however, the wind, which had been steadily rising, had acquired such force that I considered it necessary to leave the ridge and continue the ascent by traversing out across the great northern face of Mount Everest, hoping by so doing to find more shelter from the icy blasts. It was not easy to come to this decision, because I saw that between us and the

[1] Gurkha dialect.

shoulder the climbing was all plain sailing and presented no outstanding difficulties. Leaving the ridge, we began to work out into the face. For the first few yards the going was fairly straightforward, but presently the general angle became much steeper, and our trials were accentuated by the fact that the stratification of the rocks was such that they shelved outward and downward, making foothold difficult. We did not rope. I knew that the longer we remained unroped the more time we should save—a consideration of vital importance. But as I led out over those steeply sloping, evilly smooth slabs, I carefully watched Bruce to see how he would tackle the formidable task with which he was confronted on this his first mountaineering expedition. He did his work splendidly and followed steadily and confidently, as if he were quite an old hand at the game. Sometimes the slabs gave place to snow—treacherous, powdery stuff, with a thin, hard, deceptive crust that gave the appearance of compactness. Little reliance could be placed upon it, and it had to be treated with great care. And sometimes we found ourselves crossing steep slopes of scree that yielded and shifted downwards with every tread. Very occasionally in the midst of our exacting work we were forced to indulge in a brief rest in order to replace an empty cylinder of oxygen by a full one. The empty ones were thrown away, and as each bumped its way over the precipice and the good steel clanged like a church bell at each impact, we laughed aloud at the thought that " there goes another 5 lb. off our backs." Since leaving the ridge we had not made much height although we seemed to be getting so near our goal. Now and then we consulted the aneroid barometer, and its readings encouraged us. 27,000 feet ; then we gave up traversing and began to climb diagonally upwards towards a point on the lofty north-east ridge, midway between

the shoulder and the summit. Soon afterwards an accident put Bruce's oxygen apparatus out of action. He was some twenty feet below me, but struggled gallantly upwards as I went to meet him, and, after having connected him on to my apparatus and so renewing his supply of oxygen, we soon traced the trouble and effected a satisfactory repair. The barometer here registered a height 27,300 feet. The highest mountain visible was Cho Uyo, which is just short of 27,000 feet. We were well above it and could look across it into the dense clouds beyond. The great West Peak of Everest, one of the most beautiful sights to be seen from down in the Rongbuk valley, was hidden, but we knew that our standpoint was nearly 2000 feet above it. Everest itself was the only mountain top which we could see without turning our gaze downwards. We could look across into clouds which lay at some undefined distance between the North-east shoulder, a clear indication that we were only a little, if any, below its level. Pumori, an imposing ice-bound pyramid, 23,000 feet high, I sought at first in vain. So far were we above it that it had sunk into an insignificant little ice-hump by the side of the Rongbuk Glacier. Most of the other landmarks were blotted out by masses of ominous, yellow-hued clouds swept from the West in the wake of an angry storm-wind. The point we reached is unmistakable even from afar. We were standing on a little rocky ledge, just inside an inverted V of snow, immediately below the great belt of reddish-yellow rock which cleaves its way almost horizontally through the otherwise greenish-black slabs of the mountain. Though 1700 feet below we were well within a mile of the summit, so close, indeed, that we could distinguish individual stones on a little patch of scree lying just underneath the highest point. Ours were truly the tortures of Tantalus ; for, weak, from hunger and exhausted by

that nightmare struggle for life in our high camp, we were in no fit condition to proceed. Indeed, I knew that if we were to persist in climbing on, even if only for another 500 feet, we should not both get back alive. The decision to retreat was taken, no time was lost, and fearing lest another accidental interruption in the oxygen supply might lead to a slip on the part of either of us, we roped together.

CAPTAIN GEORGE FINCH

THE GOOD SHEYKH

HAYZAN in the morning bade me prepare to depart, Askar and some companions were setting out for Hanil, and we might ride with them; he enquired "Was my old naga able to run with theluls?"—"She is an old camel, and no dromedary."—"Then we must ride apart from them." Hayzan, when he had received his money, said he could not accompany me himself, "*but this other man*," whom he feigned to be his brother, besides he named him falsely.—Hard it were to avoid such frauds of the Beduins! Misshel said, "Well, I warrant him, go in peace." I made the condition that my bags should be laid upon thelul, and I might mount her myself; so we set forward.

This *rafik* looked like a wild man: Askar and his fellowship were already in the way before us; we passed by some shallow water-holes that had been newly cleared: I wondered to see them in this high ground. We came then to the brow, on the north, of the Kharram mountain, here very deep and precipitous to the plain below; in such a difficult place the camel, holding the fore-legs stiff and plumping from ledge to ledge, made a shift to climb downward. So, descending as we could, painfully to the underlying sand desert, and riding towards a low

sandstone coast, *Abbassieh*, west of Misma, we bye and bye overtook Askar's company. Coming nigh the east end of the mountain, they thought they espied *habalis* lurking in the rocks. " Heteym of the Nefud, and foemen," where landlopers had been seen the day before. " Khafil (said Askar), can your naga keep pace with us ? we are Beduw, and nenhash (nahajj) ! we will hie from any danger upon our theluls ; hasten now the best thou canst, or we needs must leave thee behind us, so thou wilt fall alone into the hands of the robbers." They all put their light and fresh theluls to the trot : my old loaded naga, and jaded after the long journey from Teyma, fell immediately behind them, and such was her wooden gait I could not almost suffer it. I saw all would be a vain effort in any peril ; the stars were contrary for this voyage, none of my companions had any human good in them, but Askar only. My wild *rafik* whom I had bound at our setting out by the most solemn oath, " upon the herb stem," that he would not forsake me, now cried out, " Wellah-billah, he would abandon me if I mended not my pace (which was impossible) ; he must follow his companions, and was their *rafik*," so they ran on a mile or two.

The last days' rain had cooled the air ; this forenoon was overcast, but the sun sometimes shone out warmly. When with much ado I came up to my flying fellowship, I said to Askar, " Were the enemies upon you, would you forsake me who am your way-fellow ? " " I would, he said, take thee up back-rider on my thelul, and we will run one fortune together ; Khalil, I will not forsake thee." They were in hope to lodge with Aarab that night, before we came to the Misma mountain, now before us. The plain was sand, and reefs of sandstone rocks in whose hollows were little pools of the sweet rain-water. At half-afternoon they descried camels very far in front ; we alighted, and

some climbed upon the next crags to look out, who soon reported that those Aarab were *rahil*, and they seemed about to encamp. We rode then towards the Misma mountain, till we came to those Beduins : they were but a family of Shammar, faring in the immense solitudes. And doubtless, seeing us, they had felt a cold dread in their loins, for we found them shrunk down in a low ground, with their few camels crouched by them, and the housewife had not built the beyt. They watched us ride by them, with inquiet looks, for there is no amity between the Annezy and Shammar. That which contains their enmities is only the injunction of the Emir. I would have asked these Beduins to let me drink water, for all day we had ridden vehemently without drawing bridle, and the light was now nearly spent ; but my companions pricked on. I bade my *rafik* lend me at last his more easy thelul, that such had been our covenant ; but the wild fellow denied me, and would not slack pace. I was often, whilst they trotted, fallen so far back as to be in danger of losing them out of sight, and always in dread that my worn-out naga might sink under me, and also cast her young.

At Askar's word, when they saw I might not longer endure, the fellow assented to exchange riding with me, and I mounted his dromedary ; we entered then at a low gap in the Misma near the eastern end of this long ranging sandstone reef. My companions looked from the brow, for any black booths of Aarab, in the plain desert beyond to the horizon. One thought he saw tents very far distant, but the rest doubted, and now the sun was setting. We came down by the deep driven sand upon the sides of the mountain, at a windy rush, which seemed like a bird's flight, of the theluls beneath us, though in the even any horse may overtake them. The seat upon a good thelul " swimming," as say their ancient poets,

over sand-ground, is so easy that an injured rider may sometimes hardly feel his saddle.

We descended to a large rain-pool in the sand-rock, where they alighted, and washed, and kneeling in the desert began to say their sunset prayers ; but Askar, though the night was coming on, and having nothing to dry him, washed all his body : the like Moses commanded. Moslems, whether in sickness or health, if the body be sullied by any natural impurity, durst not say their formal prayers. Many patients have come to me lamenting that, for an infirmity, " they might not pray " ; and then they seem to themselves as the shut out from grace, and profane. Thus they make God a looker upon the skin, rather than the Weigher and Searcher-out of the secret truth of man's heart. We rode now in the glooming ; this easy-riding lasted me not far, for the darkness coming on, Nasr my *rafik* could not be appeased, and I must needs return to my old naga's back, " For, he said, I might break away with her (his thelul) in the night-time." In Nasr's eyes, as formerly for Horeysh, I was a Beduin, and a camel-thief ; and with this mad fantasy in him he had not suffered me earlier in the day to mount his *rikab*, that was indeed the swiftest in the company ; for Askar and the rest who were sheykhs had left at home their better beasts, which they reserve unwearied for warfare.

We had ridden two hours since the sunset, and in this long day's race the best part of fifty miles ; and now they consulted together, were it not best to dismount and pass the night as we were ? We had not broken fast to-day, and carried neither food nor water, so confident they were that every night we should sup with Aarab. They agreed to ride somewhat further ; and it was not long before we saw a glimpsing of Beduin watch-fires. We drew near them in an hour more, and I heard the evening sounds

of a nomad *menzil* ; the monotonous mirth of the children, straying round from the watch-fires and singing at the houses of hair. We arrived so silently, the dogs had not barked. There were two or three booths. When the Aarab perceived us, all voices were hushed ; their cheerful fires, where a moment before we saw the people sitting, were suddenly quenched with sand. We were six or seven riders, and they thought we might be an hostile *ghrazzu*. Alighting in silence, we sat down a little aloof : none of us so much as whispered to his companion by name ; for the open desert is full of old debts for blood. At a strange meeting, and yet more at such hours, the nomads are in a suspense of mind and mistrust of each other. When, impatient of their mumming, I would have said Salaam ! they prayed me be silent. After the whisperers within had sufficiently taken knowledge of our peaceable demeanour, one approaching circumspectly, gave us the word of peace, *Salaam aleyk*, and it was readily answered by us all again, *Aleykom es-salaam*. After this sacrament of the lips between Beduw, there is no more doubt among them of any evil turn. The man led Askar and his fellowship to his beyt, and I went over to another with Nasr my *rafik* and a nomad whom we had met riding with his son in the desert beyond Misma. The covered coals were raked up, and we saw the fires again.

What these Aarab were we could not tell ; neither knew they what men we were ; we have seen the desert people ask no questions of the guest, until he have eaten meat ; yet after some little discoursing between them, as of rain this year, and the pasture, they may each commonly come to guess the other's tribe. When I asked my rough companion " What tribesmen be these ? " he answered in a whisper, "he knew not yet " ; soon after we understood by the voices that they had recognised Askar in the other

tent. He was the son of their own high sheykh ; and these Aarab were Welad Sleyman, a division of Bishr, though the men's faces were nearly unknown to each other. Our host having walked over to the chief tent to hear the news, we were left with his housewife, and I saw her beginning to bray corn with a bat, in a wooden mortar, a manner not used by the southern Beduw of my former acquaintance ; but bruised corn is here as often served for the guest-meal as *temmn*. The year was now turned to winter in the waste wilderness, they had fenced round their booths from the late bitter rain and wind with dry bushes.

There came in one from the third remaining tent, and supped with us. I wondered, seeing this tribesman, and he wondered to look upon me : he a Beduw, wearing the Turkey red cap, *tarbush*, and an old striped gown, *kumbaz*, the use of the civil border countries ! When I asked what man he was, he answered that being " weak " he was gone a soldiering to Sham and had served the Dowla for reals : and now he was come home to the nomad life, with that which he esteemed a pretty bundle of silver. In this the beginning of his prosperity he had bought himself camels, and goats and sheep, he would buy also my old naga for the price I set upon her, seven reals, to slaughter for the feast for his deceased father. Where Beduins are soldiery this seemed to me a new world ! Yet afterwards I learned that there are tribesmen of Bishr and Harb, Ageyl riders in the great cities. The Beduin who saw in the stranger his own town life at Damascus, was pleased to chat long with me, were it only to say over the names of the chief suks of the plenteous great city. He would bring his reals in the morning ; and, would I stay here, he would provide for my further journey to Hayil, whither he must go himself shortly. But when my *rafik* called me to mount before the dawn, I could not

stay to expect him. Afterwards finding me at Hayil, he blamed me that I had not awaited him, and enquired for my naga, which I had already sold at a loss. He told me that at our arriving that night, they had taken their matchlocks to shoot at us; but seeing the great bags on my camel, and hearing my voice, they knew me to be none of the nomads, and that we were not riding in a *ghrazzu*.

We hasted over the face of the wilderness to find a great *menzil* of Aarab, where my fellowship promised themselves to drink coffee. Sheykhs accustomed to the coffee tent think it no day of their lives, if they have not sipped *kahwa*; and riding thus, they smoked *tittun* in their pipe-heads incessantly. We arrived in the dawning and dismounted, as before, in two fellowships, Askar and his companions going over to the sheykhly coffee-tent: this is their desert courtesy, not to lay a burden on any household. The people were Shammar, and they received us with their wonted hospitality. Excellent dates (of other savour and colour than those of el-Ally and Teyma) were set before us, and a vast bowl—that most comfortable refreshment in the wilderness—of their camels' leban. Then we were called into the sheykh's tent, where the sheykh himself, with magnanimous smiles, already prepared coffee. When he heard I was an *hakim*, he bade in his little ailing granddaughter. I told the mother that we were but in passage, and no remedy could only little avail her child. The sheykh, turning to my companions, said therefore, "That must be some very honest person."—"It is thus, Askar answered him, and ye may be sure of him in all." The sheykh reached me the bowl, and after I had supped a draught, he asked me, "What countryman I was?" I answered "An Engleysy," so he whispered in my ear, "Engreys!—then a Nasrany?" I said aloud, "Ay billah"; the good sheykh gave

me a smile again, in which his soul said, "I will not betray thee."—The coffee ready, he poured out for me before them all. When my companions had swallowed the scalding second cup, they rose in their unlucky running haste to depart: the sheykh bade me stay a moment, to drink a little more of his pleasant milk and strengthen myself.

We rode on in the waste wilderness eastward, here passing out of the Misma district, and having upon the right-hand certain mountains, landmarks of that great watering-place, *Baitha Nethil*. From the Kharram we might have ridden to Hayil eastward of the mountain *Ajja*; but that part they thought would be now empty of the wandering Beduins. This high and open plain, 3800 feet, is all strewed with shales as it were of iron-stone; but towards noon I saw we were come to a granite country, and we passed under a small basalt mountain coal-black and shining. The crags rising from this soil were grey granite; Ibran, a blackish mountain, appeared upon our horizon, some hours distant, ranging to the northward. A little later we came on Nefud sand and, finding there wild hay, the Beduins alighted to gather provender. This was to bait their cattle in the time when they should be lying at Hayil where the country next about is *mah*, a barrenness of soil hardly less than that which lies about Teyma. To make hay were unbecoming to a great sheykh: and while the rest were busy, Askar digged with his hands in the sand to the elbow, to sound the depth of the late fallen rain, this being all they might look for till another autumn, and whereof the next year's herb must spring. Showers had lately fallen, sixteen days together; yet we saw almost no sign in the wilderness soil of small freshets. When Askar had put down his bare arm nearly to the shoulder, he took up the old sandy drought; the moisture of the rain had not sunk to a full yard!

The seasonable rains are partial in Arabia, which in these latitudes is justly accounted a nearly rainless country. Whilst it rained in the Kharram, no showers were fallen in the Jeheyna dira ; and so little fell at Kheybar, a hundred miles distant, that in the new year's months there sprang nearly no *rabia* in those lava mountains.

We had not ridden far in this Nefud, when at half-after noon we saw a herd of camels moving before us at pasture in their slow dispersed manner ; we found beyond where the nomad booths were pitched in a hollow place. Beduins, when encamping few together, choose deep ground, where they are sheltered from the weather, and by day the black beyts are not so soon discerned, nor their watch-fires in the night-time. They were also Shammar, which tribe held all the country now between us and the Jebel villages ; —they were scattered by families as in a peaceable country of the Emir's dominion, with many wells about them. Flies swarming here upon the sand, were a sign that we approached the palm settlements. Whenever we came to tents in this country the Aarab immediately asked of us, very earnestly. " What of the rain ? tell us is there much fallen in the Aujy dira ? " My companions ever answered with the same word, *La tanshud*, " Ask not of it." If any questioned them, " Who was this stranger they brought with them, the Auajy responded, with what meaning I could not tell, " *El-kheyr Ullah*." The sheykh in this *menzil* would have bought my naga, engaging as well to convey me to Hayil after a few days in which I should be his guest.

I thought at least we should have rested here this night over ; but my companions when they rose from supper took again their theluls to ride and run, and Nasr with them ; they would not tarry a moment for me at the bargain of the naga.—Better I thought to

depart then with those I knew, and be sure to arrive at Hayil, than remain behind in booths of unknown Beduins; besides, we heard that a large Shammar encampment lay not much before us, and a coffee-sheykh. Askar promised to commit me to those Aarab, if he might persuade my *rafik* to remain with me. I was broken with this rough riding: the heart every moment leaping to my throat, which torment they call *katu 'l-kalb*, or heart-cutting. They scoured before me all the hours of the day, in their light riding, so that with less than keeping a good will, death at length would have been a welcome deliverance out of present miseries. The Aarab lay pitched under the next mountain; but riding further in the darkness two hours, and not seeing their watch-fires, the Aujy would then have ridden on all that long night, to come the earlier, they said, to Hayil. They must soon have forsaken me, I could not go much further, and my decrepit naga fainted under me: bye and bye Askar, overcome by drowsiness, murmured to his companions, "Let us alight then and sleep." A watch-fire now appeared upon our right-hand, which had been hidden by some unevenness in the ground, but they neglected it, for the present sweetness of sleeping: we alighted, and binding the camel's knees, lay down to rest by our cattle in the sandy desert.

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

THE DASH FOR THE POLE

WEDNESDAY, January 10.—Camp 62. T. −11°. Only 85 miles (geog.) from the Pole, but it's going to be a stiff pull *both ways* apparently; still we do make progress, which is something. To-night the sky is overcast, the temperature (−11°) much higher than I anticipated; it is very difficult to imagine what is

happening to the weather. The sastrugi* grow more and more confused, running from S. to E. Very difficult steering in uncertain light and with rapidly moving clouds. The clouds don't seem to come from anywhere, form and disperse without visible reason. The surface seems to be growing softer. The meteorological conditions seem to point to an area of variable light winds, and that plot will thicken as we advance.

Thursday, January 11.—Lunch. Height 10,540. T. – 15° 8′. It was heavy pulling from the beginning to-day, but for the first two hours we could keep the sledge moving ; then the sun came out (it had been overcast and snowing with light south-easterly breeze) and the rest of the forenoon was agonising. I never had such pulling ; all the time the sledge rasps and creaks. We have covered 6 miles, but at fearful cost to ourselves.

Night camp 63.—Height 10,530. Temp. – 16·3°. Minimum – 25·8°. Another hard grind in the afternoon and five miles added. About 74 miles from the Pole—can we keep it up for seven days ? It takes it out of us like anything. None of us have ever had such hard work before. Cloud has been coming and going overhead all day, drifting from the S.E., but continually altering shape. Snow crystals falling all the time ; a very light S. breeze at start soon dying away. The sun so bright and warm to-day that it is almost impossible to imagine a minus temperature. The snow seems to get softer as we advance ; the sastrugi, though sometimes high and undercut, are not hard—no crusts, except yesterday the surface subsided once, as on the barrier. It seems pretty certain there is no steady wind here. Our chance still holds good if we can put the work in, but it's a terribly trying time.

* An irregularity formed by the wind on a snow plain and often wave-like in formation or of fantastic shape.

Friday, January 12.—Camp 64. T. – 17·5°. Lat. 88° 57′. Another heavy march with snow getting softer all the time. Sun very bright, calm at start ; first two hours terribly slow. In the afternoon we seemed to be going better ; clouds spread over from the west with light chill wind and for a few brief minutes we tasted the delight of having the sledge following free. Alas ! in a few minutes it was worse than ever in spite of the sun's eclipse. However, the short experience was salutary. I had got to fear that we were weakening badly in our pulling ; those few moments showed me that we only want a good surface to get along as merrily as of old. With the surface as it is, one gets horribly sick of the monotony and can easily imagine oneself getting played out, were it not that at the lunch and night camps one so quickly forgets all one's troubles and bucks up for a fresh effort. It is an effort to keep up the double figures, but if we can do so for another four marches we ought to get through. It is going to be a close thing.

At camping to-night everyone was chilled and we guessed a cold snap, but to our surprise the actual temperature was higher than last night, when we could dawdle in the sun. It is most unaccountable why we should suddenly feel the cold in this manner ; partly the exhaustion of the march, but partly some damp quality in the air, I think. Little Bowers is wonderful ; in spite of my protest he *would* take sights after we had camped the night, after marching in the soft snow all day where we have been comparatively restful on ski.

Only 63 miles (geog.) from the Pole to-night. We ought to do the trick, but Oh ! for a better surface.

It is quite evident this is a comparatively windless area. The sastrugi are few and far between, and all soft. I should imagine occasional blizzards sweep up from the S.E., but none with violence. We have

deep tracks in the snow, which is soft as deep as you like to dig down.

Saturday, January 13th. Started on some soft snow, very heavy dragging and went slow. . . . Still, we did 5·6 miles (geog.), giving over 11 for the day. Well, another day with double figures and a bit over. The chance holds.

It looks as though we were descending slightly; sastrugi remain as in forenoon. It is wearisome work this tugging and straining to advance a light sledge. Still, we get along. I did manage to get my thoughts off the work for a time to-day, which is very restful. We should be in a poor way without our ski, though Bowers manages to struggle through the soft snow without tiring his short legs.

Only 51 miles from the Pole to-night. If we don't get to it we shall be d—d close. There is a little southerly breeze to-night; I devoutly hope it may increase in force. The alternation of soft snow and sastrugi seem to suggest that the coastal mountains are not so very far away.

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Tuesday, January 16.—Camp 68. Height 9,760 T. −23·5°. The worst has happened, or very nearly the worst. We marched well in the morning and covered 7½ miles. Noon sight showed us in Lat. 89° 4′ S., and we started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march Bower's sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but argued that it must be a sastrugus. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on, found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; near by the remains of a camp; sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs'

paws—many dogs. This told the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go ; it will be a wearisome return. Certainly we are descending in altitude—certainly also the Norwegians found an easy way up.

Wednesday, January 17.—Camp 69. T. −22° at start. Night −21°. The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected. We have had a horrible day—add to our disappointment a head wind 4 to 5, with a temperature −22°, and companions labouring on with cold feet and hands.

We started at 7.30, none of us having slept much after the shock of our discovery. We followed the Norwegian sledge tracks for some way ; as far as we make out there are only two men. In about three miles we passed two small cairns. Then the weather overcast, and the tracks being increasingly drifted up and obviously going too far to the West, we decided to make straight for the Pole according to our calculations. At 12.30 Evans had such cold hands we camped for lunch—an excellent " week-end " one. We had marched 7·4 miles, Lat. sight gave 89° 53′ 37″. We started out and did 6½ miles due south. To-night little Bowers is laying himself out to get sights in terribly difficult circumstances ; the wind is blowing hard, T. −21°, and there is that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time. We have been descending again, I think, but there looks to be a rise ahead ; otherwise there is very little that is different from the awful monotony of past days. Great God ! this is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have

laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow. We have had a fat Polar hoosh in spite of our chagrin, and feel comfortable inside—added a small stick of chocolate and the queer taste of a cigarette brought by Wilson. Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it.

Thursday morning, January 18.—Decided after summing up all observations that we were about 3·5 miles from the Pole—one mile beyond it and 3 to the right. More or less in this direction Bowers saw a cairn or tent.

We have just arrived at this tent, 2 miles from our camp, therefore about 1½ miles from the Pole. In the tent we find a record of five Norwegians having been here, as follows :

Roald Amunsden
Olav Olavson Bjaaland
Hilmer Hanssen
Sverre H. Hassel
Oscar Wisting.
16 Dec. 1911

The tent is fine—a small compact affair supported by a single bamboo. A note from Amunsden, which I keep, asks me to forward a letter to King Haakon !

The following articles have been left in the tent : 3 half bags, of reindeer, containing a miscellaneous assortment of mits and sleeping socks, very various in description, a sextant, a Norwegian artificial horizon and hypsometer without boiling-point thermometers, a sextant and hypsometer of English make.

Left a note to say I had visited the tent with companions. Bowers photographing and Wilson sketching. Since lunch we have marched 6·2 miles S.S.E. by compass (i.e. northwards). Sights at lunch gave

us ½ to ¾ of a mile from the Pole. (Temp. Lunch −21°.) We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work all of it—less than ½ a mile south we saw stuck up an old under runner of a sledge. This we commandeered as a yard for a floorcloth sail. I imagine it was intended to mark the exact spot of the Pole as near as the Norwegians could fix it. (Height 9,500.) A note attached talked of the tent as being 2 miles from the Pole. Wilson keeps the note. There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark and fully carried out their programme. I think the Pole is about 9,500 feet high; this is remarkable, considering that in Lat. 88 we were about 10,500.

We carried the Union Jack about ¾ of a mile with us and left it on a piece of stick as near as we could fix it. I fancy the Norwegians arrived at the Pole on the 15th December and left on the 17th, ahead of a date quoted to me in London as ideal, viz. Dec. 22. It looks as though the Norwegian party expected colder weather on the summit than they got; it could scarcely be otherwise from Shackleton's account. Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of our day-dreams.

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The Return Journey. Sunday, February 11.—R. 25. Lunch temp. −6·5°; Supper −3·5°. The worst day we have had during the trip and greatly owing to our own fault. We started on a wretched surface with light S.W. wind, sail set, and pulling on ski—horrible light, which made everything look fantastic. As we went on the light got worse, and suddenly we found ourselves in pressure. Then came the fatal decision to steer east. We went on for six hours, hoping to do a good distance, which in fact I suppose

we did, but for the last hour or two we pressed on into a regular trap. Getting on to a good surface we did not reduce our lunch meal, and thought all going well, but half an hour after lunch we got into the worst ice mess I have ever been in. For three hours we plunged on on ski, first thinking we were too much to the right, then too much to the left; meanwhile the disturbance got worse and my spirits received a very rude shock. There were times when it seemed almost impossible to find a way out of the awful turmoil in which we found ourselves. At length, arguing that there must be a way to the left, we plunged in that direction. It got worse, harder, more icy, and crevassed. We could not manage our ski and pulled on foot, falling into crevasses every minute—most luckily no bad accident. At length we saw a smoother slope towards the land, pushed for it, but knew that it was a woefully long way for us. The turmoil changed its character, irregular crevassed surface giving way to huge chasms, closely packed and most difficult to cross. It was heavy work, but we had grown desperate. We won through at 10 P.M. and I write after 12 hours on the march. I *think* we are on or about the right track now, but we are still a good number of miles from the depot, so we reduced rations to-night. We had three pemmican meals left and decided to make them into four. To-morrow's lunch must serve for two if we do not make big progress. It was a test of our endurance on the march and our fitness with small supper. We have come through well. A good wind has come down the glacier which is clearing the sky and surface. Pray God the wind holds to-morrow. Short sleep to-night and off the first thing, I hope.

Monday, February 12.—In a very critical situation. All went well in the forenoon, and we did a good long march over a fair surface. Two hours before lunch

we were cheered by the sight of our night camp of the 18th December, the day after we made our depot—this showed we were on the right track. In the afternoon, refreshed by tea, we went forward, confident of covering the remaining distance but by a fatal chance we kept too far to the left, and then we struck up-hill and, tired and despondent, arrived in a horrid mass of crevasses and fissures. Divided counsels caused our course to be erratic after this, and, finally, at 9 P.M. we landed in the worst place of all. After discussion we decided to camp, and here we are, a very short supper and one meal only remaining in the food bag; the depot doubtful in locality. We *must* get there to-morrow. Meanwhile we are cheered with an effort. It's a tight place, but luckily we've been well fed up to the present. Pray God we have fine weather to-morrow.

Tuesday, February 13.—Camp R. 27, beside Cloudmaker. Temp. – 10°. Last night we all slept well in spite of our grave anxieties. For my part these were increased by my visits outside the tent, when I saw the sky gradually closing over and snow beginning to fall. By our ordinary time for getting up it was dense and all around us. We could see nothing and we could only remain in our sleeping-bags. At 8.30 I dimly made out the land of the Cloudmaker. At 9 we got up, decided to have tea, and with one biscuit, no pemmican, so as to leave our scanty remaining meal for eventualities. We started marching and at first had to wind our way through an awful turmoil of broken ice, but in about an hour we hit an old moraine track, brown with dirt. Here the surface was much smoother and improved rapidly. The fog still hung over all and we went on for an hour, checking our bearings. Then the whole plain got smoother and we turned outward a little. Evans raised our hopes with a shout of depot ahead, but it proved to be a

shadow on the ice. Then suddenly Wilson actually saw the depot flag. It was an immense relief, and we were soon in possession of our $3\frac{1}{2}$ days' food. The relief to all is inexpressible; needless to say, we camped and had a meal.

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Sunday, March 4.—Lunch. Things looking *very* black indeed. As usual we forgot our trouble last night, got into our bags, slept splendidly on good hoosh, woke and had another, and started marching. Sun shining brightly, tracks clear, but surface covered with sandy frost-rime. All the morning we had to pull with all our strength, and in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours covered $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Last night it was overcast and thick, surface bad; this morning sun shining and surface as bad as ever. One has little to hope for except perhaps strong dry wind—an unlikely contingency at this time of the year. Under the immediate surface crystals is a hard sastrugi surface, which must have been excellent for pulling a week or so ago. We are about 42 miles from the next depot and have a week's food, but only 3 to 4 days' fuel—we are as economical as possible, and we cannot afford to save food and pull as we are pulling. We are in a very tight place indeed, but none of us despondent *yet*, or at least we preserve every semblance of good cheer, but one's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead at some sastrugi behind which the surface sand lies thickly heaped. For the moment the temperature is on the $-20°$—an improvement which makes us much more comfortable, but a colder snap is bound to come again soon. I fear that Oates at least will weather such an event very poorly. Providence to our aid! We can expect little from man now, except the possibility of extra food at the next depot. It will be real bad if we get there and find the same shortage of oil. Shall we get there? Such a short distance it would have appeared to us

on the summit ! I don't know what I should do if Wilson and Bowers weren't so determinedly cheerful over things.

Monday, March 5.—Lunch. Regret to say going from bad to worse. We got a slant of wind yesterday afternoon, and going on 5 hours we converted our wretched morning run of 3½ miles into something over nine. We went to bed on a cup of cocoa and pemmican solid with the chill off. The result is telling on all, but mainly on Oates, whose feet are in a wretched condition. One swelled up tremendously last night and he is very lame this morning. We started march on tea and pemmican as last night —we pretend to prefer the pemmican this way. Marched for five hours this morning over a slightly better surface covered with high moundy sastrugi. Sledge capsized twice ; we pulled on foot, covering about 5½ miles. We are two pony marches and 4 miles about from our depot. Our fuel dreadfully low and the poor Soldier nearly done. It is pathetic enough because we can do nothing for him ; more hot food might do a little, but only a little, I fear. We none of us expected these terribly low temperatures, and of the rest of us Wilson is feeling them most ; mainly I fear from his self-sacrificing devotion in doctoring Oates' feet. We cannot help each other, each has enough to do to take care of himself. We get cold on the march when the trudging is heavy, and the wind pierces our warm garments. The others, all of them, are unendingly cheerful when in the tent. We mean to see the game through with a proper spirit, but it's tough work to be pulling harder than we ever pulled in our lives for long hours, and to feel that the progress is so slow. One can only say " God help us ! " and plod on our weary way, cold and very miserable, though outwardly cheerful. We talk of all sorts of subjects in the tent, not much

of food now, since we decided to take the risk of running a full ration. We simply couldn't go hungry at this time.

Tuesday, March 6.—Lunch. We did a little better with help of wind yesterday afternoon, finishing 9½ miles for the day, and 27 miles from the depot. But this morning things have been awful. It was warm in the night and for the first time I overslept myself by more than an hour; then we were slow with foot-gear; then, pulling with all our might (for our lives) we could scarcely advance at rate of a mile an hour; then it grew thick and three times we had to get out of harness to search for tracks. The result is something less than 3½ miles for the forenoon. The sun is shining now and the wind gone. Poor Oates unable to pull, sits on the sledge when we are track-searching—he is wonderfully plucky, as his feet must be giving him great pain. He makes no complaint, but his spirits only come up in spurts now, and he grows more silent in the tent. We are making a spirit lamp to try and replace the primus when oil is exhausted. It will be a very poor substitute and we have not got much spirit. If we could have kept up our 9 mile days we might have got within reasonable distance of the depot before running out, but nothing but a strong wind and good surface can help us now, and although we had quite a good breeze this morning, the sledge came as heavy as lead. If we were all fit I should have hopes of pulling through, but the poor Soldier has become a terrible hindrance, though he does his utmost and suffers much I fear.

Wednesday, March 7.—A little worse I fear. One of Oates' feet *very* bad this morning; he is wonderfully brave. We still talk of what we will do together at home.

We made only 6½ miles yesterday. This morning in 4½ hours we did just over 4 miles. We are sixteen

from the depot. If only we could find the correct proportion of food there and this surface continues, we may get to the next depot (Mt. Hooper, 72 miles farther), but not to One Ton Camp. We hope against hope that dogs have been sent to Mt. Hooper ; then we might pull through. If there is a shortage of oil again we can have but little hope. One feels that for poor Oates the crisis is near, but none of us is improving, though we are wonderfully fit considering the really excessive work we are doing. We are only kept going by good food. No wind this morning till a chill northerly air came ahead. Sun bright and cairns showing up well. I should like to keep the track to the end.

Thursday, March 8.—Lunch. Worse and worse in morning ; poor Oates' left foot can never last out, and time over foot-gear something awful. Have to wait in night gear for nearly an hour before I start changing, and then am generally first to be ready. Wilson's feet giving trouble now, but this mainly because he gives so much help to others. We did $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles this morning and are now $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the depot—a ridiculously small distance to feel in difficulties, yet on this surface we know we cannot equal half our old marches, and that for that effort we expend nearly double the energy. The great question is, What shall we find at the depot ? If the dogs have visited it we may get along a good distance, but if there is a short allowance of fuel, God help us indeed. We are in a bad way, I fear, in any case.

Saturday, March 10.—Things going steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has none. Apart from him, if he went under now, I doubt whether we should get through. With

great care we might have a dog's chance but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to manage. At the same time of course poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast, when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at lunch. Poor chap! it is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Yesterday we marched up to the depot, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all round. I don't know that anybody is to blame. The dogs which should have been our salvation evidently failed. Meares had a bad trip home I suppose.

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Wednesday, March 14.—No doubt about the going down hill, but everything going wrong with us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp. −37°. Couldn't face it, so remained in camp till 2, then did $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze never took off entirely, and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in the dark.

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; halfway, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W.S.W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. The temp. now midday down −43° and the wind strong. We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. It is only with

the greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be such a temperature like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17.—Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on ; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside topics. He did not—would not—give up hope until the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake ; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, " I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him until two hours after his death. We knew poor Oates was walking to his death,

but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit and assuredly the end is not far.

Sunday, March 18.—To-day, lunch, we are 2 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N.W., force 4, temp. – 35°. No human being could face it, and we are worn out nearly.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion, I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to chose after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretend to be—I don't know. We have the last half fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two day's food but scarcely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's

best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from N. to N.W. and –40° temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23.—Blizzard bad as ever —Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot *11 miles away*, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

Last Entry.—For God's sake look after our people.

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

SRI PRATAP COLLEGE
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I love you !





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BEFORE dawn I scrambled up a difficult path to the frontier again, and there, in a miserable village called Koutsóufliani, I found a disorganised mob of Andarti who had been driven back with some loss from the small Turkish town of Kránia. A good many Italians were mixed up with them, and the old Anarchist Cipriani was lying on the filthy street so sound asleep that I did not dare to wake him. I conversed with all manner of men and officers alike, even with Milonas, who was in what might perhaps be called command of the disorderly crowd. But I could get no definite idea of what had happened beyond what my eyes told me of defeat. Here was a little skirmish, never to be heard of again to all time. The fighting had lasted only a few hours, and was just over. I was on the spot and in the midst of eye-witnesses, actual participators in the conflict. Any historian would envy such materials, but the truth of the event was undiscoverable by me. The description of battles in history have always filled me with admiration, but since that day I have more than ever marvelled at the insight and accuracy with which historians can describe almost every minute in the enormous conflicts of the world, even many years afterwards. The battle pictures of artists are to me equally astonishing, so superb is the imagination displayed. But on this occasion, by far the best comment was given me by a huge Cretan, who, with the Cretan black handkerchief wound round his head, was sitting gloomily apart, when sud-

denly he turned to me and cried : " If you had been there, you would despair of Greece for ever."

Next day I followed the steep pass up to the summit, just below the very top of the Pindus range, here still bearing the name of Mount Lakmon. Thence I looked down the precipitous descent into Epirus, and spread out upon the opposite mountain side there lay the Turkish town of Métsovo ; grey, with an old walled castle in the midst, and seven big guns in position on a ridge above it. In the far distance the snowy cliffs of Albania, to be well known to me in future years, rose like crests of jagged wave breaking to the north, and near at hand I could trace the thin and precipitous path leading down the valley from Métsovo to Janina and the rustling Dodonean oaks. That was my way to Arta, but the Turks were now firing at everything that moved, and with sorrow I turned back again to Kalabáka, and so down to Trikkala and the entrance to the Portais, through which I had always known I must pass.

And so it came about. For I received a direct telegram from Charlie Williams, the old war correspondent of the *Chronicle*, saying that he was watching the Thessalian frontier, and I was to cross the Pindus into Epirus, if I possibly could. The little money given me by Henry Norman was almost exhausted. The Demarch of Trikkala offered to hire out two horses just for the day, but they were dying and could not even start. Scaramangar never could walk. So I resolved to set out alone on foot with my little knapsack, though everyone told me it was impossible to cross the mountains because of the snow, and even in summer it took five days on a mule. I calculated that on foot I might do it in three days, and made my preparations. But, fortunately for me, the correspondents in Larissa, hearing of my successful " scoop," were arriving one by one. Bennet Burleigh, after-

wards my hostile associate in another campaign, appeared for an hour. In my diary I noted, "Maud of the *Graphic* also arrived," little knowing how dear a friend I was afterwards to find in that true artist and high-hearted man. But for the moment the most important arrival for me was J. B. Atkins of the *Manchester Guardian*, who with unexampled generosity lent me one of his purchased horses to help me to the foot of the mountains, and to be returned that afternoon. Of course I returned it with a boy, but it never arrived. For that afternoon the war began in earnest, and it was not until many days afterwards that Atkins caught sight of the horse's familiar face during one of the disastrous retreats from Thessaly and forcibly recovered it.

For Western Churches it was Easter, but for the Greeks Palm Sunday, and women were bringing long branches of bay for the church decorations. The scene was the very emblem of peace, but as I crossed the Peneus and turned west into the defile of the Portais, I heard far away the boom of guns. War had begun and the Turks were forcing those passes of Revéni and Melouna for their descent upon Larissa. Following my orders, I proceeded gloomily into the mountains, passing a bare mound where Caesar once stormed the fortified town of Gomphi in an earlier spasm of mankind's madness. After transversing the defile, we came to the remote village of Mousáki, whence I had promised to send back the borrowed horse. As is usual in Greece, the whole population crowded round to stare at the stranger and ask questions. My demand was for a guide and any four-legged thing that would carry my companion. All agreed that Spero was the man, and the name sounded hopeful. Spero was dragged forward, a brown and shaggy man in a long brown coat tied with a bit of string. He reminded me of Pan and John the

Baptist at the same time. He had crossed the mountains to Arta only a few years before, and was the only man who ever tried, except one French explorer, who had turned back the second day. And Spero possessed a little stallion besides. But he steadfastly refused to move. "I will not go," he said; "I am afraid. I am afraid of the snow and the Turks."

The Demarch, keeper of the general stores, then conducted me, accompanied by all the villagers, round the village, which had been devastated by the Turks just twenty years before, though it was then Turkish property. In the Church, where the Turks had slashed the faces of the saints as usual, I saw the bones of the dead laid out along the altar screen, as custom or the rocky soil allows. For at the end of three or four years the dead are dug up, and their bones arranged inside the church. These are blessed and washed with wine, and if anybody still loves them, flowers are laid round the skull and thigh bones. Then they are buried again, occupying a much smaller space. If the bones are white, the soul that once dwelt in them is in paradise and all is well. But if they are dark, all is not well; very much the reverse. Those that I saw were mostly black, but they smelt of resined wine, and someone had laid flowers by them.

On returning to the market-place I found Spero beside his pony, weeping great tears, but otherwise resigned to a dubious destiny tempered by rewards. And just as we started, out rushed a queer old figure, dragging another pony and crying. "You shall pay me the same as Spero, and you shall be in Arta in five days!" He confirmed the statement by a peculiarly complicated and filthy oath. "If we are not there in three days, I shall hang you both to your ponies' tails," I answered, but did not swear to it. So we set off amid cheers and loud cries of "Impossible!" My main anxiety was the secret that my money had

sunk to less than ten shillings, and now I had two horses, three men, and myself to feed.

That evening we reached only the next village, where a young schoolmaster lent me Plutarch's Essay on Aristeides to soothe my slumbers on the floor of the shop. But the track next day was very difficult. We had to climb the bare and crumbling sides of a great, dome-shaped mountain, still called the Tympanos or Drum, which makes the watershed between tributaries flowing into the Peneus and out to Tempe, and the tributaries of the Achelous (now Aspropotamo or White River) flowing into the Gulf of Corinth. The ascent is like a perpendicular ladder, so steep that we had to push the ponies' feet fast into any possible crevice and hole, and then the summit was covered with soft snow reaching nearly to their bellies.

Down the other side we plunged into a sunless gorge where a dreary village starved on sticky maize; and beyond that, the narrow track traversed the face of cliffs so sharp that we had to haul at the bridles and grip the tails of the ponies to prevent them rolling sheer down into the torrent below. After crossing that torrent several times with much excitement, we came to the main stream of the Achelous, which, white with snow and flood, was tearing over hidden rocks, unfordable by man or beast. Fortunately a few woodmen were driving felled pine trees down the stream, and, guiding half a dozen of the trunks athwart the current, we stemmed them up with long poles, thus forming a floating bridge, across which the ponies were induced to creep with much difficulty and peril. But on the opposite side the track had disappeared, and we clambered about the precipitous mountain side in vain. Then at last the men sat down each with his ponies' nose in his lap, and declared that they would go no further. I told them that they

might find difficulty in crossing the stream again, now that the pine logs had gone downstream, and that I certainly should not pay them (secretly, I could not !) but would go forward by myself. Putting on my knapsack and taking my compass in my hand, I then set off vaguely in the direction of Arta. But I was hardly out of sight when I lit upon the track, and at my shout they followed, reconciled without tears.

Skirting along the edge of a precipice above the river, we came to a village called Láscovo, where two priests were worshipping God with a rushing gabble, surpassing in rapidity any religious service I have ever heard, though I knew the English Cathedrals well. About twice a minute they bumped their foreheads three times on the pavement with extraordinary agility, but till we arrived their only audience was God and the village idiot. The elder priest kindly invited us into his house, and lighted a fire in the middle of his largish room, which had no furniture but two heaps of petticoats, aprons and rugs, woven at home as dowries for his two daughters. It being Holy Week, he then gave us a share of his maize-paste and olives, but when my Greek thoughtfully suggested that I was a Protestant, the Priest exclaimed : " Oh, he's an idolater is he ? Then he shall have an egg." So an egg I had, seasoned with idolatry. And when his wife and daughters had eaten up any scraps that we had left, we all settled down for the night together. But long after I had crept under my rug in the place of honour furthest from the pet goat, that shaggy priest kept bringing in members of his flock to stare at me as an object lesson in anthropology, until at midnight he went out to worship in the church again. In the morning we left him loading a manure cart, while his daughters, barefooted and unwashed, splashed about in liquid mud, driving the goats to the mountains with stones and barbaric cries. For ten-

pound down, my Greek told me, I might have married one of them, dowry and all, but my only thought was the contrast between this priestly home in Pindus and the country rectories I knew at home.

Hardly had we crossed over an unimaginable gorge and raging torrent by a marvellous bridge of one arch hung high in the air, when I saw a man hastening down the path towards us. "I was in Arta on Sunday," he cried. "The war began in the afternoon. The Turks crossed the river by tying Christian women in front of them. All the women were killed. Their shrieks were frightful. The town lies flat in ruins. To go on is death." I told him he lied, but though I thus tried to encourage the others, they struck again, and again I went forward alone on foot, until I heard them slowly following, muttering libels on my ancestry. Already I could sometimes discern the boom of guns far away, and the rest of the day was to me a nightmare of precipices, slushy snow, gorges gloomy with black ilex, a river white with flood, and another high arched bridge, while the ponies crawled and crawled.

That night we spent in a barn at a dripping village, rightly called the Sewer of Sorrow, and next morning we had to climb the enormous barrier separating the Achelous from the basin of the Arachtos, which flows by Arta. The track was murderous for the beasts, and rain fell in sheets. My old man went lame, and though I gave him a pair of my socks well soaped, we hardly moved along the obscure and stony way. Unhappily, too, we met a long train of refugees winding into the mountains, and the horror of their imaginary tales turned all three men rigid with fear. They sat down and definitely refused to stir. It was the worst of the mutinies, and I only won through by mounting the old man's pony and urging the miserable creature on. Loving his pony more than his life, he

followed, and the others followed him. So we struggled on, starving and much exhausted, till late in the afternoon we came to an abrupt edge of mountain, from which the glimpses of vast distance westward were here and there revealed through heavy mist. Unknown mountain tops stood islanded above the cloud. There was a plain and an estuary dividing it, and spaces of dull blue water like lead, which I knew must be Cleopatra's Ambracian Gulf; and far away, high up in the sky, one thin line of silver, which was the open sea. At my feet in the depths of a broad valley, a white road ran, and at the end of it, almost encircled by the white curve of a river, stood a town, and walls of an old castle beside the stream, and high up on the hill a large square fortress, and further off the clustered domes of a Byzantine church, and the line of an ancient bridge. That, then, was Arta. I had crossed Pindus in three days and a few hours, and there was no need to hang my men to their ponies' tails.

Descending to the village of Peta, famed for a miserable defeat of the Greek rebels by the Turks in Byron's War of Independence, I was greeted by officers and men, who rushed out shouting, "The Turks have fled! The Turks have fled!" It was incredible but true, and since then I have never believed the word of a refugee. From their positions on a semicircle of hills and plain across the river, completely commanding Arta, which was then the capital of the Greek Epirus, the Turks had fled in panic the night before. They were Redif or Reserve Troops, under command of an incapable Governor of Janina. Separated by some two hundred miles of dubious road from their ultimate base at Monastir (so familiar to me in later years) they were probably ill-supplied, and they ran in terror of two largish guns (about 5-in., I think) planted by the Greeks beside

the old Turkish barracks commanding the famous bridge of Arta. The town itself, dirty and beautiful, stands on the old main road from Missolonghi and the Gulf of Corinth up to Janina. The road here crosses the Arachtos by a tenth-century bridge, built by the Eastern Caesars, and with such difficulty that the builder could not make the central pile steady until he built up his lover inside it. In memory of which piteous cement the Greeks still sing an ancient ballad.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

THE ARMOURED TRAIN

IT had been my intention to get into Ladysmith, where I knew Ian Hamilton would look after me and give me a good show. I was too late, and the door was shut. The Boers had occupied Colenso station on the Tugela River and held the iron railway bridge. General French and his staff, which included Haig and Herbert Lawrence,* had just slipped through under artillery fire in the last train out of Ladysmith on his way to the Cape Colony, where the main cavalry forces were to be assembled. There was nothing to do but wait at Estcourt with such handfuls of troops as were being hurriedly collected to protect the southern part of Natal from the impending Boer invasion. A single Battalion of Dublin Fusiliers, two or three guns and a few squadrons of Natal Carabineers, two companies of Durban Light Infantry and an armoured train, were the only forces which remained for the defence of the Colony. All the rest of the Natal Army was blockaded in Ladysmith. Reinforcements were hurrying to the spot from all parts of the British Empire; but during the week I was at

* Commander-in-Chief and Chief of the Staff respectively in 1915 and 1918.

Estcourt our weakness was such that we expected to be ourselves surrounded almost every day, and could do little but fortify our post and wear a confident air.

At Estcourt I found old friends. Leo Amery, the monitor I had unluckily pushed into the bathing pool at Harrow ten years before, afterwards long my colleague in Parliament and Government, was now one of the war correspondents of the *Times*. We were able for the first time to meet on terms of equality and fraternity, and together with my friend of the *Manchester Guardian* we took up our abode in an empty bell tent that stood in the shunting triangle of the railway station. That evening, walking in the single street of the town, whom should I meet but Captain Haldane, who had been so helpful in procuring me my appointment to Sir William Lockhart's staff during the Tirah Expedition. Haldane had been wounded at Elandslaagte, and had hoped to rejoin his battalion of Gordon Highlanders in Ladysmith, and being like me held up by the enemy had been given the temporary command of a company of the Dublin Fusiliers. The days passed slowly and anxiously. The position of our small force was most precarious. At any moment ten or twelve thousand mounted Boers might sweep forward to attack us or cut off our retreat. Yet it was necessary to hold Estcourt as long and in as firm a posture as possible. Cavalry reconnaissances were pushed out every morning for ten or fifteen miles towards the enemy to give us timely notice of the expected advance ; and in an unlucky moment it occurred to the General in command on the spot to send his armoured train along the sixteen miles of intact railway line to supplement the efforts of the cavalry.

Nothing looks more formidable and impressive than an armoured train ; but nothing is in fact more vulnerable and helpless. It was only necessary to blow

up a bridge or a culvert to leave the monster stranded, far from home or help, at the mercy of the enemy. This situation did not seem to have occurred to our commander. He decided to put a company of the Dublin Fusiliers and a company of the Durban Light Infantry into an armoured train of six trucks, and add a small six-pounder naval gun with some sailors landed from H.M.S. *Terrible*, together with a break-down gang, and to send this considerable portion of his force out to reconnoitre towards Colenso. Captain Haldane was the officer he selected for the duty of commanding this operation. Haldane told me on the night of November 14 of the task which had been set for him the next day and on which he was start to at dawn. He did not conceal his misgivings on the imprudence of the enterprise, but he was of course, like everyone else at the beginning of a war, very keen upon adventure, and a brush with the enemy. Would I come with him? He would like it if I did! Out of comradeship, and because I thought it was my duty to gather as much information as I could for the *Morning Post*, also because I was eager for trouble, I accepted the invitation without demur.

The military events which followed are well-known and have often been discussed. The armoured train proceeded about fourteen miles towards the enemy and got as far as Chieveley station without a sign of opposition or indeed of life or movement on the broad undulations of the Natal landscape. We stopped for a few moments at Chieveley, to report our arrival at this point by telegraph to the General. No sooner had we done this than we saw, on a hill between us and home which overlooked the line at about 600 yards' distance, a number of small figures moving about and hurrying forward. Certainly they were Boers. Certainly they were behind us. What would they be doing with the railway line? There was not an instant

to lose. We started immediately on our return journey. As we approached the hill, I was standing on a box with my head and shoulders above the steel plating of the rear armoured truck. I saw a cluster of Boers on the crest. Suddenly three wheeled things appeared among them, and instantly bright flashes of light opened and shut ten or twelve times. A huge white ball of smoke sprang into being and tore out into a cone, only as it seemed a few feet above my head. It was shrapnel—the first I had ever seen in war, and very nearly the last ! The steel sides of the truck tanged with a patter of bullets. There was a crash from the front of the train, and a series of sharp explosions. The railway line curved round the base of the hill on a steep down gradient, and under the stimulus of the enemy's fire, as well as of the slope, our pace increased enormously. The Boer artillery (two guns and a pom-pom) had only time for one discharge before we were round the corner out of their sight. It had flashed across my mind that there must be some trap further on. I was just turning to Haldane to suggest that someone should scramble along the train and make the engine-driver reduce speed, when suddenly there was a tremendous shock, and he and I and all the soldiers of the truck were pitched head over heels on its floor. The armoured train travelling at not less than forty miles an hour had been thrown off the metals by some obstruction, or by some injury to the line.

In our truck nobody was seriously hurt, and it took but a few seconds for me to scramble to my feet and look over the top of the armour. The train lay in a valley about 1,200 yards on the homeward side of the enemy's hill. On the top of this hill were scores of figures running forward and throwing themselves down in the grass, from which there came almost immediately an accurate and heavy rifle fire. The

bullets whistled overhead and rang and splattered on the steel plates like a hailstorm. I got down from my perch, and Haldane and I debated what to do. It was agreed that he with the little naval gun and his Dublin Fusiliers in the rear truck should endeavour to keep down the enemy's firing, and that I should go and see what had happened to the train, what was the damage to the line, and whether there was any chance of repairing it or of clearing the wreckage out of the way.

I nipped out of the truck accordingly and ran along the line to the head of the train. The engine was still on the rails. The first truck, an ordinary bogey, had turned completely over, killing and terribly injuring some of the platelayers who were upon it ; but it lay quite clear of the track. The next two armoured trucks, which contained the Durban Light Infantry, were both derailed, one still upright and the other on its side. They lay jammed against each other in disorder, blocking the homeward path of the rest. Behind the overturned trucks the Durban Light Infantry men, bruised, shaken and some severely injured, had found a temporary shelter. The enemy's fire was continuous, and soon there mingled with the rifles the bang of the field guns and the near explosion of their shells. We were in the toils of the enemy.

As I passed the engine another shrapnel burst immediately as it seemed overhead, hurling its contents with a rasping rush through the air. The driver at once sprung out of the cab and ran to the shelter of the overturned trucks. His face was cut open by a splinter and streamed with blood, and he complained in bitter, futile indignation. He was a civilian. What did they think he was paid for ? To be killed by a bombshell—not he. He would not stay another minute. It looked as though his excitement and misery—he was dazed by the blow on his head—

would prevent him from working the engine further, and as only he understood the machinery, the hope of escape might thus be cut off. So I told him that no man was hit twice on the same day : that a wounded man who continued to do his duty was always rewarded for distinguished gallantry, and that he might never have a chance again. On this he pulled himself together, wiped the blood from his face, climbed back into the cab of his engine, and thereafter obeyed every order I gave him.*

I formed the opinion that it would be possible, using the engine as a ram, to pull and push the two wrecked trucks clear of the line, and consequently that escape for the whole force was possible. The line appeared to be uninjured, no rail had been removed. I returned along the line to Captain Haldane's truck and told him, through a loop-hole, what was the position and what I proposed to do. He agreed to all I said and undertook to keep the enemy hotly engaged meanwhile.

I was very lucky in the hour that followed not to be hit. It was necessary for me to be almost continuously moving up and down the train or standing in the open, telling the engine driver what to do. The first thing was to detach the truck which was half off the rails from the one completely so. To do this the engine had to be moved so as to tug the partly derailed truck backwards along the line until it was clear of the wreckage, and then to throw it completely off the rails. The dead weight of the iron truck half on the sleepers was enormous, and the engine wheels

* It was more than ten years before I was able to make good my promise. Nothing was done for this man by the military authorities ; but when in 1910 I was Home Secretary, it was my duty to advise the King upon the awards of the Albert Medal. I therefore revived the old records, communicated with the Governor of Natal and the railway company, and ultimately both the driver and his fireman received the highest reward.

skidded vainly several times before any hauling power was obtained. At last the truck was drawn sufficiently far back and I called for volunteers to overturn it from the side, while the engine pushed it from the end. It was very evident that these men would be exposed to considerable danger. Twenty were called for and there was an immediate response, but only nine men, including the Major of the Durban Light Infantry and four or five of the Dublin Fusiliers, actually stepped out into the open. The attempt nevertheless was successful. The truck heeled over further under their pressure, and the engine giving a shove at the right moment, it fell off the line, and the track seemed clear. Safety and success appeared in sight together, but one of the bitterest disappointments of my life overtook them.

The footplate of the engine was about 6 in. wider than the tender and jammed against the corner of the newly overturned truck. It did not seem safe to push very hard lest the engine itself should be derailed. We uncoupled the engine from the rear trucks, and time after time moved it back a yard or two and butted forward at the obstruction. Each time it moved a little, but soon it was evident that complications had set in. The newly derailed truck had become jammed in a T-shaped position with the one originally off the line, and the more the engine pushed, the greater became the block.

It occurred to me that if the trucks only jammed tighter after the forward pushings, they might be loosened again by again pulling backwards. Now however, a new difficulty arose. The coupling chains of the engine would not reach by five or six inches those of the overturned truck. Search was made for a spare coupling. By a solitary gleam of good fortune, one was found. The engine hauled at the wreckage and before the chain parted pulled it about

a yard backwards and off the track. Now surely the line was clear at last. But again the corner of the engine footplate jammed with the corner of the truck, and again we came to a jarring halt. The heat and excitement of the work were such as to absorb me completely. I remember thinking that it was like working in front of an iron target at a rifle range at which men were continually firing. We struggled for twenty minutes among those clanging, rending iron boxes, amid the repeated explosions of shells and the ceaseless hammering of bullets, and with only five or six inches of twisted ironwork to make the difference between danger, captivity, and shame on the one hand, and safety, freedom, and triumph on the other.

Above all things we had to be careful not to throw the engine off the line. But at last, as the artillery firing steadily increased and the second gun came into action from the opposite flank, I decided to run a great risk. The engine was backed to its fullest extent and driven full tilt at the obstruction. There was a harsh crunching tear, the engine reeled on the rails, and as the obstructing truck reared upwards, ground its way past and gained the homewards side, free, and as it turned out, safe. But our three remaining trucks were fifty yards away, still the wrong side of the obstruction, which had fallen back into its original position after the engine had passed. What were we to do? Certainly we could not take the engine back. Could we then drag the trucks by hand up to the engine? They were narrower than the engine and there would be just room for them to slip past.

I went back again to Captain Haldane. He accepted the plan. He ordered his men to climb out of their steel pen and try to push it towards the engine. The plan was sound enough, but it broke down under thc force of the circumstances. The truck was so heavy

that it required all hands to move it ; the fire was so hot and the confusion so great and increasing that the men drifted away from the exposed side. The enemy, relieved of our counter-fire, were now plainly visible in large numbers on the face of the hill, firing furiously. We then agreed that the engine should go slowly back along the line with all the wounded, who were now numerous, and that the Dublins and Durban men should retreat on foot, sheltering themselves behind the engine, which would go at a foot's pace. Upwards of forty persons, of whom the greatest part were streaming with blood, were crowded into the engine and its tender, and we began to move slowly forward. I was in the cab of the engine directing the engine-driver. It was crammed so full of wounded men that one could scarcely move. The shells burst all around, some striking the engine, others dashing the gravel of the track upon it and its unhappy human freight. The pace increased, the infantry outside began to lag and then to be left behind. At last I forced the engine-driver to stop altogether, but before I could get the engine stopped we were already 300 yards away from our infantry. Close at hand was the bridge across the Blue Krantz River, a considerable span. I told the engine-driver to cross the bridge, and wait on the other side, and forcing my way out of the cab I got down on to the line and went back along it to find Captain Haldane, and to bring him and his Dublin Fusiliers along.

But while these events had been taking place everything else had been in movement. I had not retraced my steps 200 yards when, instead of Haldane and his company, two figures in plain clothes appeared on the line. " Platelayers ! " I said to myself, and then with a surge of realization, " Boers ! " My mind retains its impression of these tall figures, full of energy, clad in dark, flapping clothes, with slouch,

storm-driven hats, poising on their levelled rifles hardly a hundred yards away. I turned again and ran back towards the engine, the two Boers firing as I ran between the metals. Their bullets, sucking to right and left, seemed to miss me only by inches. We were in a small cutting with banks about six feet high on either side. I flung myself against the bank of the cutting. It gave me no cover. Another glance at the two figures ; one was now kneeling to aim. Movement seemed the only chance. Again I darted forward : two soft kisses sucked in the air ; but nothing struck me. This could not endure. I must get out of the cutting—that damnable corridor ! I jigged to the left, and scrambled up the bank. The earth sprang up beside me. I got through the wire fence unhurt. Outside the cutting was a tiny depression. I crouched in this, struggling to get my breath again.

Fifty yards away there was a small platelayer's cabin of masonry ; there was cover there. About 200 yards away was the rocky gorge of the Blue Krantz River ; there was plenty of cover there. I determined to make a dash for the river. I rose to my feet. Suddenly on the other side of the railway, separated from me by rails and two uncut wire fences, I saw a horseman galloping furiously, a tall dark figure, holding his rifle in his right hand. He pulled up his horse almost in its own length and shaking the rifle at me shouted a loud command. We were forty yards apart. That morning I had taken with me, correspondent-status notwithstanding, my Mauser pistol. I thought I could kill this man, and after the treatment I had received I earnestly desired to do so. I put my hand to my belt, the pistol was not there. When engaged in clearing the line, getting in and out of the engine, etc., I had taken it off ! It came safely home on the engine. I have it now ! But at this

moment I was quite unarmed. Meanwhile, I suppose in the time this takes to tell, the Boer horseman, still seated on his horse, had covered me with his rifle. The animal stood stock still, so did he, and so did I. I looked towards the river, I looked towards the platelayer's hut. The Boer continued to look along his sights. I thought there was absolutely no chance of escape, if he fired he would surely hit me, so I held up my hands and surrendered myself a prisoner of war.

" When one is alone and unarmed," said the great Napoleon, in words which flowed through my mind in the poignant minutes that followed, " a surrender may be pardoned." WINSTON CHURCHILL

MY FIRST FIGHT WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION

WE were on the march, and in a hurry. We slept where we dined, and we dined where we fell down, after marching the whole of a terrible day, over sand. Although I had done some gruelling marches during training days and after, I thought of the warning of the recruiting officer in Paris. There *was*, as he had ironically said, " lots of sand ; blue sky ; no rain ; no snow ; no fog ; sunshine—sunshine all the time." Camels (glimpsed far off—with scouts on them), mirages, palms and oases (in the mirages). I thought not only of the recruiting officer, but of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and his bitter complaint. You may know the verse beginning :—

" And all in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Stood right above . . ."

the whole beastly show. And at 4 A.M. next morning the buglers blew reveille, and this particular, slightly hazardous day in the Legion began.

I rolled over and dressed—by putting on my *kepi*. I then slipped on my equipment, and was ready. I was particularly ready for my share of the contents of the pail brought from the company cooking-fire by Ivan the Terrible. It was hot, liquid, sweet, and had an unmistakable flavour of coffee. I dipped out a mugful of this heartening brew, and produced the remainder of my breakfast from my haversack. If I remember rightly, it was a hard, dry biscuit and some soft, wet macaroni.

We fell in by sections, each section in three ranks, so that when we got the order to right-turn and march, we marched in threes and not in columns of fours as the British Army does. One long march is very like another, but this was more so than most, by reason of the record length, the record heat, the soft looseness of sand, and the fact that we were marching, by compass, across sand-dunes, and were perpetually climbing up one side and down the other, instead of marching on the flat.

We were literally crossing an uncharted ocean—of sand ; and its billows were as regular, numerous and monotonous as those of any of the great ocean wastes of waters. However, we realized that it was necessary to avoid the usual road or caravan route, for we were hastening to the relief of a suddenly beleaguered fort ; and the Arabs would no doubt be on the watch for us on the road. We were a surprise packet, posted to arrive when and where least expected.

Nor did we march as the British soldier does under a tropical sun, in pith helmets, half sleeved open-necked shirts, shorts and puttees. We wore cloth caps with a peak in front and a white or khaki curtain hanging round the neck behind ; thick, long, heavy

overcoats buttoned right up to the throat ; baggy trousers tucked into leggings ; thick heavy boots and no socks. We were pretty well loaded too, with long rifles, long bayonets in steel sheaths, very big water bottles, two hundred rounds of ammunition, stuffed *musettes* or knapsacks, containing spare kit, laden haversacks, canteens, and spare pairs of boots. But besides these things each man had some such extra load as part of a tent, firewood, or a cooking vessel ; so that the top of the load on one's back rose as high as the top of one's head—or higher, and bumped against it. It took me a long time to get used to this.

No. We weren't smart to look at, and there was no march-discipline. We didn't march. We shuffled, shambled, staggered, tottered, strolled, rolled, bowled and pitched along anyhow. The one thing we didn't do was to straggle. The pace was set and the pace was kept, and the slogan was " *Marchez ou crevez !* " for if you didn't march you would most certainly die—of thirst and starvation if you were lucky, or of Arabs if you weren't.

At the end of each hour the whistle blew and the little column halted for " the cigarette-space," just time to smoke a cigarette. In theory it was ten minutes in each hour.

During one longer halt, the cooks prepared a meal of a sort of stew.

In time the strain began to tell, and it was just about when people were beginning to grumble that I realised that the recruiting officer had been premature in his sarcastic praises of desert life as regards the absence of fog. For, to the appalling heat and electrical atmospheric conditions, fog was added. A beastly, oppressive choking fog—of dust that diminished the circle of our horizon and rendered the almost unbearable conditions of marching even more unbearable.

" Sand-storm," said the less experienced soldiers, but the old, long-service men growled that a sand-storm wasn't a sand-storm while you could see and breathe and march and weren't buried alive—or dead. This was nothing but a little dust !

It was truly awful anyway, and I plodded along, bent nearly double, not caring what particular name they gave it.

There was one thing to be thankful for, however. We were off the soft, shifting sand-dunes, and now marching across a level plain of hard, sand-covered ground. Between us and the sky was a veil of dust through which the sun did not so much shine as loom like a great ball of brass in the hot and coppery sky. And from time to time, great blinding clouds of sand enveloped us.

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I suppose it was owing to these conditions that the Arabs caught us as they did. We had out a " point " and flankers, of course, but presumably the flankers were ridden down when plodding along, bent double, seeing nothing but the ground, and not caring if it snowed Arabs.

They seemed to come down the wind like the dust itself. There were a few shots, a whistle, one or two orders, and thanks to Legion drill and Legion discipline, the Arab charge was met in the right way, and just in time.

My own *escouade* was unlucky in happening to be opposite to the thickest part of the Arab line, and, in spite of the number of men and horses that our fire brought down, the remainder charged home with lance and sword, and long guns fired at short range from the hip—with a wild war-cry of " *Lah illa il Allah ! Allahu Akbar !* It sounded rather like a pack of jackals.

Just behind me the excellent Sergeant Krantz, a

cool veteran, shouted his orders : " Steady now, steady ! Aim low. Shoot at the horses ! Aim low!" until suddenly, for the best of reasons, he stopped.

I don't really remember much about this particular scrap. But I do remember the incredulity and the thrill at finding that I was actually taking part in a real good old-fashioned fight ; just the sort of thing one had read about.

" This is what I came for," I said to myself. " The genuine thing ! What splendid luck ! A real fight with real Arabs in a real desert ! It doesn't seem real."

But it was, and we got what is known to the vulgar as a "bellyful." Since the first shots and shouts it was only a matter of seconds, I suppose, when, with an earth-shaking thunder of hoofs, the leaders of the charge were upon us. Suddenly I realised that a big bearded man in flowing, fluttering, dirty-white garments with a nasty long lance was coming straight at me—at me personally. I fired at him point-blank, and apparently missed him. Also his spear missed me, due to the fact that Pierre shot either him or his horse.

Quite unwounded, I was knocked head over heels, either by this Arab or another, and got to my feet as an Arab, who had reined up or whose horse had been wounded, made a cut at me with a sword. More by luck than judgment I parried the cut, the sword striking the curved cross-hilt of my bayonet. As I drew my rifle back to lunge, the Arab whirled up his sword and cut again ; and either my bayonet went in under his ribs below his raised sword arm before the blow fell, or else Ivan shot him from behind, just in time. Anyhow, the sword-cut which would have split my skull, only gave me a cut on the head.

As I staggered back, a bit dazed, a man on the ground grabbed my leg, tripped me up, and slashed

at me with a dagger. He meant well—but was presumably a bit shaken by the fall that had sent his lance, rifle or gun flying from his hand—and only struck my cartridge pouch.

After an intimate minute with him I got the dagger.

Once more I rose to my feet and saw that the Arabs were in full flight—not in defeat, but according to their tip-and-run plan.

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I think that, for a little while at least, this violent interlude in our monotony of misery did us good. And after a brief rest, and the somewhat sketchy burial of our dead, we marched on again, talking of our miraculous escapes and wonderful deeds, until the heat and choking dust defeated us. P. C. WREN

MY ESCAPE FROM A TURKISH PRISON

SUMMER rode across the open lands of Anatolia. Women came out to bleed the poppy-beds that stretched red and white to the mountain of the horizon. Some were pretty, and some used to take the soldiers who formed our guard into the crops. We remained in prison.

In the autumn, Afion-Kara-hissar was visited by a flight of storks who swooped and circled over us in their thousands, finally alighting near the black rock, where they formed black silhouettes against the sunset, with one leg tucked up, and backward-turning beaks. I used to dream of these storks, and of their enchanted journeys and of Polly, an opium girl.

But chiefly I dreamed of freedom, and planned to regain it. That, indeed was the bulwark of my sanity.

It would have been comparatively easy to have eluded our sentries, but Afion-Kara-hissar was separated from the coast by a belt of country where brigands

and deserters roamed. Moreover, once the sea was reached, there were only a few places from which the Greek islands could be reached, and these were closely guarded.

I discussed the matter with various friends—Robin Paul in particular—and we decided that our best and probably our only chance of escape was an indirect route. First we must reach Constantinople. The Capital became in our minds a stepping-stone to freedom ; we shammed sick ; we tried to bribe a Greek doctor ; we even inflicted wounds on various parts of our bodies. Robin had a bad ear, and I had displaced a bone in my nose by boxing, but it was not until I took to smoking opium with the Cypriote interpreter attached to the Turkish Commandant's office that my departure became possible. I will not say that I bribed him, but his intimacy helped me to bribe others.

Those nights I lay on a sofa with him, *couché à gauche*, as opium smokers say, weaving a tissue of deceit into the grey-white clouds encircling us, will always remain among the strangest memories of my life. The couches, the medley of cushions, the pipes, the profile of my host as he leaned over the green glimmer of the lamp which burned for the god to whom his heart was given, and the growth of the god in him, as pipe followed pipe ; and the beatitude of his eyes when they found the dream-world where the princes of the poppies reign, seem no more part of me now than a play, yet I did and felt and saw many unaccustomed things during that month of make-believe. And instead of reading philosophy or playing chess, I was engaged in a game whose stake was liberty.

Having reached Haider Pasha hospital with the use of much gold as well as some guile, my purse was now empty. I needed two hundred Turkish pounds to be smuggled to Odessa, and I had only two lira.

However, there were other ways to freedom besides the sea-route, and when Robin and I were transferred to the Armenian Patriarchate at Psamattia (a suburb of Constantinople) an opportunity came to reach a friendly Christian house in the city.

The plan we made was simple. The window of the room in which we were imprisoned was set in an apparently sheer wall-face. Escape from it looked impossible, but as a matter of fact there were two small ledges of moulding under the window-sill, which would give us a foot-hold and a hand-hold, enabling us to gain the shelter of a near-by roof. From there we would work our way along other roofs to a place where we could drop down, out of sight of the sentries.

It was a good plan, because unexpected. To climb out of that window in view of six sentries seemed absurd, but we knew that sentries, like other people, rarely look up above their own height and rarely look for things that they do not expect.

So on the night appointed (and I must leave the reader to guess what agonies of preparation preceded it—the subterfuges by which we procured maps of the city—the thrill of making ropes—the suspense of waiting—the schooling of accomplices—the intrigue with the Greek waiter who was to shelter us) we took off our boots, coiled five fathoms of linen-strip round our waists, stuffed our pockets and knapsacks with chocolates, a Baedeker, a compass, a pistol ; drank each other's healths in *raki*, and blew out our lamp as if going to bed. That was the signal to an accomplice to engage the sentries opposite our house in conversation.

Crouched under the window-sill, we waited. The four sentries below us lolled on a bench, smoking and talking. Two more sentries were stationed fifty yards up the street. We heard the cheery voice of

our comrade, offering cigarettes to our nearest guardians. That was our cue.

Robin went first and I followed, an instant later.

The waiting had been anxious, but the moment my feet were on that blessed string course (how I blessed the architect who had designed it !) anxiety vanished and only the thrill of adventure remained. As we clambered along, like flies against the sheer wall, a passer-by in the street blew cigarette puffs almost into our nostrils. But no one looked up.

We gained the shelter of the parapet, surprised that our plan had succeeded and devoutly thankful. Very cautiously, now that the worst was over, we wriggled on towards freedom. The parapet was lower than we thought, and the wriggling slow ; in order to take advantage of our cover we had to lie flat on our stomachs. After more than an hour of this progression, we had reached the place where we had thought to slip our rope, but found that just across the street an officer of the Fire Brigade sat at an open window, overlooking us. By the manner in which he peered about him it was evident that he was expecting someone to keep an appointment. He stared so intently that at one moment we thought he had seen us, as was possible, for his window was on a level with our roof and only a few yards away.

Meanwhile the moon was creeping up the sky, about to flood us with such radiance that even a love-sick officer of the Stamboul Fire Brigade could not fail to notice us. For a further precious hour this annoying Romeo kept watch, while we discussed him in whispers and cursed feminine unpunctuality. At last, just as we had decided to let go the rope and take our chance (for our protecting belt of shadow had narrowed to inches) Romeo began to yawn, and stretch, and look towards his bed. He hesitated, yawned again, then gave up his hopes of Juliet and retired.

That was our moment. We made the rope fast to a convenient ring in the parapet and stood up. Traffic had ceased in the street. The moon was at our backs and shone directly in the sentries' eyes. If they had seen us and fired we should at any rate have been certain targets.

I took a long breath and slid down, kicking the sign-board in my descent so that it clattered hideously. Robin, who followed, cut his hands to the sinews in his hurry. In spite of the noise no one stirred. A dog's yapping stabbed the silence.

Here we were, free in an empty street. All the world was before us. A moment before, the limelight of all the universe had seemed to shine on us ; and the noise we had made still echoed in my ears. Yet we had aroused not the smallest excitement in any breasts but our own.

Can you imagine the miracle, liberty-loving reader, that happens to a man who finds himself free after two and a half years in Turkish prisons ?

We were the proudest and happiest men in the world on that July night of Ramadan. The slothful years had vanished as we drew breath. We lit cigarettes. We strolled away pretending we were Germans, and singing :—

> " Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein
> Fest steht treu die Wacht am Rhein."

Only once did we think we might be recaptured. As we were passing the Fatih Mosque, we heard a clatter on the cobbles behind us. A carriage was being galloped in our direction. We doubled into some ruins, and lay there. I trembled so much that I might have had a bout of fever. After all our success, the Psamattia garrison might still hunt us down.

The moon had reached her zenith : I looked up, and longed to be amongst the wispy clouds that crossed

her light. A cat saw us, halted, watched us with glazing eyes. Then the carriage passed us, empty of passengers, with a drunken driver. It rattled away into the night. We emerged, and took our way through the streets of old Stamboul, under the chequered shade of vines, safe and free and triumphant.

I cannot convey the thrill of that escape, for it will seem, as indeed it was, a fairly tame affair. Hundreds of prisoners have crept through the barbed wire of German camps, eluded bloodhounds, travelled long distances disguised. But to me my first escape was more than from the Turks : I have freed myself also from an " inferiority complex."

We knocked softly at the door of the house in Sirkedji where we had arranged to hide ; then flattened ourselves in the shadow, ready for anything —welcome, betrayal, blackmail.

Nothing happened. We were about to knock again, when the door opened an inch, and I saw an eye, low down, level with my waist.

" May we come in ? "

" Are you the escaped prisoners ? " asked a child's voice, adding suspiciously, " We expected you two hours ago." (It was then four o'clock in the morning.)

" Better late than never," Robin said.

The door opened quickly, and we found a whole family of friendly people. Thémistoclé, the Greek waiter, and his mother, and aunt, and old grandfather, and the little twins who had greeted us.

We crept upstairs, careful not to wake the other inmates of the house, who were also fugitives from justice, according to Thémistoclé. When we paid him the fifty Turkish pounds we had promised him as the price of a week's shelter, his horn-rimmed glasses became dim with emotion.

" Everyone is starving here," he said thoughtfully.

" Even the policemen go hungry for bribes. Yesterday one said to me, " For the love of Allah find someone for me to arrest."

" What did you answer ? " I asked.

" I said I would do my best. But of course I didn't mean it. Only one must be careful with the police."

" Yes, you must be very careful. And where are we to sleep ? "

We had been shown into an untidy room, with an icon shrine, and a rumpled bed.

" Here," said Thémistoclé—" my sister and I and the twins will turn out."

" Were you all——? "

" Oh yes, rents are high, and we are poor people."

So we threw ourselves down, too exhausted to undress, and slept the sleep of free men.

Next moment, as it seemed to me, although in reality three hours had elapsed, we were awakened by the twins, who looked upon us as their special charges, and taken down to the pantry for breakfast.

All that morning we stayed there, dozing by snatches, but always ready to bolt into the cistern if the police came. " The last escaped prisoner we had lived there by day," the twins told us. " He was a forger and has left his tools in the water."

By afternoon we felt we were safe, and after sending the twins upstairs to see that the other lodgers were not about, we went up to our bedroom again, and discussed the situation.

There were various routes out of Constantinople. Robin Paul decided to try his luck by land, and after many intrigues, decided to board a Greek melon-boat bound for Rodosto. When he left me, he was disguised as an Arab beggar, and looked so villainous with his darkened face and hang-dog slouch that I feared he would be arrested at sight. But a touch of genius saved him : he carried a bowl of curds and

half a cucumber, which gave him the aspect of a poor but honest man looking for a seat on which to eat his mid-day meal.

My own plan was more comfortable, although no more successful than Robin's, as events proved. I was to leave Constantinople as the servant of a Russian Prince who was being repatriated to Tiflis, and make my way from there to Baghdad. Unfortunately the Prince failed me, and Robin was caught at Malgara. He deserved better luck.

As for me, a good angel to escaping prisoners of war in the person of Miss Whittaker (now Lady Paul) took me under her wing and dressed me as a German governess in order that I might meet my Russian prince without attracting the suspicion of the detectives who shadowed him. This plan was entirely successful as far as meeting him went, but Constantinople, where twenty thousand people were in hiding, and all were ready to sell their souls to escape, was an easier place to live in than to get out of. One night, Eveline Whittaker sent word that my prince had been hustled off without having time to say good-bye (or to return the money that I had lent him) and I had in consequence to make all my plans afresh.

There was now no object in dressing as a woman, and so I became a Hungarian mechanic, in a shabby bowler hat and spectacles, and a dyed moustache. I began then to realise how easy it is to live unknown in a large city; and I had many opportunities of studying the " underworld," and of learning the history as it is never written but most strangely lived by a people on the brink of disaster.

Things were on a hair-edge in Constantinople ; a burst tyre made us think the revolution had come at last ; we gossiped hopefully about the imminent downfall of Enver Pasha ; and I attended a meeting of conspirators in the cellar of an hotel where we

discussed how we might hasten the death-throes of the committee of Union and Progress.

" We'll crucify the Turks," said a Greek, " and eat them in little bits." Then a bell rang, and the speaker, who was a waiter, hurried away to attend to his masters.

Rusty-looking muskets were unpacked. A silk flag was produced, stitched by Christian maidens, which was to fly from the summit of Aya Sofia when the Crescent was at last abased. Enthusiasm is contagious, and as the evening wore on I began to feel that I was helping to make history. Still more jubilant did I feel when my friends cashed cheques for me (written on half-sheets of notepaper) to the value of five hundred liras. My private promise to pay was worth more to them, apparently, than Turkish banknotes.

With plenty of money, I first bought myself a forged passport from Thémistoclé's friend (an imposing document, stamped, sealed, signed and delivered by the Governor of Constantinople ; which certified, amongst other things, that I was exempt from service in the army owing to valvular disease of the heart) and then arranged with a certain Lazz that he should provide me with a motor boat to take me to Poti or Odessa.

This Lazz proved my undoing. We met at Thémistoclé's house and I was about to pay him one hundred pounds when the alarm was given and we found that detectives and police had broken in. I tried to bolt for the cistern, but the way was blocked. Presently Thémistoclé appeared with two policemen : his spectacles were broken ; he had a black eye and a bloody nose ; his collar had burst ; someone had rolled him in the dust. He trembled terribly as he protested that he had never seen me before, and no one believed him.

And so my five weeks' scheming ended in a sad little procession of two terrified children, a weeping woman, a miserable Greek, and some seedy-smart individuals wending their way to the Central jail.

How I was condemned first to an underground dungeon with criminals (the forged passport had been found in my pocket) and afterwards to solitary confinement ; how I stole a knife and fork from the prison restaurant and fused switches with them ; how I made friends with a nephew of the Sultan, a prisoner like myself, who had been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for blowing out the brains of his tutor ; how this youth had a small black eunuch who used to bring me grapes and French novels ; how Robin and I escaped again ; and how, a fortnight before the Armistice was declared we stole General Liman von Sanders' own motor-car (a Mercedes, which we hid in the backyard of the house we were occupying, and guarded with a performing bear) all sounds so improbable that I shall not write it down in detail.

F. YEATS-BROWN





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A VISION

I looked, and beheld . . .
The brown of the veld, the unending immensity,
League after league of the houseless and homeless,
The smokeless, the gardenless wealth of the desert,
The rivers unfish'd and the valleys unhunted,
An empire peopled with nothing—a country
Abandoned to emptiness, yearning for people,
A mother well fit for the birth of a nation.

Veld Verse.

UNDER the urge of a chance adventure, and driven by pride and hunger, I found a task and dreamed a dream which held me all the days of my boyhood, and now occupies my every working hour, and will never be fulfilled even though I live the eighty and odd years that have been foretold to me.

When I was twelve years old my father offered me ten pounds to build two small pondokies * for him on his Gold Belt property. The place was called Hygeia and lay on a spur of the Inyamutshura Range, near Shitaka's kraal, about eight miles from Umtali. The path lay over the range, and was a stiff climb and a rapid descent.

I accepted the offer, and took Vixen and my boy Jack with me. Jack was a wiry little Senna, about middle-age ; he carried my two blankets and his own, also a skoff-box † with about a week's provisions. I carried a couple of axes and sickles.

We slept the first night at Shitaka's kraal. I had seen my father give " presents " to native chiefs when

* Huts.

† From Dutch *schofttijd*, meal-time. It is now used as a general term for food.

on the veld, so I sent for Shitaka and made him a present of a couple of tins of bully beef. A long and varied experience of Kafirs has since shown me that this is a mistaken practice ; very few Kafirs like, fear, or respect a man who gives them presents. Kafirs only give when they are afraid, and wish to propitiate ; consequently they impute the same motives to white men.

I had not the slightest fear of Shitaka, but I had seen him several times before and thought it was polite to recognise him in some way. I did not realise that my father, anxious to show the raw human material of Rhodesia that the white men were friendly towards them, had quite overlooked the native attitude of mind. I gave Shitaka the tins of beef, which he took with alacrity. There was, however, a lack of grace in his thanks which immediately struck me ; he left at once, made no further acknowledgment, and never took the trouble to visit me again.

Altogether our reception was not hospitable, so next morning Jack and I moved out of the kraal and camped at Hygeia—less than a mile farther on. We at once cleared a patch of grass for the huts, and set about collecting poles. This was not difficult. Then we took the sickles and cut big bundles of grass, because thatching-grass was to be found only at a considerable distance ; the lengthy journeys took time, and even then we under-estimated the amount of grass we required. The next operation was to dig the holes for the two forked uprights that supported the roof-tree. We had then to erect the framework and put on the thatch.

In seven days everything was complete except the thatch ; this part we had not yet begun. But food was giving out. I spoke to Jack about it, and gave him five shillings to buy some pumpkins and ufu * at the

* Maize meal.

kraal. Several days previously a party of young native girls and men had come to trade ; they were very noisy, and evidently wished to impress us with the fact that *they*, at any rate, hadn't much respect for white men. When I attempted to trade with them the girls all clapped their hands and went into ecstasies of laughter. The young men smiled patronizingly and strutted about, looking inquisitively at our little camp. Finally, when they had played out their joke they all swung off, shouting and laughing, without selling anything.

It was, of course, simply a put-up job, the type of humour that tickles the Kafir heart. Kafirs are fond of playing it on raw Englishmen who do not understand their little ways. I, a small boy with neither rifle nor a retinue of servants, was just the person to afford them an hour's amusement. Both Jack and I kept our tempers and behaved with as much dignity as we could, but our nonchalance was hardly a fit weapon against ridicule. The only point we really scored in was in the matter of dogs. Vic detested Kafir dogs as vehemently as she did their masters, and no sooner did the slinking yellow-and-white brutes appear in the clearing than she was at them. She attacked them so tempestuously that they did not wait to be bitten, but fled with anticipatory howls into the undergrowth.

After this experience we knew that we could not expect friendly treatment, and for my part I made several resolutions about giving presents ; but we did not anticipate what really happened. Jack took the five shillings and went down to Shitaka's kraal ; he returned late in the evening with the five shillings and nothing more.

The Maswina,* he said, told him that they had

* *Amaswina*, dogs, a term of contempt bestowed by the Matabele on the tribes of Mashonaland.

nothing to sell. After a long delay, however, they told an old woman to bring some small pumpkins. She did—the smallest procurable. For each of these they demanded two shillings.

"I would not buy them, Senhor; all three were not worth sixpence. They know we have no food, and they are laughing. *Wa, zhi*,—the dogs!"

That night we ate a tin of Strasburg meat, minced up stuff meant for spreading on bread and butter. We had nothing on which to spread it so we ate it plain—Jack, Vic, and I. Next day we had water for breakfast, water for lunch, and water for dinner. Moreover we slept in water, for it rained on the night of our last meal, and the two following nights. It rained all through the day—the light, constant, soaking rain that is characteristic of the Border hills. The sun did not come out and thatching was laborious, for the grass was heavy with rain.

We had not cut enough grass, it was not even enough for one pondokie, and we used it all up by evening. The keen east wind swept over the watershed and made us bitterly cold. With great difficulty we got a fire to burn, and crouched over it in our wet things. We had been sleeping in the open, and had kept our blankets only partly dry by covering them with grass. But the grass was all used up for thatching the lower lathes, so our blankets soon got wet through.

The following day, the second of our fast, we spent cutting grass and carrying it back to the pondokies. We worked without a rest from dawn to dark. It never stopped raining; even my felt hat and my hair got wet through. My hands became very white and raw and corrugated through constantly handling the wet grass and sickle; Jack's hands became pink. Grass seeds got into my shirt and trousers, and they irritated horribly; but I could not get them out because my hands were too cramped with cold. Vixen

sat about and shivered in great spasms —beginning in the middle of her body and spreading outwards to the tip of her nose and the very end of her stumpy tail. She cocked her head on one side, puckered her brows and lips, and looked inquiringly at us. Jack and I talked very little, but there was no need for us to encourage each other ; we both were absolutely determined to do our work and show no sign. We had between us a sort of tacit understanding that we would not give in before the cowardly tribesmen of Shitaka's kraal.

That night the fire was more difficult than ever to light ; all the wood seemed to be soaked through and through, and it was fortunate that we had kept our matches dry by covering them with an empty tin. Vic slept in my wet blankets with me, and was delightfully warm, but old Jack in his cheap, striped blanket looked very cold. I asked him if he would like to sleep with me, and keep warmer that way ; but he said he was *lungile*.* He never uttered a word of complaint, nor seemed to think that there was any way out of our difficulties except by showing the Maswina that he and the baas were quite independent of them and their pumpkins.

The third day ended our fast. I did not feel so hungry as the previous day, but I was rather weak and very much disinclined to help with the thatching. I am afraid Jack did more than his share. We completed the two pondokies, collected the rubbish, and threw it under the undergrowth. At about three o'clock we rolled up our blankets and started back for Umtali.

As luck would have it the sun came out, and we soon dried ; but the blankets remained sodden, and must have been a heavy burden. I felt dreamy and far-away ; my body seemed light, but I breathed

* Good, right.

heavily as we breasted the great slopes. Suddenly the thought came to me, " Why are there no farms ? Why are there no people ? " It came to me again and again, " Why are there no farms *here* ? " I remembered having heard my mother say that her father had been concerned in settling the emigrants who came from England to the Cape. " Why are there no emigrants here ? " I thought. I found myself picking out little plateaux on the grassy slopes, and thinking " There is room there for a farm." Sometimes I spoke aloud and Jack thought I was speaking to him.

Climbing the steep and slippery hills was most exhausting. To make matters worse Vic began to shy at various objects on the footpath ; first at small aloes, then at curious-looking bushes. She got so nervous that I had to go back very often and carry her past the place. She would trot quietly on ahead, and then coming face to face with an aloe, would scamper back with her hair on end. It was tiring going back for her, and stooping to pick her up made me ache. I would look into the deep valleys, where the grass was six feet high, and wish that I could see a farm. I imagined smoke coming out of the chimney, and the grass all cropped down by cattle. So the vision came to me, when I was starved and miserable : I spoke it out aloud : " Some day I will bring farmers here." Jack stopped and looked at me. " Baas ? " he said. " Let us go on," I said, " it is nothing."

When we reached the top of the range and started down the south slopes, Vic began shying at stones ; so I took her in my arms and carried her the rest of the way. She was not really heavy, but she seemed so, and the steep descent shook me considerably ; I was trembling all over when we got down to the flat.

At about half-past five we arrived at Utopia, and I told Jack to go and get some food from the cook. A number of people were having tea with my mother ;

they were all sitting in the temporary two-sided hut that we used as a living-room. They seemed to me, coming out of the profound silence of the hills, to be making a great deal of noise.

They all chaffed me for coming in to tea so unbrushed and in such dirty clothes. But I just said, " How do you do ? " to them and began eating hot scones. Our cook made a very good kind by mixing milk with the flour, and used to serve them hot and buttered. I ate a great many, and the people began to go away. More and more of them went away, but I kept on eating. I do not think the hot things agreed with me very well, for after a time I became unconscious.

After a few days I got better, and went out to see how Jack was getting on. Vic, I knew, was all right ; they had allowed her to sleep on my bed, and ever after this whenever we were together she always slept at the foot of my blankets ; but she had developed a curious little habit of whining when she was very cold, and putting her head down and rubbing her mouth with her paws.

Jack showed no ill-effects for about a fortnight. Then he began to cough, and complained of a sore throat and a " nyoka " * in his inside. He got worse and worse, and finally knocked off work. We took every care of him, and gave him warm blankets and " Balsam of Camphor " or " Oil of Balsam "—I forget the exact name—on lumps of sugar. But he was very ill for a month or more, and at last said he wanted to go home to Senna with some friends. We gave him an axe, a bag of food, and some new blankets, and sent him off ; but he was back within a week. His " friends," he said, had left him one night, taking all his money and the things we had given him. They evidently thought he was going to die, and, according

* *i-Nyoka*, Kafir generic term for snakes.

to the native habit, took good care not to be present at the end ; and made the best of a bad job by first rifling his person. However, this adventure had a stimulating effect on Jack's health, for in another week or two he was well.

I did not tell my people anything about our Starvation Camp for a long while afterwards, and I did not think they knew the details. But I must have let out the story while I was delirious, for, when I mentioned it, my mother said she knew all about it.

Dad, she said, had been absent for a day—having an interview with Shitaka.

KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE

FLIGHT HOME FROM AUSTRALIA

IT had been my ambition to lessen the distance in time between England and Australia by making a dash flight from Darwin. My plan was to make two jumps per day, keeping up anything from seven hundred to a thousand miles continually between dawn and sunset.

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All went well until, as we flew north, we lost the protection from the monsoon afforded by the island of Sumatra. The moment we were beyond its most northerly point we discovered that we were now in the full blast of the monsoon sweeping across the Indian Ocean. The weather entirely changed and in the space of a few miles we had run into very heavy rain. The wondrous rock islands that we had seen on our outward journey basking in brilliant sunshine, their vivid shades of green contrasting with the bright blue of the sea, were now turned to dark grey masses that loomed dimly through the mist and rain out of the black water. Around me in every direction

violent rain-storms were falling, and as I flew north the storms which were blowing more or less from the west drifted across my path. It was always a question as to whether I should fly round the back of the storm. For fifty or sixty miles I was successful in dodging between these deluges without being caught out, but at last I was completely surrounded and found myself forced to go straight ahead through the downpour. The visibility now, instead of being as on the outward journey sixty or seventy miles, was reduced to a matter of yards, and this, coupled with the handicap of indifferent maps, made finding my way most difficult. At last we were completely buried in a heavy storm with no visibility at all, when suddenly I sensed more than saw a particularly black mass in front of me. I did a steep vertical "bank" just in time to avoid a gaunt rock island rising five hundred feet out of the water. After this I turned and flew back on my tracks into a brighter atmosphere, endeavouring to make up my mind what to do for the best, and deciding that it was not safe to go on blindly through such bad weather. In the cabin I think they were beginning to realise that something had gone wrong. I believe Ward had just wakened from a refreshing sleep, for usually, so Capel told me, he slumbered blissfully through most of our troubles in the air.

After a little time I about-turned and again attempted to fly between the storms ahead. We were now about thirty miles from the coast of Siam, south of the island of Puket. As we crept on, keeping low over the water, we could see the dark mountains of rock, sinister and forbidding through the haze of the rain-sodden atmosphere. At last I decided that it was impossible to carry on, and that I must take shelter somewhere until such time as the weather cleared a little and gave me better visibility. About this time we were passing over an irregular island

where I noticed on the leeward side the water was calm. There was also a little sandy beach near by and so I decided to land forthwith and attempt to lie at anchor until the weather improved.

We landed safely, and within a few seconds Ward and Capel were out on the floats. As I looked over the side I could see that right up to the supposed sandy beach the ocean bed was a mass of rocks, and what sand there was formed only a tiny fringe along the shore. It meant running the risk of knocking our floats in if by chance we should touch one of those rocks in the shallows. I therefore quickly decided to turn the craft about and head for the sea a little, with the object of taxying down the coast in search of a better spot.

Taxying crossways over rollers was no easy matter, but luckily within a few hundred yards we found another little sheltered bay with a really good sandy beach. We decided to throw our anchor overboard and as I was reluctant to stop the engine before we finally moored up, there was rather a big drag. When the final pull came Ward found to his dismay that he had not fastened the end of the rope to the hook on the floats, so that it was too much for him, and he was faced with the alternative of leaving go or going overboard. Thus it came about that we lost our anchor. The only thing to do now was to beach the bus, so I turned her head into the shore, and as we gently drifted up the sands Ward and Capel jumped into the water and drew the floats up on to the silver-sand beach. The jungle on the island was dense and came right down to the water's edge, and we could see it would be impossible to penetrate it. Our first job was to lash our towing rope to the nearest palm tree, which held our machine in position. Ward and Capel then began to look around and decided they must begin by lighting a fire. It is true they were

both in soaking wet bathing costumes, and although we were in the tropics the absence of sun made them feel cold ; but I think, too, that the romance of the situation, coupled with memories of the reading of their early youth, were largely responsible for the lighting of the fire.

For my part I could see no romance about the situation. Here we were on an uninhabited island about forty miles from the mainland, right off the beaten track, with no prospect of food of any description other than our emergency rations, which I calculated would last about three days. We were simply locked in on this tiny beach with a dense wall of jungle behind us and giant rocks running out to sea on either side. Our only hope was that the rain would stop and we could get away from the place. However, Ward and Capel were ideal companions in these circumstances and made light of the whole adventure. The fire was quickly lit with the aid of petrol, and a sheet was rigged up among the trees under which we stood for shelter from the downpour. Presently we realized that the tide was coming in, and where we were to go when it reached the jungle we did not know. We were also anxious about our floats which were being constantly bumped on the beach as the tide lifted the craft, and we found it necessary to draw her up higher and higher every few minutes.

At last I decided that, as the visibility was lengthening a fraction we must risk taking off, and so after striking our little camp and stamping out that famous fire, we turned our machine round in the water and headed on to the open sea.

We were on the leeward of the island, that is to say, as the wind was blowing strongly from the west we were under the eastern cliff in the region of down-currents—in fact in the very worst possible position for taking off. We could not get away due east into

the open sea as this meant directly down wind, and I knew that owing to the rollers we should never come unstuck. So I had to take off due north across what wind there was, and at the same time riding the long way of the rollers. It was a terrible business ; we bumped and crashed along over the water, sometimes gathering up speed which lifted us high on to the step, so that we were almost taking off ; only to meet a severe breaker that would hit our floats with a terrific thud and cause me to shut off and lose what speed I had gained for fear the thing would happen again. I made two such attempts to get off and failed ; but the third time I hung on to it and at last I felt the machine stagger into the air. Once we bounced off the water I knew we had to keep the machine in the air for a couple of seconds for her to gain sufficient air-speed to climb away, and finally we found ourselves cruising along in the down-currents of this dreary lee shore, whose aspect could be so utterly different in the sunshine.

I soon picked up my bearings and was successful in steering safely through several heavy showers until we come to the north-east corner of the island of Puket. Here we turned up a narrow creek which separated the island from the mainland. Once through the creek I knew that we were on the main coastline which would bring us up direct to Victoria Point, about a hundred and thirty miles further on.

Unfortunately the rain had been too much for our propeller, which was of wood, and when I heard a whistling noise ahead and felt a very bad vibration I knew that the fabric was coming off, so I decided to land at Tanoon.

We alighted easily on the water and quietly beached the machine on the soft golden sand in front of the village. As soon as we had tied up and made secure we were surrounded by a party of happy Siamese,

whose language we understood no more than they did ours. We were right opposite the police hut and the police very efficiently took charge of affairs for us. I discovered that they had quite a good road from the village inland, and so I decided to get to the nearest telegraph office and send messages to Victoria Point and Penang.

Before leaving, I noticed that one of our under-carriage struts was bent and guessed we had done this in taking off from the lonely island. I left Ward and Capel to do their best to repair the damage, which happened to be on the opposite side of the same strut that had given out at Bandar Abbas, and then, jumping into a car provided by these kind folks, I set off in search of a telegraph office.

After journeying from one place to another I found that although there were many telegraph offices, none of them was in working order ; it took me three hours and much travelling to find a post-office that could take our message.

The country here is very beautiful, and when the sun began to shine I was full of hope of getting off that day for Victoria Point. I dashed back in the car to Tanoon, only to suffer the rude shock of finding our sea-plane high and dry out of the water, with the tide out at least a couple of hundred yards. I was rather annoyed with my little crew for allowing this to happen, especially as the sun was shining and the weather conditions were ideal for taking off on our next jump ; but they explained to me that in order to repair the broken strut they had to lift the tail high in the air. I happened to be looking round our floats at this juncture, the rear portions of which, owing to the shelving of the beach, were in the air, when I noticed that water was trickling out of a hole in one of the floats on to the sand. In other words, the float was punctured and full of water. This of course

meant another repair job, and while Capel dug a hole in the sand beneath the float so that he could work underneath, Ward undid the inspection plates at the top and found the hole that had doubtless been made during our adventure on the lonely island.

However, we had on board spare pieces of metal to make such a repair, and by a process of nuts and bolts and some white lead that we were lucky enough to find in the village, an excellent patch was made. By dint of hard work and the light of a lamp, Ward and Capel had our machine air-worthy again about an hour after sunset.

By ten o'clock the tide had arisen sufficiently for us to refloat the sea-plane, and by the light of lamps and the assistance of two rowing boats, we towed her out into the inky blackness of the night, and anchored her safely at a convenient distance from the shore.

That night we slept in the police hut, where they served us a wonderful meal of soup, stewed chicken and potatoes. Tinned biscuits were available and soda water, and I for one was happy in the thought that we were not still on our desert island.

It rained most of the night and all the next morning, and I was beginning to think we should be there for days, when, late in the afternoon, there was a lull. It happened that there was a mining engineer from the north passing through Tanoon on his way to Puket, and he advised us to push on to Victoria Point at once. We lost no time in acting on this advice, and were soon in the air, racing for Victoria Point. We got there in about an hour and a half, passing through just one or two slight showers and an atmosphere that was generally heavy and overcast.

At Victoria Point, although they were not expecting us until the next day, they soon had us in tow and tied up to a mooring. That night we went to bed full of hopes of reaching Rangoon on the following day, and

awakened to clearer weather which was only slightly marred by a dark and heavy horizon away to the south-west, whence all the bad weather was coming.

However, we did not allow this to depress us, and the dawn found us down at our machine. Soon after six we were in the air, heading north-west up the coastline. The further north we went the worse the weather became, and after defying several banks of rain we were finally defeated by a deluge through which it was impossible to fly. Apart from the fact that the visibility was rendered almost nil, the force of the rain literally blinded me. It obliterated all vision through my goggles, so that they had to be removed, and I was forced to take shelter behind the screen in such a way that I could just look out sideways without getting the full blast of water in my face.

We were obliged to turn-about, when to my dismay I found that all the bad weather we had seen on the horizon at the start had raced up behind us. There was nothing for it but to fight our way back to Victoria Point, and all along the rocky coastline we were dodging between the centres of the densest rain-storms I have ever experienced. Sometimes it was necessary to circle round and round in a well of moderately clear atmosphere until the heaviest banks of falling water had spent themselves and we could dodge through again.

In this manner we made slow progress southward, with the constant dread of being caught out and forced to land on the water, until after about an hour and a half of this truly terrible flying, Victoria Point once more came into view and we managed to get down to water again.

In spite of this experience I would not say that it is going to be impossible to fly through the monsoon, for if we had had wireless weather reports we should never have attempted our flight that morning. A

regular air-route would of course have a proper wireless organisation all along the line, with frequent weather reports, so that the service could be maintained throughout the monsoon period ; although perhaps not so regularly as in fine weather.

SIR ALAN COBHAM

A DESCENT TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER

THE Bathysphere has lived for the past year quietly beneath Piccard's gondola in the Hall of Science of the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. During this time half a million people thrust their heads within the narrow doorway and shivered. Then half a million people exclaimed, "Thank heaven, we don't have to go under water in this !" Thus the steel globe well fulfilled her static destiny, arousing such ecstasy of apprehension.

Being only an inanimate mass of quartz and steel, she would remain in her place until the Hall of Science and Chicago and Mankind passed away, unless some force stronger than gravitation was brought to bear, some activity more potent than the slow corrosion and rust of centuries. This summons came at the end of her year, when her paint was still undimmed, her quartz eyes steadily watching ; it came to me in the form of a letter from Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, saying that the National Geographic Society would be glad to sponsor a new dive.

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We had left the deck at ten o'clock, and it was twenty-five minutes later that we had again reached our record floor—800 feet. This time I had no hunch—reasonable or unreasonable—and three minutes later we were passing through a mist of crustaceans and flapping snails at 900 feet. We both agreed

that the light was quite bright enough to read by and then we tried pica type and found that our eyes showed nothing definite whatever. With the utmost straining I could just distinguish a plate of figures from a page of type. Again the word " brilliant " slipped wholly free from its usual meaning, and we looked up from our effort to see a real deep-sea eel undulating close to the glass—a slender-jawed *Serrivomer*, bronzy red, as I knew in the dimly remembered upper world, but here black and white.

At 1000 feet we had a moment's excitement when a loop of black, sea-serpenty hose swung around before us, a jet-black line against blackish-blue.

Almost at once the sparks we had seen higher up became more abundant and larger. At 1050 feet I saw a series of luminous, coloured dots moving along slowly, or jerking unsteadily past, similar and yet independent. I turned on the searchlight and found it effective at last. At 600 feet it could not be distinguished ; here it cut a swath, almost material, across my field of vision, and for the first time, as far as I know in the history of scientific inquiry, the life of these depths was visible. The searing beams revealed my coloured lights to be a school of silver hatchet-fish, *Argyropelecus*, from a half to two inches in length and gleaming like tinsel. The marvel of the searchlight was that up to its sharp-cut border the blue-blackness revealed nothing but the lights of the fish. In this species these burned steadily, and each showed a colourful swath directed downwards—the little iridescent channels of glowing reflections beneath the source of the actual light. These jerked and jogged along until they reached the sharp-edged border-line of the searchlight's beam, and as they entered it, every light was quenched, at least to my vision, and they showed as spots of shining silver, revealing every detail of fin and eye and utterly absurd outline. When

I switched off the electricity or the fish moved out of its path, their pyrotechnics again rushed into visibility. The only effect of the yellow rays was to deflect the path of each fish slightly away from their course. Like active little rays of light entering a new medium, the *Argyros* passed into the searchlight at right angles to my eye and left it headed slightly away. With them was a mist of jerking pteropods with their delicate shields, frisking in and out among the hatchet-fish like a pack of dogs round the horses.

My hand turned the switch and I looked out into a world of inky blueness where constellations formed and reformed and passed without ceasing. At this moment I heard Miss Hollister's voice faintly seeping through Barton's head-phones, and it seemed as if the sun-drenched deck of the *Ready* must surely be hundreds of miles away.

I used the searchlight intermittently, and by awaiting until I saw some striking illumination I could suddenly turn it on and catch sight of the author before it dashed away.

At 1100 feet we surveyed our sphere carefully. There was no evidence of the hose coming inside, the door was dry as a bone, the oxygen tanks were working well and by occasional use of our palm-leaf fans, the air was kept sweet. The walls of the Bathysphere were dripping with moisture, probably sweating from the heat of our bodies condensing on the cold steel. The chemicals were working well, and we had a grand shifting of legs and feet, and settled down to what was ahead of us.

In the darkness I had not been able to see the actual forms of the hatchet-fish, yet a glance out of the window now showed distinctly several rat-tailed macrourid-like fish twisting around the bend of the hose. They were distinct and wholly new to me. Their profiles were of no macrourid I had ever seen.

As I watched, from the sides of at least two, there flashed six or more dull greenish lights, and the effect on my eyes was such that the fish vanished as if dissolved into water, and the searchlight showed not a trace. I have no idea of what they were.

At 1200 feet there dashed into the searchlight, without any previous hint of illumination, what I identified as *Idiacanthus*, or golden-tailed serpent dragon, a long, slender, eel-like form, which twisted and turned about in the glare, excited by some form of emotion. Twice it touched the edge and turned back as if into a hollow cylinder of light. I saw it when at last it left, and I could see no hint of its own light, although it possesses at least three hundred light organs. The great advantage of the electric light was that even transparent fins—as in the present case—reflected a sheen and were momentarily visible.

From this point onwards I tied a handkerchief about my face just below the eyes, thus shunting my breath downward and keeping the glass clear, for I was watching with every available rod and cone of both eyes, at what was going on outside the six-inch circle of the quartz.

At 1250 feet several more of the silver hatchets passed, going upward and shrimps became abundant. Between this depth and 1300 feet not a light or an organism was seen : it was 50 feet of terrible emptiness, with the blue mostly of some wholly new colour term—a term quite absent from any human language. It was probably sheer imagination but the characteristic most vivid was its transparency. As I looked out I never thought of feet or yards of visibility, but of the hundreds of miles of this colour stretching over so much of the world. And with this I will try to leave colour alone for a space.

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At 10.44 we were sitting in absolute silence, our

faces reflecting a faint bluish sheen. I became conscious of the pulse-throb in my temples and remember that I kept time to it with my fingers on the cold, damp steel of the window ledge. I shifted the handkerchief on my face and carefully wiped the glass, and at this moment we felt the sphere check in its course—we felt ourselves press slightly more heavily on the floor and the telephone said "1400 feet." I had the feeling of a few more metres' descent and then we swung quietly at our lowest floor, over a quarter of a mile beneath the surface.

I pressed my face against the glass and looked upward, and in the slight segment which I could manage I saw a faint paling of the blue. I peered down and again I felt the old longing to go further, although it looked like the pit-mouth of hell itself—yet still showed blue. I thought I saw a new fish flapping close to the sphere, but it proved to be the waving edge of the Explorer's Club flag—black as jet at this depth.

My window was as clear as crystal, in fact clearer, for, as I said before and want to emphasise, fused quartz is one of the most transparent of all substances and transmits all wave-lengths of sunlight. The outside world I now saw through it was, however, a solid blue-black world, one which seemed born of a single vibration—blue, blue, for ever and for ever blue.

Once, in a tropical jungle, I had a mighty tree felled. Indians and convicts worked for many days before its downfall was complete, and after the cloud of branches, leaves and dust had settled, a small, white moth fluttered up from the very heart of the wreckage. As I looked out of my window now I saw a tiny, semi-transparent jelly-fish throbbing slowly past. I had seen numerous jelly-fish during my descent and this one only aroused a mental note that this

particular species was found at a greater depth than I expected. Barton's voice was droning out something, and when it was repeated I found that he had casually informed me that on every square inch of glass on my window there was a pressure of slightly more than six hundred and fifty pounds. The little moth flying unharmed from the terrific tangle, and the jelly-fish drifting gently past seemed to have something in common. After this, I breathed rather more gently in front of my window and wiped the glass with a softer touch, having in mind the nine tons of pressure on its outer surface !

However, it was not until I had ascended that the further information was vouchsafed to me that the pressure of the water at our greatest depth, upon the Bathysphere from all directions, was more than six and a half million pounds, or more concisely, 3366·2 tons. So far from bringing about an anticlimax of worry, this meant hardly more than the statement that the spiral nebula in Andromeda is 900,000 light-years away. Nevertheless I am rather glad that this bit of information was withheld until I reached the surface. If I had known it at the time I think the two-tenths of a ton might have distracted my attention—that 400 pounds being fraught with rather a last-straw-on-the-camel's-back significance !

Like making oneself speak of earthrise instead of sunset, there was nothing but continued mental reassertion which made the pressure believable. A six-inch dragon-fish, or *Stomias*, passed—lights first visible, then three seconds of searchlight for identification, then lights alone—and there seemed no reason why we should not swing the door open and swim out. The baited hooks flapped idly and I had to call upon all my imagination to realise that instant, unthinkably instant, death would result from the least fracture of glass or collapse of metal. There was no possible

chance of being drowned, for the first few drops would have shot through flesh and bone like steel bullets.

The duration of all this rather maudlin comment and unnecessary philosophising occupied possibly ten seconds of the time we spent at 1426 feet.

When, at any time in our earthly life, we come to a moment or place of tremendous interest it often happens that we realise the full significance only after it is all over. In the present instance the opposite was true, and this very fact makes any vivid record of feelings and emotions a very difficult thing. At the very deepest point we reached I deliberately took stock of the interior of the Bathysphere : I was curled up in a ball on the cold, damp steel, Barton's voice relayed my observations and assurances of our safety, a fan swished back and forth through the air and the ticking of my wrist-watch came as a strange sound of another world.

Soon after this there came a moment which stands out clearly, unpunctuated by any word of ours, with no fish or other creature visible outside. I sat crouched with mouth and nose wrapped in a handkerchief, and my forehead pressed close to the cold glass—that transparent bit of old earth which so sturdily held back nine tons of water from my face. There came to me at that instant a tremendous wave of emotion, a real appreciation of what was momentarily almost superhuman, cosmic, of the whole situation ; our barge slowly rolling high overhead in the blazing sunlight, like the merest chip in the midst of ocean, the long cobwebs of cable leading down through the spectrum to our lonely sphere, where, sealed tight, two conscious human beings sat and peered into the abyssal darkness as we dangled in mid-water, isolated as a lost planet in the outermost space. Here, under a pressure which, if it loosened, in a fraction of a second would make amorphous

tissue of our bodies, breathing our own home-made atmosphere, sending a few comforting words chasing up and down a string of hose—here I was privileged to peer out and actually see the creatures which had evolved in the blackness of a blue midnight which, since the ocean was born, had known no following day ; here I was privileged to sit and try to crystallise what I observed through inadequate eyes and interpret with a mind wholly unequal to the task. To the ever-recurring question, " How did it feel ? " etc., I can only quote the words of Herbert Spencer, I felt like " an infinitesimal atom floating in illimitable space." No wonder my sole written contribution to science and literature at the time was, " Am writing at a depth of a quarter of a mile. A luminous fish is outside the window."

DR. WILLIAM BEEBE

RECORD GLIDES IN A MOTORLESS AEROPLANE

THE Olympiad was drawing to its close ; it had taught us something new, just as Hirth's and my own first deliberate flights with thunderstorms had demonstrated the possibility of utilising the forces of the elements. Nevertheless we were not too well satisfied because we knew that not everyone would be capable of responding to the challenge of the thunder ; moreover the typical weather which this kind of flying demands is not very prevalent. If distance flights were only to be undertaken by the aid of thunderstorms they would have to remain exceptional performances.

Early on " record " day no flights could be started. Fog lay heavy on the Kuppe, and the weather appeared hopeless. The fog having lifted a little, the first man started soon after eleven ; but I still waited

a while, for my *Wien* climbed so well that I should have flown into the drifting clouds immediately. For almost an hour the others wheeled about on the western slope.

It was a glorious sight. When at last I started, a whole squadron of soaring planes hung at the same height above the Kuppe ; then they all climbed. I decided to overtake them, one after another, and outsoar them. For a while we frolicked in close proximity, then we strove to climb again. From the north-west a great bank of cloud came drifting toward us, and some of the machines flew to meet the first big cumulus. Flying under clouds had become a normal practice, and all pilots were skilled in it.

Suddenly I saw two planes disappear almost simultaneously into the deep, drifting, ragged masses. Matters did not look exactly encouraging, but there was not much time for consideration as the very next moment I found myself in the midst of the white milk-soup. Should I push down again ? It certainly seemed advisable. Of course I had left my parachute behind this time ! There had been no sign of any approaching thunderstorm.

The altimeter was rising. On the other hand it went against my flyer's pride to struggle down, so I carried on with my climb into the white infinity. Once more the compass began its strange circling movements, and the moisture was even heavier than during my recent thunderstorm flight. The speed indicator swallowed water and refused to function under such conditions ; it whistled and squirted, indicating from time to time the approach of squalls, and then lapsed into inactivity. I sat erect in my machine, listening into the white nothingness in order to sense flight conditions by the tiniest pipings of my bird. It was a crazy business, but I carried on, thankful at

last that I was much fresher than on the day of the thunderstorm.

I looked at my watch ; a quarter of an hour had passed, and I had lost all sense of time. The altimeter had been rising continuously, so that there was at least no danger of running into a mountain-top in the clouds.

Half an hour later I was still flying blind ; I had to believe my watch on this point though the time had seemed four times as long. Then it grew clearer around me, only to darken again a few minutes later. Shortly afterwards several violent gusts flung the machine up and down again ; I felt I was sitting on a see-saw. Lighter and darker intervals succeeded one another ; then came a sharp gust that compelled me to pull the stick, and I rose into radiant sunshine !

I believe that up to that time I was the first successful soaring flyer to rise above the clouds in a motorless 'plane. Never before had I seen the cloud ocean from above, and the contrast between their aspect and the conflict from which I had emerged enhanced the view in my eyes. Below me lay massed the cumuli through which I had flown ; between the two nearest was a narrow gap through which I slipped quickly with my machine. In this way I sprang from cloud peak to cloud peak, looked for holes in the cloud ceiling through which I might obtain some idea of my whereabouts, and turned away again when some bulky fellow threatened to swoop down upon me or to stop up a gap. Then I set off, flying with the wind as far as possible without climbing through great clouds. From time to time I could fly a little higher, and although at first I tried to slip through between the cloud peaks I soon found myself flying calmly just above the clouds, for they bore me perfectly. So wonderful was this flight that for some time my thoughts neglected to formulate a plan, but at last I

decided to search for the biggest gaps in the cloud ceiling and endeavour to get my bearings by the course of the rivers and the contours of the country that I could see spread out below the frame of billowy white clouds.

The pictures which I then saw have become a part of my being for ever. I almost regret that now all I have to do in order to see them again in a few minutes is to fly up in a power-driven airplane. Familiarity has made an ordinary thing of what was then a wonder, a glimpse into the land of dreams and fairies.

I now recognised the country beneath me and knew that I was approaching the Frankenwald. With my clouds I was sky high above the failing wind currents of the Rhone after a flight of forty miles. In my efforts to reconnoitre my position I lost height and found myself sailing just above the lower clouds and close to their towering peaks, but later I circled in my old accustomed way under lonely clouds floating at a higher level. The wind was favourable and I saw that I could glide swiftly to the slopes of the neighbouring mountain chain, but soon I was forced to conclude that the Gods of the weather had entered into a conspiracy against me. It grew very cold; rain hung in long streaks along the landscape; clouds, rain and mist made the visibility bad. How I found my way under such circumstances I cannot tell; in the words of the trite expression I "followed my nose."

Only once I nearly lost it. A weathercock deep down in a valley pointed in a wrong direction, and I followed its advice, which led me into a maze of hills. Suddenly I felt a heavy gust, which made it plain to me that if I proceeded much further on this course there would be a speedy end to my flight. So I made my way back, with much trouble, along a widening river valley, slipping down more and more, and

emerging at last from this detour, which had cost me more time than I had realised, some hundred feet above the little village where the weathercock had sent me astray. I sat in my pilot's seat as if on pins. It seemed impossible to reach the nearest hillside from this height, and in my despair I looked about me for a landing-place. Then I saw before me, a little to one side, a hawk soaring high on an upward wind current. At once I flew to the spot; the guidance given me by my diminutive rival in the air had come exactly at the right moment, for my big bird immediately climbed some seventy feet, a height which just enabled me to reach a timely slope. Gradually I worked my way up again and set off once more on my course to the Fichtelgebirge.

Unfortunately the mist was so thick about these mountains that it was useless to think of trying to fly over their crests. I had to drop and creep along by the foot-hills as well as I could, and yet this work—tedious enough from the flyer's point of view—gave me great pleasure. Once I raced a little local train that ran in among the hills, puffing heavily. Another time I hung over a small village to gain height, and lingered there till the last inhabitant stood gaping in the market-place. I could even hear their shouts rising up to me in an indistinct murmur.

But the weather was not behaving well. Tattered curtains of mist hung down to my level, some of which were caught and held by the forest. Down in the valleys, where I was now forced to fly, a gusty wind blew which smote upon my wings with ever increasing violence and frequency. But this did not disturb me much, for a little while before I had seen Bayreuth in the distance and thus gained the satisfaction of knowing that I had brought off a really long flight.

With nightfall came heavier rain; the wind was squally; and some whirling gusts that hurtled out of

side valleys gave me more than enough to do. I had now been in the air six hours, and could distinguish the outlines of the nearest mountains. A high-tension wire which loomed up before me out of the mist and darkness, the poor visibility and the general gloom of the night drove me at last to land in a marshy meadow.

Later calculations proved that I had secured two new records, having beaten my own thunderstorm flight of ten days earlier both in height and distance.

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I resolved to make one last attempt, and bring my machine back to the Wasserkuppe if I failed. Again I spent the night on the seat of a railway carriage.

My sporting friends of the Teutburger Wald had done wonders ; when I reached the starting point, my machine was ready for flight. Weather conditions, too, were most promising : the wind-speed indicator showed a velocity of from twenty-four to thirty-six, while cumuli were to be seen in the sky. They were not exactly the right kind of clouds, for they were small and tattered, but they were better than the cloudless blue sky of my first effort. The large gaps to be found among the slopes of these hills could be only bridged by the help of upward cloud currents. This fact was indeed amply proved during my flight.

On May 15, 1929, at 10.40 A.M., the valiant *Wien* sailed off into lucky air, though at first matters did not look too favourable. The launching crew flung me into the air spiritedly ; the lock-keeper who was busy on the ship canal below, waved to me. The good man, I learned later, had given orders to his men to hold their boats in readiness. None of them had yet seen soaring flights, and they were confidently expecting to have to fish me out of the canal. No wonder their chewing tobacco nearly choked them

while they gaped up at the engineless bird that climbed so silently towards the sky.

The limited updraught surfaces of the low slopes allowed me no great freedom of movement. Ever and anon I was compelled to seek aid from the clouds floating overhead. At Lenrich, a most troublesome spot, I lost considerably more time than on my first flight ; as it was comparatively early in the day, the houses of the town and the sides of the cement factories there, which lay baking in the sun, had not yet gathered enough heat to give off such warm currents as they had done on the occasion of my former flight, which took place in the afternoon. For three-quarters of an hour I crawled crab-wise in uncomfortable proximity to the factory chimneys, which loomed ever closer until at length I managed to catch a cloud which carried me over the place. It was a piece of luck, as I was not feeling exactly happy at the idea of having to settle down on the lightning conductor of a chimney. In the same way I passed with a scornful smile over a spot which had been nearly fatal to me on the first flight and then later over one of the most difficult stretches near Rothenfeld, where the foot-hills weaken the up-draught appreciably. But the clouds were not very accommodating that day, and it proved impossible to attain genuine contact with them and sail by the sole use of the upward currents beneath them.

Outside the large town of Bielefeld things became easier. It was comparatively simple to sail along the slopes, which were everywhere thickly wooded, helped by a half wind from behind. Many motor-cars had followed me and overtaken me at places where I had to linger for any length of time. Unluckily I lost with them the clouds of dust which they created, which were my only possibility of observing accurately the change of wind that unfortunately took

place. Then I saw some fine cumuli puffing themselves out ahead of me—heat clouds overhanging the heath. From the great Hermannsberg I tried once more for my higher contact and now succeeded in obtaining it perfectly for the first time that day. And very necessary it was, too, for beneath me the trees seemed to stretch endlessly ; a forest which I guessed to be some four or five miles broad and of incalculable length made all thoughts of landing impossible. I saw the Hermann monument in the distance and steered directly towards it ; here I found that the hillsides sloped more gently while the range bent to the south.

The foot-hills were so steep that it became impossible to soar by the help of draughts from slopes. And now, again, the cumuli proved themselves anything but reliable assistants, for I speedily lost all the height I had gained. The tree-tops drew dangerously near ; matters threatened to become critical as I fell and fell. I turned further eastward, but all of a sudden came a downward gust that pushed me to within fifteen feet of the branches. I began to look for a place among them where I could build myself a nest.

In order to save the machine I saw that I would have to go back some five miles to the last good landing-place I had noticed. Heart-brokenly, I turned, but just as I put the machine into the turn I saw dimly before and above me, far away from the slope, a tiny tattered rag of mist of the type that crowns a weak warm air current. Here was a forlorn hope. If I could gain about one hundred and sixty feet, I should be able—provided that I turned at once—to dodge along under the cumuli now travelling swiftly over the ridge. The bronze Teuton warrior, past whom I had to return, raised his sword dangerously towards the Heavens, and I was so low down that I nearly

ran down (or rather flew down) good old Hermann.

The town of Detmold came into my vision on the left of the route, and the vital question was : would the clouds be strong enough to overcome the down-draughts of the slope ? They were, and so I pushed on for a long while in the boundary layer between the up and down winds. When one or the other happened to catch me, I was violently tossed higher or lower, so that I had little time to think of choosing a landing-place. A last turn, which brought me round in the direction of the valley, enabled me to gain another short stretch with the help of wind and gliding angle, and I landed with the wind behind me in a cloud of dust on a ploughed field. The first sixty-mile soaring flight was at an end.

ROBERT KRONFELD

ON BEING ONE'S OWN RABBIT

MOST educated people have a rough but fairly accurate idea of the methods employed by the bacteriologist in fighting disease. But in many cases we cannot deal directly with the invading organisms, or they have already done irreparable damage by the time the first symptoms appear. Often, too, the cause of sickness is an unusual demand on the body's resources, such as pregnancy or the rapid growth of babies ; and under such conditions constitutional weakness or unsatisfactory diet may lead to serious results.

In all these cases we need a knowledge of how the body works, and how to supplement its resources. If the kidney has been damaged we can often put the patient on a diet which gives it so little work that it can still carry on its functions. If the part of the

pancreas which makes insulin has been destroyed, we give the patient daily injections of insulin from the pancreas of pigs. And very often, if we can relieve the symptoms and keep the patient healthy, the body exercises its marvellous capacity for recovery. The surgeon puts a broken leg in splints. The biochemist provides, so to say, chemical splints for damaged organs.

The story I have to tell is of the discovery of an improved method of treatment for a rather unimportant disease, a discovery in which I happened to play a part. It began, like most scientific work, with the investigation of a very abstract problem, and the original workers had no idea whatever of how their results would be applied to practical medicine.

I came into the story with no humanitarian motives. I wanted to find out what happened to a man when one made him more acid or more alkaline. The chemists told me that my body was a system of negatively charged colloids. They also told me that when one makes such a system more alkaline the electrical charge of the colloids increases, and that when one makes it more acid it diminishes. But they had apparently never wondered what a colloidal system felt like when one diminished its charge.

One might, of course, have tried experiments on a rabbit first ; and some work has been done along these lines ; but it is difficult to be sure how a rabbit feels at any time. Indeed, many rabbits make no serious attempt to co-operate with one. I except always a large Buck called Boanerges (which is, being interpreted, the Son of Thunder). Boanerges had to breathe carbon monoxide every day. He sat on a table with his nose in a well-greased funnel. When he got bored he stamped. That was before the war, so no doubt the noise impressed me more than it would now, but I seem to remember that any glass

one left on the table collapsed into rather fine dust. If one took no notice of his first stamp, he proceeded to walk off. However, he was always willing to co-operate for such a period as he thought reasonable ; but most rabbits get frightened, and to do the sort of things to a dog that one does to the average medical student requires a licence signed in triplicate by two archbishops, as far as I can remember.

A human colleague and I therefore began experiments on one another. Before relating what happened in these tests, it may be as well to discuss briefly the chemical facts with which we had to deal. Acid substances are acid because when dissolved in water they break up so as to yield hydrogen ions, that is to say, atoms of hydrogen which have lost their electron, and thus acquired a positive charge. Pure water contains a few hydrogen ions—to be accurate, one part in ten thousand million by weight—and the concentration of hydrogen ions is greater than this in acid solutions, less in alkaline. These small concentrations cannot be measured directly, but are estimated by conductivity measurements, by the electro-motive force developed by hydrogen going into solution from a platinum electrode, or by means of colour changes in certain organic substances.

The importance of hydrogen ion concentrations near neutrality was first realised by biochemists. It was found that the hydrogen ion concentration in the human blood was extraordinarily steady, being just on the alkaline side of neutrality. In fact, except for occasional abnormal people, it is doubtful if any variations at all from the usual value have been observed in healthy human beings at rest. The most alkaline healthy blood on record belonged to a conscientious objector. Each tissue seems to have its own normal hydrogen ion concentration. As soon as the constancy of these concentrations was discovered it be-

came of interest to see, firstly how they were kept steady, and secondly what happened if they went wrong. The two are really bound up together, because among the most striking effects of an upset are the body's efforts to remedy it.

It was learned that the most rapid means of regulating neutrality was through the breathing. The lungs supply the body with oxygen, and remove the carbon dioxide formed by the oxidation of food. The breathing is not regulated by need for oxygen, for a small decrease in the oxygen of the air breathed does not increase the ventilation of the lungs appreciably, nor does any increase slow it down. This is because the blood leaving the lungs is already almost saturated with oxygen, and an increase in the lung ventilation gets hardly any more in, nor does a small decrease appreciably lower the uptake. The chief effects of a changed rate of breathing are on the amount of carbon dioxide (or carbonic acid) lost per minute, and it is the amount of carbon dioxide in the blood which normally regulates the breathing.

The kidneys also help to keep the tissues neutral by excreting excess of acid or alkali, but their action is far slower. It is their function to remove from the blood which passes through them substances which are foreign to it, or which are present in excess of certain standard amounts. Human blood is usually a little too acid, as the sulphur and phosphorus of our foodstuffs are oxidised to sulphuric and phosphoric acids in the body. All the former and about half the latter are excreted in combination with ammonia, which is formed in the kidneys as required to neutralise the acids.

One of the experiments designed to show that carbon dioxide is the normal regulator of breathing was as follows. The subject breathed as fast and deep as he could for two or three minutes. After this he had

no desire to breathe for some time, until in fact most of the carbon dioxide blown out had accumulated again owing to the constant steady oxidation in the tissues. By this time he was often blue in the face with oxygen want. These experiments were made to test the method by which breathing is regulated, and those who carried them out were more worried than interested by certain extra effects which they noticed. After about half a minute they got violent " pins and needles " in the hands, feet, and face, and after three or four their hands became curiously stiff, and sometimes their wrists bent involuntarily.

In 1920 Collip (who afterwards co-operated with Banting in the isolation of insulin) and Backus, in Alberta, Canada, noticed that the symptoms produced by forced breathing were largely those of slight tetany. Tetany, which must not be confused with tetanus, is a disease characterised by cramp of the hands, feet, face, and sometimes the windpipe. It occurs in babies (generally in conjunction with rickets) ; in pregnant women ; in adults whose parathyroid glands (four bodies in the neck, each about the size of a pea) have been removed, injured, or diseased ; in diseases characterised by chronic vomiting, and sometimes for no obvious cause. It is much commoner in Germany and Austria than in this country. This was so even before the war, but since then it has greatly increased among children, owing to their unsatisfactory diet.

At about the same time, Grant and Goldman, of Washington University, breathed harder and longer than Collip, and obtained all the symptoms of tetany. Poor Goldman on one occasion, after about half an hour, uttered a shrill cry and went into a general convulsion. Every muscle in his body was contracted, his limbs stretched out stiff, and his back arched.

I have never had a general convulsion as a result of

self-experiments in over-breathing. My star turn is probably intense sweating, which breaks out after about twenty minutes. I also probably hold the endurance record of one and a half hour's continuous spasm of the hands and face, though on that occasion I never breathed so hard as to cause cramp to spread above the elbow, as it does in severe tetany.

The chief trouble in a long experiment is that one tends to drop asleep and stop breathing, so a ruthless colleague is needed to prod one. Perhaps the oddest thing about such spasms is that they leave no bad after-effects, though it is true that certain signs of increased irritability of the nerves may persist for a fortnight.

In our experiments on the effect of acids and alkalis on the human body, my colleague, Dr. H. W. Davies, and I made ourselves alkaline by over-breathing and by eating anything up to three ounces of bicarbonate of soda. We made ourselves acid by sitting in an air-tight room with between six and seven per cent of carbon dioxide in the air. This makes one breathe as if one had just completed a boat-race, and also gives one a rather violent headache. We analysed large amounts of blood and urine, and found out roughly what changes were occurring in them.

But we still wanted something which would keep one acid for days at a time. Two hours was as long as anyone wanted to stay in the carbon dioxide, even if the gas-chamber at our disposal had not retained an ineradicable odour of " yellow cross gas " from some war-time experiments, which made one weep gently every time one entered it. The most obvious thing to try was drinking hydrochloric acid. If one takes it strong it dissolves one's teeth and burns one's throat, whereas I wanted to let it diffuse gently all through my body. The strongest I ever cared to drink it was about one part of the commercial strong acid in a

hundred of water, but a pint of that was enough for me, as it irritated my throat and stomach, while my calculations showed that I needed a gallon and a half to get the effect I wanted.

I therefore had to think of a dodge for getting the hydrochloric acid under false pretences. If one gives this acid to an animal it is not got rid of as such by the kidneys, as it would corrode the urinary passages; but about two-thirds (though not all) is neutralised by ammonia made in the body, and excreted as ammonium chloride. The same thing occurred in my own case. Now, in the chemical laboratory, when a reaction does not go all the way, it generally means that it can be reversed. For example, lime and chlorine dissolved in water combine to make chloride of lime, but there is always a little chlorine left over, which one can smell, and conversely one has only to dissolve chloride of lime in water for chlorine to be given off. So here I argued that if one ate ammonium chloride, it would partly break up in the body, liberating hydrochloric acid.

This proved to be correct. As a matter of fact, the ammonium salts are poisonous when injected into the blood-stream, and the liver turns ammonia into a harmless substance called urea before it reaches the heart and brain on absorption from the gut. The hydrochloric acid is left behind and combines with sodium bicarbonate which exists in all tissues, producing sodium chloride and carbon dioxide. I have had this gas produced in me in this way at the rate of six quarts an hour (though not for an hour on end at that rate). Possibly my liver, had I been able to see it, would have resembled a Seidlitz powder, but even had I had a window through which to watch the process I should have been too busy breathing to pay much attention.

Not merely, however, has one to get rid of the carbon

dioxide made in the liver, but, in order to preserve the hydrogen ion concentration of the blood as normal as possible, one has to keep the amount of carbon dioxide in it at half or less than half the normal amount, thus compensating for the acidity caused by the hydrochloric acid. It is all very well to breathe four times the normal volume of air per minute when sitting in a chair, but this is a very different proposition when one is walking, and such exercise as cycling becomes quite impossible. I was able to take ammonium chloride at the rate of about an ounce a day for two or three days, and then remained breathless for another two or three, by which time my kidneys had got rid of most of the liberated acid.

I was quite satisfied to have reproduced in myself the type of shortness of breath which occurs in the terminal stages of kidney disease and diabetes. This has long been known to be due to acid poisoning, but in each case the acid poisoning is complicated by other chemical abnormalities, and it had been rather uncertain which of the symptoms were due to the acid as such. Moreover, a number of unexpected and interesting effects occurred. For example, my blood lost about ten per cent of its volume, my weight dropped seven pounds in three days, whilst my liver, perhaps as a protest against being treated as a Seidlitz powder, refused to store sugar, which is one of its normal functions.

.The scene now shifts to Heidelberg, where Freudenberg and Gyorgy were studying tetany in babies. They had read Grant and Goldman's book, and given themselves tetany. And although in most cases of tetany the blood is no more alkaline than usual, it occurred to them that it would be well worth trying the effect of making the body unusually acid. For tetany had occasionally been observed in patients who had been treated for other complaints by very large

doses of sodium bicarbonate, or had lost large amounts of hydrochloric acid by constant vomiting; and if alkalinity of the tissues will produce tetany, acidity may be expected to cure it. Unfortunately, one could hardly try to cure a dying baby by shutting it up in a room full of carbonic acid, and still less would one give it hydrochloric acid to drink; so nothing had come of their idea, and they were using lime salts, which are not very easily absorbed, and which upset the digestion, but certainly benefit many cases of tetany. However, the moment they read my paper on the effects of ammonium chloride, they began giving it to babies, and were delighted to find that the tetany cleared up in a few hours.

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE

MY SCHOOL-DAYS

My school-days at Whitechapel were interesting: first the family was sent to the old Birkbeck School in Cambridge Road, now turned into a Chapel of Ease to one of the parish churches. This school taught no religion, opened without prayers. I learnt more general knowledge here than at any other school, learned to recite quite fluently, had my first and last school fight with an individual boy. I won because I got in too quickly and too brutally, and then cried because I had hurt him. We had no end of school fights with other schools. The Lansbury boys were popular because out of the yard where we lived we were able to supply our pals with short sticks cut from trees.

After a time mother thought we needed more religion, so for a year she sent us to a private school in Cambridge Road at a cost of 6d. per head per week, conducted by the Rev. W. Bradford, a Nonconformist

minister who opened his school with long prayers and kept us in order by frequent doses of punishment inflicted with a strap. He used to hold our wrist on his desk and then give us half a dozen swipes. I remember nothing of any worth which I learnt at this school, except what was taught us by a nice little kind old man who made the most wicked and unruly of us love him. He came every Friday to give us History lessons. This teacher made the historic scenes, such as Alfred's struggles with the Danes, the Conqueror's landing at Hastings, the rising of the Kett brothers and march of Wat Tyler, and much more, actually live before our eyes. I have never met his like since. The thing he did for me was to arouse in me the sense of development continuing, or as someone says, the fact that all life is a becoming. For years I could read nothing but historical books and novels, huge volumes telling of the fight to the death which took place between Rome and Carthage, the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and lots more, such as in Green's *History of the English People*—not in a volume, but in what seems to me, looking back, to be pieces taken from that history. Whoever else I have to thank for creating in me a love for the past and a knowledge of what we owe to those who fought for freedom, no one can ever have a higher place in my memory than this old man who first opened my eyes to that vast field of knowledge and experience called history.

My last school was St. Mary's, Whitechapel. Michael Apted, our headmaster, was a gem, but what a school-building ! No classrooms, one huge room with classes in each corner and one in the middle. Here again I learned very little except history, arithmetic, and grammar. At this school I did my first bit of agitation. We were not allowed any playtime. The big playground was used only by the Davenant Charity School next door. This school was

attended by those we called " charity sprats "—girls and boys dressed in ridiculous uniforms. So I got up a demand that we have a playtime the same as the " charity sprats," pointing out that as we paid 4d. a week we were entitled to better treatment than those who got clothes and education free. I must have heard or read of a " round robin " because, getting a large slate, I wrote out a petition and then we signed our names in a round ring. I explained that this was to ensure that Mr Apted should not know who signed first. We put the slate on his desk and waited in fear and trembling : but we had no need to fear. He simply said he knew who had got it up, that he thought we ought to have playtime, and would consult the managers. He did this, and the next week we got half a day's playtime on Wednesday, and this continued until the London School Board came into being.

This first venture into the realm of agitation and propaganda made me a great hero at school. I may as well admit that I never won a prize at school and never remember any desire to get one. Later I entered a scripture examination and found myself bracketed with my best pal for a second prize. I won a good many prizes for recitation at the Band of Hope : these came to me without effort or desire, simply because I was blessed with a first-class memory.

Between eleven and twelve—nearer twelve than eleven—I left school to spend twelve months in an office. This year was spent partly in an office in Coram Street, Bloomsbury, and partly in Whitechapel. My employers were Dakin Wright and Co., Coal Merchants. Hours of work unlimited. At night I usually got a first-class dinner given me by Mr. Wright. He was very fond of jugged hare and I remember what a nice little pig I made of myself on the first occasion it came my way. This gentleman

published a monthly newspaper to advertise his coal : part of my job was to go round the West End distributing it from door to door. I remember getting my fingers smashed in the doors of a train on what was at that time the sulphuric underground. Although I was very young I must say I enjoyed the work.

After this I went back to school until I was about fourteen and a half, when I went to work for good, first in offices, then in a charcoal factory. I was sent to this factory because I got into disgrace working in an office and ran away from home for a week or ten days, and as a punishment was sent to manual labour from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. each day except Saturday, when we finished at twelve o'clock. After this I worked as a checker on the Great Eastern Railway, and for about a year for a wholesale grocer. Then I joined my brother unloading coals. This latter was a contract job we held from the Great Eastern Railway, and consisted of unloading trucks of coal on the arches at Whitechapel and into barges at Thames Wharf, Blackwall. My father held these contracts until he died in 1875, when my brother and I carried them on for my mother till she remarried, then we did the job for ourselves. I often worked at night—that is, from 1 and 2 A.M. till 7 and 8 A.M., going home for a bath and breakfast, a little rest, and then to cricket matches or political or other gatherings, and occasionally at night to the House of Commons. Although I worked hard the pay was good, as in addition to what I earned myself there was my share of the profit we made employing others to work for us.

While I was at work unloading coal, and also before, as a boy, I became great pals with the railwaymen, guards, platelayers, greasers, wheel-tappers, shunters, signalmen, firemen, and drivers employed at Spitalfields, Brick Lane, and Bishopsgate depots. At night as a boy I spent many hours in a signal-box, stirring

porridge and helping to eat it. I also occasionally rode on engines, sometimes a passenger-train trip and sometimes on a goods engine. In those days the Great Eastern Railway terminus was in Bishopsgate Street. The old station has been transformed into a huge goods depot. I learnt all there was to be learned about trains, engines, and shunting, and learnt only too bitterly what a dangerous life shunters and others lived in days when companies refused to supply poles with which to uncouple wagons. I remember two shunters, a guard and an inspector being crushed to death because they were not quick enough stepping out from the trucks or between them. I do not know how many years of agitation were needed before this small, cheap reform was introduced.

My second piece of propaganda and organising was done here. Not one of the men was a trade unionist, though we often talked of unions. So I suggested we should form a George Stephenson's Guild and meet once a week in our lobby and talk things over at night. We kept it up for a few years, but our main meeting was held on Good Friday morning, when we met for coffee and buns, had a little discussion and went to church. These were jolly gatherings. So were the weekly ones which led us to join in social work at the Bedford Institute, which was then under the direction of Mr. Alexander, a member of the Society of Friends. We used to help at Sunday morning gatherings of about 1000 tramps and casuals who were reminded it was Sunday by the provision of a thoroughly substantial breakfast. Many years later I helped some of the same men by speaking for the National Union of Railwaymen at Bethnal Green.

At St. Mary's School I met my wife. We all called her Bessie Brine, although her full name was Elizabeth Jane. We just walked out together in September 1875, when she was not yet fifteen and I was sixteen.

We were married on May 29th, 1880, when I was twenty-one and she was nineteen, her twentieth birthday taking place the following October. I am sure our marriage was the most blessed and fortunate thing that ever happened to me. Together we joined a Band of Hope and for years, with our friend, Wait C. Sewell and his wife Alice, were its mainstay. This Band of Hope was held in a ragged school building in Chicksand Street. I think Mr. Healey, the superintendent, helped me more than anyone else to develop my memory, because he set me learning poetry, such as Bell's *Mary Queen of Scots*, Massey's *Fifth of November at Inkerman*, Aytoun's *Charles Edward on the Anniversary of Culloden*, Tom Hood's *Bridge of Sighs*, Shiel's *Speech on Waterloo*, and Mark Antony on the death of Caesar. Most of these remain in my memory.

When I was sixteen my father died and I became personally acquainted with the then Rector of Whitechapel, the Rev. J. Fenwick Kitto, who afterwards became Vicar of St. Martin's. Although he was a strictly orthodox churchman, nobody has ever had quite the same influence, in a way it is not possible to explain, on my wife and myself as he did. He entered into our lives, teaching us mainly by example. Because he asked, we were confirmed, but before this took place many heart-searching discussions took place between our Rector, myself, and some of our friends.

The discussions which Mr. Kitto was faced with concerned this. My school chum worked in the city ; he was expected to tell white lies about goods, about his employers—that is to say, that he was out when he was in—and generally to talk to people in a language which did not tell the truth. Our Rector never answered us, he could not. Economic forces were too strong for him, as they were for us. All the same, we were confirmed in the faith that together we would work to change conditions so as to make religion not a

theory, but the law of life. We had a fine time at Whitechapel Church because Mr. Kitto was so human. He started a choir at Christmas 1875 by asking a lot of us to supper at the rectory. This was a great experience for me. I was sixteen and had never seen an evening dinner or a meal served by servants, so sat looking at my plate, wondering what next was coming on. A superior young person asked me if I would have some " blancmange " ; she might as well have said poison, because the word had never come my way before. Seeing my discomfort, Mr. Kitto called down the table, " Have some cornflour, George ? " and of course I said yes. This supper table was the first and last at which I found myself uncomfortable, because I soon discovered that eating and drinking is carried on in the same way by everybody, whether prince, priest, or peasant.

GEORGE LANSBURY

HOW I SENSE THE WORLD

I HAVE not touched the outline of a star, nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life-bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North Star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colours that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in ; but they are none the less colour to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring ; but they have not therefore ceased to exist, any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.

I understand how scarlet can differ from crimson because I know that the smell of an orange is not the smell of a grape-fruit. I can also conceive that colours have shades, and guess what shades are. In smell and taste there are varieties not broad enough to be fundamental ; so I call them shades. There are half a dozen roses near me. They have all the unmistakeable rose scent ; yet my nose tells me that they are not the same. The American Beauty is distinct from the Jacqueminot and La France. Odours in certain grasses fade as really to my sense as certain colours do to yours in the sun. The freshness of a flower in my hand is analogous to the freshness I taste in an apple newly picked. I make use of analogies like these to enlarge my perception of colours. Some analogies which I draw between qualities in surface and vibration, taste and smell, are drawn by others between sight, hearing, and touch. This fact encourages me to persevere, to try and bridge the gap between the eye and the hand.

Certainly I get far enough to sympathise with the delight that my kind feel in beauty they see and harmony they hear. This bond between humanity and me is worth keeping, even if the idea on which I base it prove erroneous.

Sweet, beautiful vibrations exist for my touch, even though they travel through other substances than air to reach me. So I imagine sweet, delightful sounds, and the artistic arrangement of them which is called music, and I remember that they travel through the air to the ear, conveying impressions somewhat like mine. I also know what tones are, since they are perceptible tactually in a voice. Now, heat varies greatly in the sun, in the fire, in the hand, and in the fur of animals ; indeed, there is such a thing for me as a cold sun. So I think of the varieties of light that touch the eye, cold and warm, vivid and dim, soft and

glaring, but always light, and I imagine their passage through the air to an extensive sense, instead of to a narrow one like touch. From the experience I have had with voices, I guess how the eye distinguishes shades in the midst of light. While I read the lips of a woman whose voice is soprano, I note a low tone or a glad tone in the midst of a high, flowing voice. When I feel my cheeks hot, I know that I am red. I have talked so much and read so much about colours that through no will of my own, I attach meaning to them, just as all people attach certain meanings to abstract terms like hope, idealism, monotheism, intellect, which cannot be represented truly by visible objects, but which are understood from analogies between immaterial concepts and the ideas they awaken of external things. The force of association drives me to say that white is exalted and pure, green is exuberant, red suggests love or shame or strength. Without the colour or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness. Thus, through an inner law of completeness, my thoughts are not permitted to remain colourless. It strains my mind to separate colour and sound from objects. Since my education began, I have always had things described to me with their colours and sounds by one with keen senses and a fine feeling for the significant. Therefore I habitually think of things as coloured and resonant. Habit accounts for part. The soul sense accounts for another part. The brain with its five-sensed construction asserts its right and accounts for the rest. Inclusive of all, the unity of the world demands that colour be kept in it whether I have cognizance of it or not. Rather than be shut out, I take part in it by discussing it, imagining it, happy in the happiness of those near me who gaze at the lovely hues of the sunset or the rainbow.

My hand has its share in this multiple knowledge,

but it must never be forgotten that with the fingers I see only a very small portion of a surface, and that I must pass my hand continually over it before my touch grasps the whole. It is still more important, however, to remember that my imagination is not tethered to certain points, locations, and distances. It puts all the parts together simultaneously as if it saw or knew instead of feeling them. Though I feel only a small part of my horse at a time—my horse is nervous and does not submit to my exploring touch—yet, because I have many times felt hock, nose, hoof and mane, I can see the steeds of Phoebus Apollo coursing the heavens.

HELEN KELLER

A SIGNATURE ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE

GEORGE's farm was a half-section, or in other words three hundred and twenty acres of land, one mile long by half a mile wide. As the winter's snow disappeared under the spring sunshine the stubble made its appearance once more. Owing to the late threshing the previous Fall, we had no ploughing done, and were faced with the task of ploughing and planting about one hundred and eighty acres. This acreage was the open land between the bluffs of willow scrub and poplar, which was dry enough to cultivate. As the soil was frozen down to about two feet, the snow water collected in the natural depressions in the landscape, forming small lakes or sloughs.

For a day or two after the snow had disappeared the soil was of the consistency of oatmeal porridge. We spent those days in preparation. The other four working horses, which had been running wild on the prairie all the winter, were caught up, stabled, clipped, and fed lavishly. They were as fat as butter,

and this fat melted from them very quickly when they got to work. At the beginning you had a job to get their collars on to them, but in a short while you had to put a thick seat pad inside the collars to make them fit. Ploughs were overhauled and the shares taken to the Barloe blacksmith to sharpen.

When we did start I was surprised at the good cultivation, as I had always been under the impression that the Colonial farmer just scratched his corn in anyhow. Generally the ploughed land received three harrowings, and was then drilled and rolled. The soil was like cocoa, and contained scarcely any grit, although large boulders were rather plentiful. A turn-furrow, I was told, would last a man's lifetime. George drove four horses abreast on a two-furrow plough, each furrow being twelve inches, and I had the other three horses on an eighteen-inch plough single-furrow, commonly called a "sulky." Both ploughs had seats, for which I was truly thankful before we had been at it many days. There was also a trailing seat on two wheels behind the harrows, and the drill was fitted with a foot-board for each wheel, so that we rode on every implement.

We left the stable at 7 A.M. and drove until 7 P.M. We averaged about seven acres of ploughing daily between the two teams, and one man harrowing with four horses hitched to six zigzag harrows was supposed to cover forty acres daily. There is not much more to tell about that year's seeding, save that we commenced on April the 16th and finished about June the 1st. However, I feel sure that most people will realise that this plain statement covers a considerable amount of real hard work.

The whole business is a bit hazy to me now. We woke at 4 A.M., we worked until 7 P.M., we supped, we saw to our horses, and we went to bed, repeating the process on the morrow, day after day. On Sundays

we baked bread, replenished the loft with hay, washed our clothes and thanked God for Sunday.

In my innocence I imagined that there would be not a great deal to do after seeding until hay-making, but one does not keep a hired man in Canada for his good looks. George had been corresponding with the owners of a quarter-section prairie, which lay a half mile north of our boundary. He finally purchased it for fifteen dollars an acre, and as soon as seeding was finished, we commenced to break it.

Virgin prairie is tough, very tough. It lies over behind a breaking plough like endless strips of linoleum, the long turn-furrow laying the furrows quite flat. These strips fitted into each other just as if you had turfed the land with the turfs upside-down. It was so tough that in some places, when the furrow broke owing to the plough hitting a stone, I would look back and see fifty yards of my ploughing unwinding back to its original position. When this happened I had to turn the team, go back and plough that strip once again. I soon found the meaning of the ploughman's saying : " Run your plough on the near side." I'm afraid that is a bit too technical for non-ploughmen. It means that your furrow slice should be thicker on the side which flops over in the turn, so that its extra weight will prevent its unwinding on sidling ground.

After a week George evidently decided that I could be safely entrusted with this job, and he stayed on the home farm doing various odd jobs, and in addition, to my joy, he took on the cooking. The difference between coming home after a day's work of this character to a supper ready for you, and coming home and getting it yourself, is immeasurable ; it has to be experienced to be appreciated. I used to leave the shanty at 7 A.M., with the four horses hitched abreast to the wagon, in which I would take their hay and

oats and my own food. The same hours were worked as in seeding time, and I used to hitch off to return home at 7 P.M., spending most of the middle-day rest of two hours dozing while the horses fed.

That spring George had been given a mongrel collie pup, and most days this newcomer would journey up to the breakings with me. He was an awful fool—I do not remember any other dog in my life so lacking in gumption—but he was company, which was the great thing. He used to follow the plough up and down all day long. Any sensible dog would soon have discovered that I invariably returned to my starting-point, and would have lain down to wait there, but not this fathead.

One day as he was following along, a coyote, or prairie wolf, came out of the scrub, and the two played together about thirty yards behind me. I had a ·22 rifle back in the wagon, which I carried across my knees for many turns afterwards until I eventually got a certain chance without hitting the dog, and I shot the wolf.

Later in the day, I espied some ears pricking up over a mound some sixty yards off, and discovered a den of cubs in a badger hole. Next day I took up a pick and shovel, and dug out four cubs about the size of a small Sealyham dog. At that date the Canadian Government paid two and a half dollars for every prairie wolf killed, and twenty-five dollars for every timber wolf, but these latter were almost, if not quite, extinct in our district. It was necessary to produce the heads in Beaver Lake to obtain this bounty, so we put them in a bag, and George took them in a few days afterwards.

I got my bounty for those five heads, but they were never counted. The weather was very hot, and when George took the bag into the Government Office in Beaver Lake, the official besought him to take

them out quickly and he would pay anything in reason !

Although a quarter section contains a hundred and sixty acres, I could only find about eighty-five acres of open land to break, of which I got between sixty and seventy acres broken that first summer. It was a curiously shaped field. On only one occasion did I get a strike out from end to end, as the landscape was broken up by sloughs and bluffs of willow scrub and poplar. Every now and again the plough would stick fast in a hidden root, and I had to haul it backwards with the team. I always carried a logging chain and an axe on the plough, to deal with any interruptions. Sometimes I would come across a small tree or piece of scrub, hitch off the team from the plough and pull out the obstruction by the roots. The best method of pulling a tree out was to hook the chain as high up the trunk as possible, and hitch the horses to the other end. As they pulled I would see a root move in the ground, and sever it with the axe. Then, I would swing the team to pull in another direction, and repeat the process until the tree came out. Big trees and large patches of scrub were left to be pulled out in future years ; the first thing was to bring into cultivation the open land between the bluffs and the slough.

I do not remember when I have been more satisfied and pleased with my lot ; even to-day the memory of that job gives me a great deal of pleasure. In thinking about it now it has come upon me with rather an unpleasant shock, that as far as I can see, I have ploughed my last furrow, as my present farm in England is now all grass, and I do not possess any ploughs. This thought saddens me, for ploughing is the king of jobs. In itself it is all-sufficing and soul-satisfying. You English towns-folk who sneer at Hodge plodding at the plough tail, do not realise that

he pities you, in that you cannot plough and have never known the joy of ploughing.

"But how monotonous and boring it must be," you will say, and in the saying you will display your ignorance, for ploughing is the most charming disguise that work can wear. The plough is a perfect instrument. The coulter cuts the side of the furrow slice; the share cuts the under side; and the turn-over or mouldboard inverts the whole. Therefore, if you are a competent ploughman, you are performing a perfect operation, and since when has perfection been monotonous?

When once you have acquired the knack of it, it goes on with the effortless surge of a sailing boat. The plough, which looks so clumsy and uncouth, changes its character. In conjunction with your team of horses, it becomes a glorious galleon, which you steer proudly over the rolling fields like some mariner of old. It is no longer an ugly, awkward, inanimate thing, but a delicately flexible instrument, which responds to your lightest touch.

As you become intimate with it, you find that you have ceased to be the operator of a mere farm implement. You and the plough have become one, a common intelligence with but one idea only, to plough —on and on and on. Your mind stands calmly aloof, rejoicing in a thing in which it has no conscious part, noting with a detached satisfaction the perfect furrow, which falls away on your right in an infinite ribbon.

A field-mouse, disturbed by the point of the share, goes scrambling over the moving furrow, only to be buried alive beneath it. You are sorry for him; you hope he will get out all right; but you are drunk with the urge of the plough and do not stop. Stop? Why, to stop would be absurd. You are no longer a man, you are a ploughman. The mouse must take

his chance, and on you sail, unheeding—on and on and on.

Not that the poesy of ploughing is continuous. The length of the lines is determined by the head-lands, it is broken into verses by each strike out, and, if you wish to continue the simile, into different poems by the different fields. Such a nuisance these breaks are. Why cannot one plough one long straight furrow for ever without these petty hindrances? But, this being impossible, one is forced to turn, to let the plough grate clumsily along the head-land, then to turn back again into the work, and swing away on a new track, happy and interested once more. 'Tis true I am no physician, but I would suggest in all sincerity that three months' steady ploughing would cure any man of a nervous breakdown. For ploughing is a mental tonic of great power. The ploughman is master of the situation. Nothing can stop him. Little by little he changes the surface of the earth. The plough may be slow, but it is very sure. As the strip of black on the east side of that piece of prairie grew slowly wider and wider until it neared the west boundary, I was forced to marvel at the relentless power of the plough.

Possibly this rhapsody on ploughing will seem absurd to many people, but no one can doubt my competence to sing on so noble a theme. If there can be any such doubting Thomas, I would refer him to that quarter-section of land in North-West Manitoba. There have I written my signature with the plough, a signature that will stand when I am long forgotten, a signature of which I shall never be ashamed. And if ploughing generally be conceded a pleasing thing to do, then to plough virgin land is pure joy. The thought that you are ploughing the land for the first time since the world began satisfies your innermost soul. Each furrow is such a definite little stride in the world's history.

That piece of breaking is a thing to which I look back with considerable pleasure, and were it possible I would do it again gladly. But it is not possible, and as ploughing in this country seems doomed, I must be content to have these memories.

A. G. STREET

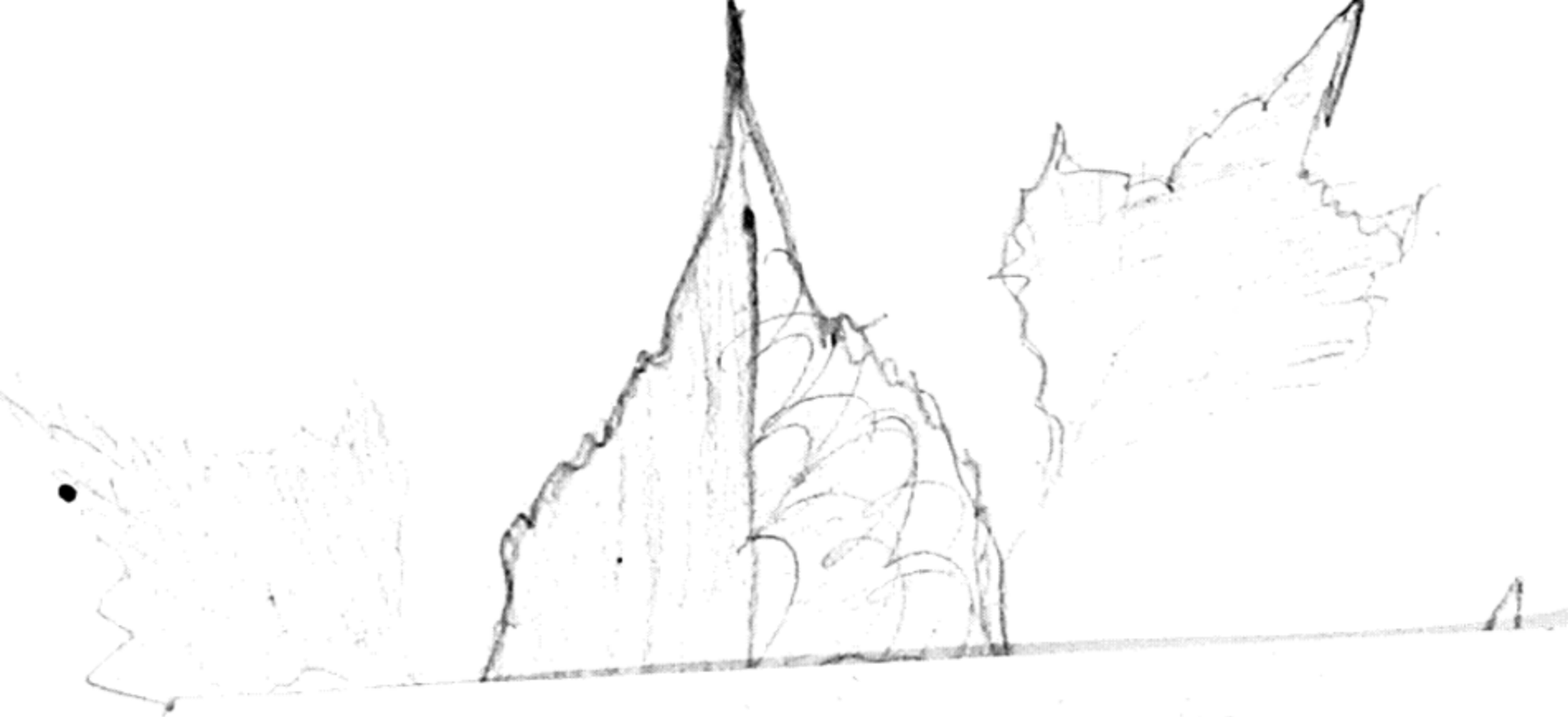
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Accession No. _____

ON THE ROAD WITH "PROFESSIONALS"

On the way towards Warwick I joined company with a grinder, and we travelled socially together towards that ancient town. When we arrived, we lost no time in seeking a lodging-house, which we soon found, but, to my surprise, the landlady, a big raw-boned, slatternly woman, said, looking sternly at my companion : "I will have no grinders in my house." Of course I did not know at that time what I have heard subsequently. Of all the men on the road, following various occupations, the grinder is, I believe, the most thoroughly detested. As a rule he is a drunken, dissolute fellow, a swearer, and one who, if he picks a quarrel, which is usually the case, is in no hurry to drop it. The more unpretentious lodgers hate his presence, seeing that he makes himself more at home than the landlord himself. I have often heard travellers tell of a small town in the north of England which grinders dare not enter, pass through, or lodge in for the night, and it is the regret of many travellers that there are not more towns of its kind distributed throughout the country. It seems that some years ago a great wind had visited this particular town, and floored the roofs of the houses, and grounded the church steeple, many of the inhabitants being injured and not a few killed. Now, it happened that the day following this great disaster, two unfortunate grinders, who had arrived in town the night before, and slept at the local inn, appeared in the streets and

made a great shout in soliciting orders. Some way or another the inhabitants connected these poor wretches with the great wind, and set upon them, and proceeded to beat them out of the town, coming near to killing them ; and since that day the town has been visited by neither grinders nor great winds. Even in larger towns these people often experience great difficulty in procuring lodgings. This state of affairs was not known to me at the time, or I should certainly not have been anxious for the company of one of these despised people.

We were admitted at the next lodging-house, but even here the landlady seemed to have some compunction at so doing ; for she followed us to the kitchen and without saying a word, placed her two hands on her broad hips, at the same time looking severely at my grinder, as much as to say—" If you are going to start any of your capers, let it be at once, my hearty grinder, now I am watching you, and we'll soon see who's who." We sat down quietly, and the landlady, thinking this attitude had had its desired effect, left the kitchen, not forgetting to throw a last glance at my grinder, who was trying his best to hide his nervousness by puffing hard at his pipe and nearly choking in the attempt.

Some ten or fifteen men were in this room, some of them busy preparing for the next day. Two were making artificial flowers ; one was working with copper wire, turning and twisting it into toasting-forks, plate-holders, and hangers to suspend flower-pots, Two others were in the rag and bone trade, for I had seen them, when we first entered, overlooking their stuff in the backyard. One man was a pedlar, for there was his pack, towards which he often turned his eyes, in distrust of his company. One was a musician, for there, sticking out of the top pocket of his coat, was a common tin whistle. " There," said I to my-

self, glancing at a man on my right hand—" there is the only respectable working man amongst them all." This man had on a clean mole-skin pair of trousers, a pilot cloth coat, and about his neck a large clean white muffler. " Grinder ? " asked this man, catching my eye before I could avoid it. " No," I answered, " a pedlar." " Oh," said he, " I didn't notice you carrying a pack when you came in." Alas ! my little stock could easily be carried in my pockets. " No," I answered, " as a rule I don't carry much stock." " I shouldn't think you would," he said, glancing at my leg, " a Bible ought to be enough for you, and a good living too." Now it happened that when I left London, I had made room in my pockets for two books which, up till that time, I had very little opportunity of reading. One was the Bible, and the other was a small printed and cheap paper cover edition of Wordsworth. So, hearing this man mention a Bible, I became extremely curious to learn how a man could earn a living by carrying a book of this kind. Seeking this information I said to this man—" I shouldn't think that there was much money to be made by carrying a Bible." " Why not," he asked ; " if you carry in your hand a decent rake [a comb], a flashy pair of sniffs [scissors] and a card of good links and studs—that is certainly a good Bible for a living ; but there is not much profit in a pair of stretchers [laces] or a packet of common sharps [needles]. As for me," he continued, " I am on the downright, and I go in for straight begging, without showing anything in my hand. That grinder, whom I thought you were with, and am glad you were not, works very hard at dragging that old rickety contrivance with him all over the country ; and is he any better off than I am ? I never fail to get the sixteen farthings for my feather [bed], I get all the scrand [food] I can eat ; and I seldom lie down at night but what I am half

skimished [half drunk], for I assure you I never go short of my skimish." Being curious to see this man at work, and to hear the tales with which he approached people, I told him I would accompany him the next day as far as Stratford, that was if he had no objection to my company, as I also intended to visit that town before I made my way to London. To this proposal he seemed perfectly agreeable.

The next morning, after having had breakfast, we set out. We had scarcely set foot outside the lodging-house, when I saw this downrighter dodge in and out of shops with an astonishing alacrity, more like a customer than a beggar ; but with what success I could not tell. He seemed to go in smiling, and to come out the same, until we were at last at the business end of the town. He did not confide in me as to his success or failure ; but generously invited me to a smoke. We filled our pipes, but just as I was about to strike a match, my companion interrupted me with—" Wait until we are on the other side of the sky-pilot." Looking down the road I saw a clergyman approaching us at a fast rate, carrying something which proved on nearer view to be a book of prayers. When this black-cloth was within three or four feet of us, my companion began to address him in a very serious voice, calling him in his ignorance, or perhaps, excitement—" your reverend highness." The gentleman in black cloth seemed to have been expecting something of the kind, for, without turning his head to right or left, he passed on, going if possible at greater speed.

My companion allowed no person to pass us without making an appeal, and it was made apparent to me that he was successful in a number of cases. In time of failure people listened to this respectable-looking fellow, and regretted that they had left home without having brought coppers with them. At one time we

saw a man who had dismounted to examine his bicycle, probably having heard some part of it go click and, fearing an accident, had paused for an investigation. We paused by this man, and my companion, in straightforward manly tones, asked him for assistance. The gentleman began to stammer, to hem and to haw, at the same time saying that he regretted that he was not at that moment exactly in the position to—— " Friend," broke in my bold downrighter, in a stern solemn voice, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, " friend, you see before you two men in extreme want, who must be relieved in this very hour." We were standing in the man's way, and he could not possibly escape without knocking us over. Apparently the man was afraid, for he first looked at our faces, and after looking backwards and forwards, he produced a sixpence, saying that he trusted that amount would be of some service to us. We made sure of this and then cleared ourselves from his path, allowing him space to mount and ride, an opportunity of which he quickly availed himself. This looked very much like highway robbery, but strangely, I was better satisfied at this open independent way of transacting business than by whining forth pitiful tales of want, however true they might be.

We were now entering the town of Stratford-on-Avon and my companion was advising me as to my behaviour at the common lodging-house. " It is the only lodging-house in the town," he said, " and the old lady is very particular and eccentric. Our very appearance may dissatisfy her, and then we will be compelled to walk several miles into the next town. She keeps a shop attached to the lodging-house," continued the downrighter, " and if strangers not knowing this to be the case, when applying for lodgings, have bread, tea, sugar, meat, etc., in their hands, that is bought elsewhere, this eccentric old landlady re-

fuses them as lodgers, and they are forced, often late at night, to walk into the next town. Some time ago," he continued, " a lodger bought at her shop a half pound of corned-beef, which he thought was under-weight. Going to the public-house opposite for a glass of beer, he requested the publican to weigh this meat, which, being done, it was found to be two ounces short of the required weight. On returning to the house this lodger went quietly to bed, but the next morning he spoke his mind in a very straightforward manner making mention of the publican as a witness. Ever since that time, any man who visits that public-house is not allowed to sleep on her premises. If seen entering that place by day, they are objected to at night, and if seen visiting that house after their beds are already paid for, on their return their money is at once refunded without the least explanation."

It certainly spoke highly for our respectable appearance when this particular landlady received our money, and admitted us without much scrutiny into the kitchen; although she lost no time in following us there, and stood for several minutes watching our movements. No doubt if one of us had thrown a match on the floor, or sat too near the fire; or complained that the kitchen only contained two tea-pots, cracked and half spoutless, among the ten lodgers now patiently waiting a chance to make tea; and that there were only three cups, and one half-rimmed plate like a vanishing moon—no doubt if we had uttered one complaint, our money would have been returned without advice or warning, and we should have found no other lodgings that would have answered our small means in the town. But we fortunately knew the old lady too well to implicate ourselves, and we gave her no chance to complain.

After tea I wandered alone about the town, and as I went here and there in this enchanted place,

ambition again took possession of me, stronger than ever. It filled me with vexation to think that I was no nearer to my objective, for I was, comparatively speaking, penniless. Two months had I wandered, during which time I had not been able to concentrate my thoughts on any noble theme, taking all day to procure the price of a bed, and two or three coppers extra for food. True I had by now some three pounds saved, the income that I had not touched, but at this rate, I would never be able to attain my ends. November was here, and I was suddenly confronted with a long winter before me, and I pictured myself starved and snow-bound in some out-of-the-way village, or mercilessly pelted by hail-stones on a wild, shelterless heath. Side by side with these scenes I placed my ideal, which was a small room with a cosy fire, in which I sat surrounded by books, and I sickened at the comparison.

The following morning I was up and on my way before the downrighter had put in an appearance. In two or three days I was again back on the outskirts of London, walking round it in a circle ; sometimes ten miles from its mighty heart, or as far distant as twenty miles ; but without the courage to approach nearer, or to break away from it altogether. Whatever luck I had, good or bad, I always managed to escape the workhouse ; and was determined to walk all night, if need be, rather than to seek refuge in one of those places. One desperate hour possessed me every day, sometimes in the morning, or in the afternoon, but more often in the evening, when I would waylay people on the high roads, go boldly to the front doors of houses, interview men in their gardens, stables, or shops, at the same time flourishing before their eyes a whip of a dozen laces. In this hour I seemed to be impelled by a fatality like that of the wandering Jew, cursed at having to perform something

against my will. When this mad fit was over, during which I generally succeeded in getting a shilling or more, people might then come and go without fear of being molested, for I was satisfied that the workhouse was once more defeated for another night.

One morning at the beginning of December, I made up my mind to tramp home for Christmas. This was a new idea, and not much to my liking, for I had always written them hopeful letters, and although they knew that I had left London, they knew nothing of my present condition. As usual, under these active impulses, I made astonishing progress, being on the borders of Wales in less than a week. The greater part of the journey accomplished and being now less than thirty miles from my native town, I regretted having started with such an intention, and tramped over the Welsh hills day after day, ultimately finding my way to Swansea. I did not remain long in that town, but began other rambles, and the day before Christmas Eve, was in a town twenty-seven miles from home ; sleeping there that night, I rose early the following morning and started for home. Keeping up a pace of three miles an hour, in spite of the one leg and the rough, uneven roads of the hills, I accomplished the journey in nine hours, arriving home just after dark, without having once rested on the way.

I had now been tramping for over three months, and thought myself entitled to a little rest if such could be had. After all, why had I done this, and to what end had I suffered ? For I would now draw the few pounds that were due to me, would return to London in a week or two, and would again commence writing without any prospect of success, for I would once more be living on a small income. And such was the case : three weeks' comfort improved me wonderfully, and vitality returned stronger then ever after the low state into which it had fallen. What cut me to the

heart was not so much that I had not practised writing during these four months, but that I had been forced to neglect reading and had therefore been taking in no means to justify my hopes in the future of being capable of writing something of my own. The poor man, who has his daily duties to perform, has his quiet evenings at home, with friends to lend him books, and, being known in the locality, a library from which to borrow them, but what privileges has the wanderer? Feeling myself fit, I drew what money was due to me, and returned to London.

W. H. DAVIES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN IN A SMALL SAILING BOAT

BEFORE me on a page in my work-book was the figure 89. This represented the distance we had progressed from Galapagos toward Tahiti to noon of the first day out. Mechanically I deducted approximately the distance to Tahiti, and found that there remained 3,699 miles. Next I took a dividers and pricked off the 89 miles on the course line which I had previously plotted. Carefully I drew a tiny circle around the pin-prick I had made.

I sat back and gazed at the result of my work.

A small fraction of an inch from Floreana, near the right-hand edge of the chart, was the spot that represented our position. Several feet away, near the left-hand side of Sheet No. 2 of the South Pacific Ocean, lay Tahiti. To all intents and purposes, 3,611 miles was just the same as 3,700. Relatively speaking, 89 was a negligible quantity.

Suddenly, for the first time, I awoke to a full realisation of the enormity of the task ahead of us. Infinity, the old familiar term of geometry days, took

on a concrete meaning. It was the distance to Tahiti.

I felt a sudden panic. I felt as a bird might feel, starting out to wing a lonely way to the moon. It seemed impossible that we could ever reach Tahiti by putting end to end on the chart distances such as I had just plotted. Surely no man would have the colossal confidence to try to harness the forces of Nature and compel them to carry him across this vast distance! I thought of the early navigators setting out in their frail craft on unknown seas, and of the Polynesians migrating over the entire Pacific. They did not even know what lay beyond and feared legendary monsters. The sea might stretch away for ever, or drop away into a universal abyss. I had the advantage of knowing what lay over the sea, and even to a certain extent the winds and weather I would find.

And so, after a bit of mental upheaval and readjustment, I arrived at a psychological plane, which along with my fatalism, has served me well.

As soon as we had made sufficient offing from the islands to be away from their disturbing influence upon the trade-wind we launched the square sail. It was quite a while, however, before it came to be used as a self-respecting square sail. During the first ten days the breeze was well in the south, holding during the day practically due south, and backing every evening to south-east. Thus the wind was well enough on the beam to enable us to clew the square sail down to the bowsprit end, and sheet it so flat that it was used as a balloon jib in conjunction with mainsail and mizen. At night, when the wind backed, the yard would be squared a bit, and the sail trimmed to resemble a square sail. At all times it pulled hard, harder and steadier than any other sail on board, and at a very conservative estimate I should say that it cut down our running time to Tahiti by at least a

week, not to mention the greatly increasing ease of steering, and ease of mind too.

To one who has never sailed in the " trades " they give a feeling of indescribable exhilaration. *Svaap* seemed to be imbued with the spirit of a song, a care-free, never-ending rhythm that was part of the rhythm of the sea, perhaps of the universe itself. For weeks the curling white bow-wave never ceased, and the trail we left behind—our bubbling, gurgling, wavering wake with its little whirlpools, at night a path of countless phosphorescent wonders—spun itself out longer and longer, and grew to be nearly 4000 miles before it ended.

At night, like a slumbering giant of mythology, the trade-wind breathed more softly. But with the coming of the sun it heaved a sigh, rolled over, and soon assumed the deeper and more powerful breathing of a man at work. It held well in the south for the first thousand miles, then gradually worked round to the east day by day as we neared Tuamotus, so that by the end of the second week's run on December 20th, when we were 1847 miles out, we gybed over to the starboard for the first time.

To one who has received his cruising experience beating about the Great Lakes, knocking up and down the Atlantic coast, between New York and Boston, and working the variables to Bermuda, this business of sailing thousands of miles on the same course, with but a slight change in the trim of the sails from time to time, was a more astonishing thing, even though I had long looked forward to it with a preconceived mental idea of what it would be like. Actually it is impossible to picture the feeling without undergoing it oneself, and afterwards I looked back on it as one would a dream—a dream long desired, that exceeded all expectations, and that afterward was vaguely lost as dreams are apt to be. Time took on a strange im-

measurable quality. We had a feeling that we had always been at sea, that there was no world—except our world of sky and water—and that we would go on for ever like this, rolling along over the sea with the swing of a poem. The Galapagos, Panama, home—all were but a dim memory, a past, forgotten life. And—incongruous thought—at the very same time, after two weeks of it the time seemed shorter than it had at the end of the first twenty-four hours. There was no feeling of weariness or boredom.

A growing sense of anticipation took hold of us, and what is there in life more sweet than this? The anticipation is surely as delightful as the actual realisation of a dream. And, here, I think, lies perhaps one of the strongest tangible holds that the sea has upon those of us who live our dream of crossing it in sailing ships. One cannot know the sea from steamships, nor look forward to new lands with the same intensity and fullness of pleasure that are given to those who sail.

So smoothly did the days flow by that there was little to report. I had found that a late morning sight, moved forward and crossed with a noon meridian observation, proved a very simple and sufficiently accurate daily routine for the navigation, and unless something out of the ordinary occurred I wrote up the log but once a day, after plotting our noon position.

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It was two days after Christmas. We were still in a region of unsettled weather and were making poor progress. It could have been the Gulf Stream during a squally period, only these squalls were of a different type, much larger in extent but usually containing less wind. They were not as abrupt either, the rain and wind gradually working up to strength and taking perhaps an hour to pass. The day before, after having made small headway, and that only on the breath of several large squalls, we had watched the day

go out to a dramatic curtain. The sky had a threatening appearance, with here and there those great squall clouds coloured by the sunset, several sundogs, a couple of waterspouts writhing their way along a mile or so distant, and a strange borealis effect in the eastern sky. The moon, not yet up, and some unusual atmospheric condition may have been the cause of the weird and wavering colourful bars and figures which danced on the horizon.

As I sat below at the table plotting my noon position I suddenly had a feeling that something was wrong. A glance through the companion-way quickly changed my uneasiness to alarm, for there, directly behind and coming rapidly up to us, still in the first throes of birth, hung the largest waterspout we had ever seen. Its long black tentacle, suspended from the lowering tumultuous mother cloud, writhed and groped halfway to the sea, like the arm of a Gargantuan octopus seeking a grip upon an enemy. Our eyes clung to it fascinated as it reached down and down, sometimes retreating but always growing again. There became audible the distant roaring or sighing sound that first warns of approach to a waterfall when travelling downstream in a canoe. Underneath, at the surface of the sea, the sympathetic disturbance suddenly became more intense as the incipient whirl revolved faster and faster, throwing off bits of foam and loose water. A distinct bulge in the surface appeared, as if sucked by the parched column above and rose higher every second. The spray and foam now began to be snatched upward, and before our eyes was formed a vapoury connection with the descending tube, linking cloud and sea. The connection established, more and more loose water shot whirling aloft, and the disturbed area at the base grew larger and more violent as it received the too heavy particles thrown away from the column by centrifugal force. The

noise and tumult grew as the hissing of the column, the cry of the wind, and the crashing of the waters blended to form a fearsome roar. Augmented by more and more water the lower half suddenly reached maturity and groped out to clasp hands with the upper, and the sea and sky were united by a spinning, weaving pillar of water.

The spout, moving slowly, reared itself higher and closer to our stern. Close enough now to be in the area of disturbed wind, our square sail began to strain at its sheets and we gathered speed momentarily and seemed to be holding our own with the black twisting column, contact with which would have been disaster.

There has long been a somewhat superstitious belief among seamen that the firing of guns at a spout will break it up, and there may have been cases where this has possibly proved efficacious. It is somewhat logical that the heavy concussion of a heavy shot might break up the spout, but it is certainly almost impossible to expect a small gun to have any effect. Before I had finished loading my gun a sudden change occurred within the spout. The writhing increased and a weakening appeared half-way between cloud and sea, and this part became more and more tenuous until there was a gap that grew larger and larger as the lower half bored its way back into the sea and the upper part withdrew slowly to the boiling lower surface of the cloud.

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The little islets of the atoll ran in a broken chain out of sight to the west, and a two-masted schooner lay beached on the lagoon side of the eastern end. We ran in very close to the village, just outside the breakers, and all the people rushed about on the beach, expecting us to stop. A red church steeple showed above the palms, and an empty flagstaff. A

brand-new-looking Ford scurried among the palms, the most incongruous thing I had seen in a long time. It could only go about a quarter of a mile and then was obliged to turn back or run into the sea. So it darted back and forth like a mouse trapped in a box, as long as we could see the island. Then a heavy squall completely veiled the group, although we were only a few hundred yards off, cleared for a moment and we had a glimpse of the lagoon, and then the curtain was drawn again.

We now had practically clear sailing ahead of us to Tahiti, and only 390 miles to go. Luck had been with us in getting by the Dangerous Archipelago, for we had romped through in thirty hours instead of being delayed in the calms.

The next land we saw was the steep little island of Mehetia, sixty miles east of Tahiti, and when dawn came on January 6th, the great bulk of our goal loomed fifty miles distant, shrouded in haze and clouds. All day we gazed upon the astonishing mountains and gorges that grew ever larger and more spectacular ahead of us, while our breeze gradually deserted us and our hearts sunk at the thought of another night at sea, and so close to port.

And then, just at sunset, our guardian angel sent a land breeze out to us laden with perfume. We approached the land and got within its protecting influence. We had the almost forgotten sensation of sailing in smooth waters. There are no smooth waters at sea. Point Venus light, where Captain Cook made his famous observations, shone out for us, and all along the great barrier reef lights twinkled to guide us along the shore. We pondered at these reddish twinkling lights, and later found that they were the natives torch-fishing along the reef.

We ghosted along within sound of the surf, looking for Papeete, and suddenly there it was—a crescent of

tiny lights. Becalmed directly off the town we unshipped the square-sail yard, unbent the sail and stowed it below. For a month this sail had been but once off, and then only thirty hours. It was worn. The yard lacing was temporarily patched in many places. The sail itself was practically blown out of the bolt-ropes half the way round. It would have to be almost re-made before it could be used again. But if anyone should ask me I should say it was SOME sail.

Tahiti is entirely surrounded by a barrier reef which lies anywhere from a few yards to a half mile or so from shore, upon which the sea almost always breaks heavily. There are passes here and there through which vessels may enter, but strong currents make caution necessary.

The Pilot Book says of the Papeete pass that one must take a pilot and enter by day. But there are two red range lights on shore that make it possible to come in at night, and I had a good chart of the harbour. We had been at sea just a month and had sailed 3,700 miles. The twinkling lights were a magnet that was irresistible.

So, just after midnight, we found the pass through the reef, brought the red lights to bear in a straight line, and ran in with the thunder of the surf on both sides. Once in the fairway along the shore we turned sharp east and slowly glided along the famous Papeete water-front, to tie up to a buoy in the inner harbour just off the government dock.

The air was heavy with the scent of lovely flowers, and there were strange land noises. We could hear a milkman making his way about town, and soon all the sounds of a community awakening. Birds, dogs, cattle—it was all so strange to us. I put up the quarantine flag and gave myself to the ecstasy of it all—the glorious feeling that comes only at the end of

such a voyage—a feeling of utter relaxation and peace and of accomplishment. W. A. ROBINSON

MY FIRST SALVAGE CASE

THERE can be nothing, I think, so pathetic, or which so gives the effect of loneliness, desolation, and decay, as a wrecked and deserted ship. It is the most dreary sight in the world, more depressing than overgrown gardens or uninhabited cities.

We came alongside the *Ulidia* and climbed up a boat-fall. Our footsteps sounded hollow on her iron decks, on which the rust was thick. The hatches were gone and looking down the holds one could see the ice, which had disappeared from the sea outside, still floating in the dark body of the ship in huge lumps which the sun could not reach to melt. The engine-room and stokehold were more gloomy still, as one peered down through the gratings and saw the level of the water showing black and oily among the rusting masses of machinery. There was no trace of life aboard save the mosquitoes rising in clouds from the piles of old rope. There had been a watchman the first winter, but the darkness and the ice grinding against the sides of the ship, and the water moving about in her empty holds, had been too much even for Russian nerves, and he had left. Everything portable, down to the brass handles of the cabin doors, had been stolen by the natives who had come across the ice in the winter from Soroka.

Does one really have premonitions in moments like this, or is it only that, in the light of after events, one imagines that one had them? It was a strange enough experience to be climbing about a wrecked ship in the White Sea. Did I just for a few moments anticipate the stranger adventures of the next few

months and realise what an obsession the *Ulidia* was to become for me? So long as I live I shall never forget her name, but had it even on that sunny afternoon an ominous ring about it? I used to think so, but I cannot now be sure.

More important, however, than premonitions was the fact that in spite of the pounding she must have received on the patch of, fortunately, flat rock on which she had lain for over two years, there was no sign of her having broken her back. Stanchions in the hold were, it is true, set up, and there was a perceptible upward bulge in the deck; but a very small strain down below is sufficient to show considerable indications above, and, had the ship been broken or very seriously strained, there would have been much more evidence of it. Moreover, though every compartment in the ship had water in it, observations showed that they were not all equally damaged and that some at least of the bulkheads must be intact.

The total rise and fall of tide in the White Sea is only about six feet. In the two after-holds, Nos. 3 and 4, the water only rose and fell eight inches, while it rose and fell six feet outside. This clearly showed that the leakage in these compartments was trifling and that the greater part of the water here was probably rain-water accumulated through the hatches being off. The fore-peak was dry. In No. 1 the water rose and fell about two feet, while in No. 2 and the engine-room and stokehold it rose and fell with the tide. The position was, therefore, clear enough, even before the diver's examination.

With a big rise and fall of the tide this would have been a simple case, since the ship would just have floated with the fore-peak, Nos. 1, 3 and 4 holds empty, even though there was water in No. 2 and the engine-room and stokehold. Once afloat the divers could have got under her and patched her. The

problem here, however, was not to give her sufficient buoyancy to float in deep water, but to make her buoyant enough to float off the rock. She had been half loaded when she went ashore, but as the cargo was discharged she had worked farther and farther up on the rock until it was as if she had gone ashore empty, at her minimum draught.

With a rise and fall of tide of only six feet it was evident that the engine-room, stokehold and No. 2, as well as Nos. 1, 3 and 4 holds, must be emptied. From the way in which the water rose and fell in these compartments with the tide it was clear that there was very serious damage (local rumour said that there was a rock through the bottom of the engine-room), and this must be somehow dealt with.

Fine weather could only be expected until the end of August or middle of September. There was very little time, for already it was June 19th.

That evening, in the railway carriage in which we were living, I had to make, on quite inadequate data, two decisions, each of them vital. The first was whether we should attempt the salvage of the *Ulidia* at all ; the second was whether I should cable to England for our new salvage steamer which was ready to sail with motor- and steam-pumps, pneumatic tools, oxy-acetylene plant, air compressors, and all the rest of the gear necessary for salvage work ; or whether I should listen to Captain Grunberg, charter a ship locally, collect pumps, diving gear, etc., and men in Archangel, and do the work with local resources.

This was not quite so wild an idea as it may seem, for I knew that in Archangel were a number of divers, engineers, etc., who had fled from the Baltic, and had had long experience with Captain Grunberg before the war, and who were really good workmen, as the Baltic salvage workers are known to be. It would be

at least a fortnight before our own ship could arrive, and there was enough water for her to come close to the wreck. Also, she could not carry as many men as it was obvious we should require, and I knew that the experiment of making English and Russians work alongside each other at different rates of pay would inevitably cause trouble. Moreover, there was to be taken into account the dead loss on wages, provisions, and above all, bunkers, on the voyage to and from England.

As to salving the *Ulidia*, it was that or nothing, for both the Salvage Section representative and Captain Grunberg assured me that there was not another ship in North Russia of which the salvage was to be thought of, the rest having long since broken up.

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Accommodation on salvage work is never luxurious. Men sleep and eat where and when they can. But, though she might be carrying three or four times her complement, there is usually a salvage steamer aboard which the men live. Our only salvage steamer was a tug, the *Aleida Johanna*, which, after protracted and irritating negotiations by interpreter with the engineer of the port of Archangel and by telegram with his opposite number at Murmansk, we had succeeded in chartering. She, however, was still at Murmansk and at the best there was not room for more than a dozen men aboard of her. All hands had therefore to live on board the wreck, which, having been thoroughly looted and deserted for over two years, did not at first sight look very habitable. But no Russian, given an axe and sufficient timber, would be homeless for more than a day, and on the morning after our arrival the ship was comfortable enough, the saloon and cabins cleaned out for us, and the poop and forecastle fitted for the men with new doors and double tiers of bunks, which bore an extraordinary family

resemblance to those in a German dug-out. Indeed, many of the men, nearly all of whom were from the Baltic, were German in speech and appearance. The majority of them by birth were Letts—good workmen, clean, and studiously polite, with a deference to their employers which they have presumably long since abandoned.

But though capable and industrious they were of a shifty and violent temper. "Rovy," Captain Grunberg (himself a Lett) would say in his broken English, "Rovy, like a dog. A word, and the son kills the father and the father the son. You must keep him in hand—so—strong—strong. So I keep him all my life." He was to find the men were not so easily to be kept "in hand." Even the black labour, as he called it, the carpenters and unskilled labourers from Archangel and Soroka itself, was alive to the political changes of the past year or so, and listened more readily to the one or two sea-lawyers on board, and were the more dangerous from their childlike simplicity and entire lack of education.

A certain amount of technicality is unavoidable if one is to follow the story of the next two months, and it is perhaps as well at this point to explain the plan of salvage which the divers' examination and our previous inspection led us to adopt.

The soundings round the ship gave at high-water spring tides 10 feet forward, 12 feet amidships, and 12 feet aft on the starboard side, which was the side furthest up on the ledge of rock. On the port side there was a foot more forward, 18 inches more amidships, and a couple of feet more aft.

The builders had telegraphed to us that the vessel to float empty and with no bunkers, but with ballast tanks full, would require 7 feet 6 inches forward, 9 feet 6 inches amidships, and 12 feet 6 inches aft. We had not much to spare, therefore, and there was no question

of leaving the most severely damaged compartment alone. The vessel must be got into such a condition that all compartments could be pumped practically dry.

The fact that the water only rose and fell a few inches with the tide in the two after-holds (Nos. 3 and 4) showed that these were only slightly damaged. Actually, we discovered the principal source of the leakage in No. 4—a rivet out in the side of the tunnel—the first day. These two holds were, therefore, left alone until the time should come to pump them out.

In the engine-room the diver found that three manhole doors were off and had disappeared. Here, doubtless, was the origin of the story of the rock through the bottom of the engine-room, no doubt circulated by the same individual who had removed the doors, and had hoped in this way to deter anyone else from attempting salvage. New manhole doors had to be made and fitted.

There was no double-bottom in the stokehold, and it was here that we anticipated serious trouble. Fortunately the divers could find none underneath the boilers; but the bulkheads between the stokehold and No. 2 had given way at the bottom and it was evident at this point (where the ship was apparently resting on a small ledge of rock slightly above the level of the rest) there was considerable damage.

In No. 2 hold there was a large number of rivets out in the tank-top, which was badly set up, the seams of the tank were leaking, and in one place the bottom of the bulkhead between No. 2 and No. 1 holds had given way. In No. 1 hold, as in No. 2, there were numbers of rivets gone, and the seams of the tanks were opened out.

It must be understood that there was never any question of making the ship's bottom watertight. If she were to float at all she must float on her tank-tops.

The condition of the bottom we could only guess at, for it was impossible for the diver to go underneath the vessel, sitting flat down on the rock as she was, but we knew that there could be very little of it intact.

The scheme proposed by Captain Grunberg was to build a cement bulkhead, 6 feet broad by 6 feet high, inside a wooden box right across the whole width of the ship (42 feet) in the stokehold, against the bulkhead between it and No. 2 hold, and another similar bulkhead in No. 2 against the other side of the original bulkhead. These two cement bulkheads would, in fact, constitute at once a new watertight bulkhead between the stokehold and No. 2 hold, and a patch over the damage to the bottom at this point. A third cement bulkhead was to be built against the damaged portion of the bulkhead between No. 2 and No. 1 holds.

It was necessary, Captain Grunberg explained, to make these bulkheads 6 feet high, though it was only the bottom of the ship's bulkheads which was damaged, in order to have sufficient weight of cement on top of the damage to resist the pressure of water which would try to force its way in when the ship was pumped out. In the light of after knowledge I realise that the scheme was unnecessarily elaborate, and, consequently, unnecessarily slow and expensive.

It will be appreciated that these bulkheads had to be built by the divers under the water. The method was as follows : the wooden box, or wall, was constructed by the carpenters on deck in three sections made to fit exactly into each other. It was made of 4-inch deals which were fitted as closely as possible and caulked to make them water-tight. The bottom (where it rested on the tank-top) was fitted with a big " pudding " or sausage of canvas filled with hemp for the same purpose. These sections were weighted and sent down to the diver, who placed them in position

6 feet away from the ship's bulkhead until there was a wooden wall right across the vessel. He then went down and proceeded to fill the space between this wall and the ship's bulkhead with cement. This was mixed dry in the 'tween decks with sand and stones, and sent down to him, on the endless chain system, in iron canisters with a canvas bottom fastened with a slip-knot. He would open the bottom of the canister as close to the ground as possible and spread the cement with his foot as it fell out, when it would mix with the water and set. Fortunately for us there was a quantity of cement at Murmansk, and more fortunately still there was a vessel due shortly to leave for Kem, only four hours' distance by sea from Soroka. A hurried cable to the D.N.T.O. produced a promise to ship 300 barrels (at £2 12s. 6d. a barrel) within a few days.

Meanwhile there was plenty to do in constructing the wooden bulkheads ; in cleaning away the debris from the engine-room and stoke-hole ; in strengthening the ship's derricks and rigging new gear ; in bringing aboard and cutting to size heavy 16-inch logs from Stewart's mill with which to shore down the tank-tops to stand the pressure when the ship should be pumped out ; in connecting up steam-pipes all over the vessel and persuading the rusted winches to work again ; in taking accurate soundings in the direction in which the ship would be taken out when she floated ; in strengthening the poop and the after-hatch coamings with timber, cutting a hole in the poop and fitting a fairlead (without pneumatic tools) so that the ship could be heaved off to an anchor laid out on the port quarter ; in lowering pumps down into the holds and connecting up suctions, and in half a hundred other directions.

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Towards the end of July I heard that the 12-inch

motor-pump had arrived in Archangel, and went over with the *Aleida Johanna* to collect it. I found in charge of it a small motor-engineer, about twenty years old, whom I had not previously met. His voice showed that he came from the Tyne and his look that he preferred Newcastle to Archangel. He paid very little attention to me beyond telling me that he had had to come away at a day's notice and had not had time to get all the spares he wanted, and devoted himself entirely to the pump, on which he would allow no Russian to lay a sacrilegious finger.

Both he and I watched it with a good deal of anxiety as, a day or two later, it went up the side of the *Ulidia* and was lowered down No. 2 hold—for the ship's derricks had not improved with two years' neglect, the pump weighed a ton and a half, and the box containing its suctions and steel discharge-pipes, three tons.

However, it was got safely into the 'tween-decks and pushed aft against the bulkhead. The purpose of this was that, by cutting out a plate in the bulkhead, and by having one set of suctions in the stokehold and another in No. 2 hold, the pump could be made available for whichever compartment most needed it.

The law of the obstinacy of inanimate objects, which usually ordains that there shall be a stanchion or something of the sort in precisely the most awkward position, did not operate in this case ; for immediately above the pump was a ventilator, and up this the 12-inch iron discharge-pipes were led. A bend on the top allowed the pump to discharge clear over the side near the gangway. This led to a number of alarms and excursions ; for Reay, the motor engineer, from his position at the pump in the 'tween-decks, never knew whether or not there were boats alongside when he started the pump and was not usually

disposed to climb out of the hold to see. There would be a few preliminary coughings and splutterings as he started the engine, but these gave very little warning, and within a few seconds the pump would be throwing water "full bore," and a solid stream from the 12-inch pipe would be falling at the rate of 700-800 tons an hour on to whatever happened to be beneath it. The *Aleida Johanna* on the first occasion filled nearly up to the rails before Reay could be persuaded to hear, above the roar of his engine, the voices of the agitated Russians shouting down No. 2 hatch.

These episodes were, however, nothing beside the renewed feeling of confidence which the pump gave to all concerned.

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About this time we had our first taste of bad weather —a two-days blow from the N.E., the worst quarter. The ship moved about as if she were at sea and we spent two harassed and sleepless nights as we listened to her grinding and straining on the rocks. Whether as a result of this blow or of the poor quality of the cement, subsequent pumping tests showed that the ship was far from tight and that a good deal of water came through from under Captain Grunberg's bulkheads. (The trouble with cement is that, if it once cracks, the water will go through 6 feet of it as easily as through 6 inches.)

The 12-inch pump could dry out No. 2 hold in half an hour or so, but it had to be kept running, if the hold were to remain dry. The two big steam pumps could pump out the engine-room and stokehold, but the donkey boiler could not give them sufficient steam and the *Aleida Johanna* had to remain alongside and give the steam through a flexible steam-pipe. By shifting the suctions of one of the big steam-pumps temporarily to No. 3, No. 3 and No. 4 holds could be

pumped out and could be kept dry with the 4-inch Worthington.

This left no reserve pumping power, nothing for No. 1 hold and no tug available to get hold of the ship when she floated and take her across to the other side of the bay, where we had decided temporarily to repair her. To add to our troubles, all local opinion was unanimous that we should expect little more fine weather, and that after the middle of August strong gales would be increasingly common and would develop into gales at the beginning of September.

It was now that I bitterly regretted all our pumps in England. But, like the Dutchman's anchor, they had been left behind and regret was useless. It seemed hopeless to look for any more pumps locally. By a fortunate accident, however, some houses in Soroka had recently been burnt down, and a week or two after the fire there arrived a handsome motor fire-pump for the captain of the port. It had two 4-inch suctions, but was intended to draw water from nearly its own level and throw it to a height. Still, it was a pump, and after prolonged negotiations, assisted by one or two bottles of whisky, it was brought on board in triumph and placed down No. 1 hold on a special staging, Soroka being left to look after itself.

But it was now August 28th—we had spent a good many thousands of pounds, the ship was not yet afloat, England was more than two thousand miles away, and the evacuation of North Russia seemed every day more certain. Already the summer was nearly over and darkness was setting in quite early in the evenings, while September 2nd was the last of the spring-tides.

Things looked black even in England. Among my father's papers I recently found a copy of a letter to Admiral Philpott, the Director of Naval Equipment. "We are very troubled about Desmond," he wrote,

" in view of the alarming reports from the White Sea. He will be almost the only Englishmen on board the *Ulidia* and I expect all the rest of the crowd will become Bolshevists and he will have trouble in getting away. I don't know whether it is possible to send him a cable recommending him to return at once ; it would probably be difficult to reach him as he said he was going to live on board the wreck. Perhaps his friend the D.N.T.O. at Archangel might be able to communicate with him, although he will have enough to do to get away himself by all accounts."

I sent a telegram to Dawes asking him to despatch a big tug, if possible with a pump on board, and Grey and I went off to Popoff in search of a pump we remembered to have seen there on the quay, after having agreed with Captain Grunberg that only ordinary routine work was to be carried out in our absence.

We found the pump where it had lain since it arrived brand-new three years before. The harbour-master was only too glad to get rid of it. It appeared that he had indented for a small pump with which to pump out barges. The commission on such a pump would not, however, have been sufficiently large for the official whose business it was to buy it, and he had therefore ordered the one we saw. This weighed over six tons, and was of a type intended to distribute water over a whole town. It had with it no suction- or discharge-pipes. However, it was a 10-inch steam-pump, and we decided that we could make flanges for it and connect up our spare 12-inch pipes to it. The additional pumping power thus gained would be invaluable.

Unfortunately the captain of Stewart's small tug, in which we had come round, was quite decided (and not without reason) that his decks would not carry it.

A hurried telephone conversation with the

A.Q.M.G. of General Maynard's force, and an explanation of our difficulties, produced an immediate order to the R.T.O., Popoff, to supply us with a special engine and truck and the promise of a clear line to Soroka. My opinion of the staff went up with a bound. But it was impossible to lift the pump on to the truck in one piece. The engine-room staff of a tug-boat alongside was enlisted, and after a strenuous couple of hours the pump was reduced to its main constituent parts loaded and securely lashed by Grey, and we were off. We were soon grateful for the lashing, for it was a hair-raising journey. The track between Popoff and Soroka was very bad and the single flat truck, without sides, swayed about in the most alarming manner in the rear of the engine. We were afraid all the time that it would capsize or that some piece of the pump would break loose and take charge. This, however, was not our only trouble. The engine burned wood and we travelled the whole way in a cloud of sparks which, falling on us faster than we could pick them off, burned innumerable holes in our clothes. None the less we were in great spirits for we had the feeling that we carried with us what might prove to be the deciding factor in the operations.

We had sent the tug-boat off as soon as we had been promised the special train, to give Captain Grunberg orders for a barge and a working party to be alongside the pier to meet us and to get the pump aboard the wreck without delay.

It was about eleven o'clock and pitch dark when we ran into the deserted station of Soroka. It was a mass of sidings and engine-shops and we were faced with the necessity of complicated shunting to work our truck across the yards and down the pier, the single line of which was usually filled for its entire length with empty wagons. Leaving Grey to watch the engine-driver, who seemed anxious to uncouple the

truck and return home, I proceeded to dig out of his bed the R.T.O., who was a friend of ours, and with his help to mobilise a party of Russians. They were not enthusiastic, but after an hour's hard work we were puffing slowly down the pier. Grey had walked on ahead and I was in the cab of the engine. I heard him shouting, but it was a minute or two before I understood him to say that there was no barge alongside and no sign of anyone from the *Ulidia*. The engine-driver took advantage of our preoccupation to make his escape, and we were left standing alone on the pier.

There was no hope of any tug in Soroka at midnight, and we made our way to the hut in which lived the marine corporal and half a dozen privates, who had relieved the A.S.C. and were now " Supplies, Soroka," with the idea of spending the night there. Their mess had become a club for us and we were soon drinking tea and hot rum with them. It was very welcome, but it could not relieve our anxiety as to the state of affairs aboard the wreck in our absence. Perhaps, however, it stimulated us to make the decision we did. This was to row off to the ship in one of the small boats used for the ferry—a sufficiently mad idea, for they were hardly larger than canoes and of much the same construction. The *Ulidia* was over four miles out—six miles, including Soroka channel—in the open sea. No sign of her could be seen ; the night was black, without moon or stars, and there was a fresh wind blowing. Moreover, there were strong tide-rips in the bay. Grey probably appreciated the risks much better than I did, but we pushed off, carrying a lantern in the stern. Only one of us could row at a time and changing seats in our cockle-shell of a boat was not easy.

So long as we were under the shelter of the land all went well, but when we were out in the open bay our chances of reaching the *Ulidia* seemed very problem-

atical. Once a tide-rip caught the boat and turned her completely round, and several times we shipped a good deal of water. For what seemed hours we continued to row in the direction of the wreck without seeing any signs of her, and we were beginning to think that we had missed her and were rowing out into the White Sea. We discussed the question of turning round, but the ebb-tide was now running strongly and it was a question whether we should be able to pull back against it. While we were considering what to do, Grey, who was sitting in the stern-sheets, called out, and, turning round, I saw the black mass of the ship looming up broadside on ahead of us. Pulling with renewed vigour, we were soon close up to her.

Both of us felt suddenly as though we must be living in a nightmare. The ship was there, and yet there was some extraordinary change in her which we could not at first understand. Then we realised what it was. She had turned completely round, and her bows were now, as nearly as we could judge, where her stern had been before.

Hurriedly, we climbed over the side. The first sound that we heard as we ran forward was the roar of the engine of the 12-inch pump. This showed that something unusual must be happening, for the pump was never run at night. Yet the ship seemed in almost the same position—except that she had turned round. We almost fell down No. 2 hatch in our haste to get to Reay. For once his Tyneside reserve had left him and he was voluble. "The —— have chucked her away," he said, indignantly. "Captain Grunberg told me to start the pump about three o'clock. I thought it was just for a trial, so I came down here and got her away. I never knew they'd started pumping all the other compartments as well.

"The first thing I knew, they came rushing to me as if they were mad. It seems that as soon as they got

her pumped pretty dry she floated—all except the stern of her, and that's still fast on the same rock—and swung right round with her bows in deep water.

"They can't take her away, because we haven't a tug. The *Johanna* has to stay alongside to give steam for the pumps through the flexible steam-pipe. She's leaking badly everywhere, and here in No. 2 hold I've got to keep the motor-pump running full-bore to keep the water under. . . . If it stops she'll fill up and go down in deep water. . . .

"Old Captain Grunberg has been here praying me to keep it going. But you can't run a motor-pump like a steam-pump. She's overheating and missing a lot—she's been running since three o'clock, and it's half-past two now—and I've had to nurse her all the time . . . if she stops we've lost the —— ship."

Reay was very tired, for he had been working long shifts. The pump was also doubtless tired of pumping cement and water for twelve hours. But as the ship would sink if either of them gave up it was clear that they would both have to carry on. Grey and I went on deck, first to relieve our feelings by asking Captain Grunberg what the hell he meant by it, secondly as a forlorn hope, to keep a look-out for the lights of the tug from Archangel which would be just about due—assuming that my telegram had been transmitted with reasonable speed and accuracy by the Russian Post Office at Soroka, assuming that General Dawes was not away from Archangel, assuming that he had a tug to spare, and was willing to send it, assuming that the Commodore had agreed to its being sent.

The big pump was still running, Reay standing alongside it, haggard and exhausted and nearly asleep, but alive to the slightest change in its steady note. Grey and I, who had been pacing the deck together and were nearly as tired, stared at the horizon, watching for the first glimpse of smoke. As soon as

there was a little more light Grey roused out the unwilling crew of the launch and went off in the direction from which the tug should come. Soon the launch was a mere spot in the distance, and then she had disappeared.

I was sitting on the bitts on the forecastle-head, too tired to think and too despondent to sleep, when, looking up suddenly I saw a trail of smoke. Was it the launch returning, or was it the tug? I ran for my glasses, only to put them down dejectedly. It was the launch. But looking up again a few minutes later, I saw more smoke astern of her, and it was not long before I could make out the shape of a big tug of the *Saint* class coming up at full speed. As she drew nearer, Grey went aboard her.

It was evident that he had convinced her captain of the urgency of the case. Skilfully handled, she came alongside the *Ulidia's* port bow, her crew all on deck making her ropes ready and unlashing the 6-inch motor-pump she carried. Within twenty minutes the pump was aboard and was down No. 2 hold, close to the 12-inch, with its suctions and discharge-pipes connected up. The ship's own engineers could not get it to start, but Reay, leaving the 12-inch pumping bore to its own devices, put in a few minutes' strenuous work and it was soon pouring a stream of water at the rate of 300-400 tons an hour over the side of the *Ulidia*. Thenceforward Reay divided his time between the two pumps, going from one to the other as either showed signs of stopping.

Grey took charge on deck and arranged for signals to the *St. Mellons* and to the *Aleida Johanna* (made fast on the starboard side) from the top of the chartroom. Then he gave the order, "Ahead—slow," to both tugs. . . . The ropes tightened, and, even before we had time to wonder whether she would stir, the ship began to move almost imperceptibly ahead, without

a jar or a quiver, from the rock on which she had lain for over two years. . . . Half, and she began to gather speed. . . . Then "Ahead Full" to the *Johanna* and "Slow" to the *St. Mellons*, and she swung gradually round and headed for the pier across the bay, alongside which we intended to put her.

It was a beautiful morning—Sunday, August 31st—the sunshine brilliant, and the waters of the bay, fringed with woods, flat calm. Grey handled her well, steering her to a nicety by varying the speed of the tugs. As we came to the end of the pier the *St. Mellons* cast off and went out astern, and the ship came alongside so gently that one could hardly feel her touch.

DESMOND YOUNG

"THE LIONS ARE LOOSE!"

OF course, I had many adventures and encounters on these Continental journeys, but two particularly stand out in my memory.

One of these experiences was in 1876, when I was in France, and the proprietor of the Port St. Martin Theatre in Paris sought me out at Clermont-Ferrand. He told me he was about to produce for the second time *Round the World in Eighty Days*, and as he had seen a coloured man performing with eight lions at the circus, he thought they might effectively be introduced into the play in a love-scene which takes place in an African forest.

Well, he engaged the lions at a salary of £320 a month, and I undertook to provide the scene for what was really a fine and exciting situation. This effective scene, representing a piece of forest, was what is professionally known as a cutcloth, reaching the full width of the stage. Instead, however, of being made of ordinary theatrical material, it was composed

of gas-piping, bent in every conceivable form, and varying in thickness from 3 inches to ½ an inch. To this framing was attached the painted foliage cut from sheet-iron, the whole being put close enough together to prevent the lions getting through, though they and their surroundings were all clearly visible to the spectators. It was all made from my design by my gas engineer at the Amphitheatre in the Westminster Bridge Road, and was delayed in its transit from London to Paris till two days before the production of the piece, so that no rehearsal with the scene in position was possible.

As for the lions, I did not want to part with those that were travelling with my circus, so having another group at Margate, where I had purchased the Hall-by-the-Sea and the Kitchen Garden from the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company, I resolved to use the latter. I therefore went to England, boxed up the lions in wooden cages, and sent them with all speed to Paris. With them, I sent two men, keepers in my zoo at Margate, Walter Stratford and W. Pitcher.

The lions arrived in Paris on the Friday morning, the production being fixed for the Sunday, and as everything was behind, including the fixing of the iron forest, it was decided that there should be no rehearsal with the animals until Saturday. In the meantime the lions were lowered into a cellar under the stage.

I was very early astir on the Saturday in order to rehearse the lions before very many people were about. Directly I got inside of the theatre, however, I was astonished to see a crowd about it. As I drew nearer, I could see there were a lot of gendarmes present, and also my two men from Margate. When they caught sight of me, they rushed forward with faces white as wax, Stratford wringing his hands and

crying: "Oh, guv'nor, guv'nor! The lions are loose!"

"Loose!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Loose from their dens!" he replied. "And this gentleman here," pointing to a gendarme officer, "says they must be shot in the interests of public safety."

"Oh no!" I said to the gendarme. "No shooting, please." Then, turning to my fellows, I said: "Come along, come along! Let us get them into the dens." But to my surprise they did not budge. "Come along!" I said again. "Aren't you coming?" Again I got no response, so with a few unkindly remarks as to their want of pluck, I took the oil-lamp from the watchman who had been on duty at the theatre, and told him to unlock the stage door.

When he had done so, I entered alone, the oil-lamp in one hand and an ordinary walking-stick in the other. I rambled all over the theatre stage, dress-circle, pit, etc., and finding no trace of the lions, concluded that they were still in the cellar. With the dim light I had it was difficult to find my way about, but down I went, and not seeing the lions in the upper cellar, crossed over to descend to the lower one. As I did so, a lion suddenly made a rush for the same opening, and as he came, struck me with his head in the small of my back with such force as to make me turn a complete somersault.

I landed on my feet, thanks to my old circus experience, but I confess that for the moment I was unnerved. The lantern, however, was still in my hand and still burning, so after collecting my thoughts, I descended the steps to the lower cellar. Then I made for the spot on which the dens had been placed. There was a great deal of old scenery, rubbish, and cast-off properties about, so I very carefully made the rounds of the cellar, picking my way at every step.

All at once I saw eyes like balls of fire in the distant darkness. "Oh, there you are, you rascals!" I shouted, knowing that the animals would recognise my voice. Then I struck my cane on the various properties lying about, and at the same time swung the lantern to and fro. This had the effect of making the eight lions leap and bound in all directions. The rattle of the old canvas and other material that was thrown over by the heavy beasts, together with their surprise at my appearance, made them run round the cellar several times. By this time I was quite awake to the situation. I knew from experience that the beasts would make for their dens when they tired a bit. So it proved, for presently, after another race round, they made for the cases they had escaped from. I saw three get into one of the great boxes, and five into another, leaving two empty. Then I pushed to and blocked as well as I could the sliding doors of the cases, and hurried up to inform the men that the danger was over, and the lions safely housed.

I got my men to come down, and while twelve gendarmes with rifles occupied the stage, we nailed up the cage doors and made all secure for the time being.

Then I went off to breakfast and to wait for the dress rehearsal.

This commenced at nine o'clock on the Saturday night, the house being filled by invited friends, pressmen, the Mayor of Paris, and a host of important personages. From the stage the theatre presented quite an imposing appearance, and after the rehearsal of each scene, the manager would walk forward and ask the spectators if they could suggest any improvement. Sometimes a suggestion was made, and the scene would be rehearsed again. All this meant delay, and so the thing went on until about three in the morning.

Before the forest scene with the lions was produced,

there was an interval of an hour for refreshments, and after this, the whole theatre was agog with excitement. The dens containing the lions had to be " craned " out of the cellar at the last moment, owing to the space required for the early part of the play. The den with the five lions was got up, and put at the back ready for use all right, but in lifting the box with the three lions, the rope slipped, with the result that the animals were thrown against the makeshift door with such force that one of them fell out.

In an instant a scene-shifter who had been helping rushed up to the proprietor, who was on the stage by me, and in an excited whisper, said: " The lions are loose ! The lions are loose ! " The director for a moment was speechless, then he threw himself into a chair, quivering like a jelly. Then he caught hold of my hand and cried : " The lions are loose ! My God, do you hear ? The lions are loose ! "

I was quite collected, and said calmly : " All right, sir, all right ! It will be all right ! " "What ! " he said, glaring at me, " What ! All right ! Don't you see I'm ruined ! " And he paced the stage like a madman. I saw that the lion had got back in his place again, and that the beasts were ready for the performance, and managed at last to bring the fact home to the director, greatly to his relief. Now came another shock. The coloured performer, the hero of the forest scene, was missing.

When he was found, he was helpless. Admiring friends had been entertaining him not wisely but too well, and he could neither speak nor stand. I volunteered to pull the director out of this fresh hole, and finding my way to the dressing-room, speedily blacked up for the part, and found a suitable wig and dress. The scene was now ready, and on I went. There was only one drawback. I knew nothing whatever of the lines of the part, and as I was not a proficient French

scholar, I could not have spoken them very well even if I had known them.

However, I gagged as best I could, while my fair companion in the scene spoke her part. At the proper moment came the roar of the lions, done by an ingenious instrument contrived for the purpose in case the lions should not roar when they were wanted to do so. The young actress took fright at the beasts, and I had a job to compose her in the love-making scene, after which she was led behind a small ironwork screen for safety. Then came the professional thunder and lightning, roaring and clamour, the lions being forced on to the stage at the back while, with two nine-chambered revolvers, I made them bound, snarl, and show their teeth, and some half-dozen men at the back kept up a rattle of revolver-shots to work up the excitement.

In the finishing scene, a very thrilling one, the big lion, who was as harmless as a dog, jumped when I stamped my foot, and put his forepaws on my shoulders as he had been trained to do. Then I threw him off, and falling to the stage with him, we rolled over together as if in combat, the lion, at the end, lying quite still as if dead, while I rose and put my foot on his body in an attitude of triumph.

How those Frenchmen yelled and screamed at this! They seemed to go mad with excitement. The curtain was lowered and raised again five times. At the last, I prevailed upon the pretty young actress to come forward with me to the centre of the stage amongst the animals before the audience. As she did so, she shook to such an extent that I found it almost impossible to support her. The applause was wonderful, the curtain fell for the fifth time, and as it did so, I noticed that the fair cheek of my companion had a large patch of black upon it, gained when, in her fear of the lions, she had reclined her head upon my shoulder.

There was another interval of an hour, during which the lions were cleared away, and the Mayor, the pressmen, and the notabilities came upon the stage. The manager was so delighted with the success that he kissed me in the Continental fashion upon both my black cheeks. All were agreed the scene was magnificent. As it was now five in the morning, and there was another scene to be rehearsed which did not affect me, I made my exit, very tired indeed. I need only remark that with the real coloured man and my lions, the piece ran sixteen months, making a fortune for the lucky and enterprising proprietor.

LORD GEORGE SANGER

MY FIGHT WITH BOMBARDIER WELLS

ABOUT this time I was in such splendid shape and was feeling so well and growing so quickly that Descamps, with much preamble, I would have it known, came to me and said : " Georges, there is the big bombardier, Billy Wells. Once at Leigh-on-Sea, when you were training, and after a spar with him in which he used you rather roughly, you said, ' Wait until I am a little bigger, and then I will fight him.' Well, there is to be an exhibition at Ghent, and people have come to me and asked me whether you will meet him. Remember that he is more than six feet tall, that he has a reach from here to there, that he is nearly three stones heavier, that he is the champion heavyweight of Great Britain. What say you ? "

I recollected that as a very small boy at Earl's Court I had sparred with him when he was training to fight with Jack Johnson, and I was preparing to fight Sid Burns ; that, rightly or wrongly, I had got the notion that it was easy to find his body ; that he was a highly sensitive man ; that if I could only beat him,

the best man in England, my way to fame and fortune would be all the easier. So I said to Descamps :

" Make the match at once ; and I shall win it. But if I am beaten—what should I lose ? Nothing. I will have the gamble of my life. It will be worth it."

So the match was made. I was not then more than eleven stone and a half, and I should say that Wells was approaching, if he did not actually exceed, thirteen stone. I have a cutting from one of the London newspapers which riddled holes in the idea of my taking on Wells, and between the lines there was the suggestion, plain for everybody to see, that I was about to become a party to a " fake."

I would tell the writer this : far from the fight being a " fake," I entered into it because of the experience I had gained in daily sparring with Wells. To me, to Descamps, the big, delightful Bombardier had severe limitations ; I knew at least, I felt, that if I could but get to grips with him I would knock him out.

Further, both Papke and Klaus had taught me much about in-fighting, a phase of the game at which you, who know your boxing, will admit Wells does not excel.

However, the match took place in the grounds of the Brussels Exhibition on Sunday, June 1, 1913. It was staged in what was a half-completed floral hall. The day was terribly wet. Still, a great crowd came to it, among whom were hundreds of miners from Lens ; and when, as I appeared in the ring, they roared their encouragement to me, I said to Descamps, " Now or never." Men of Lens, you helped me to happiness and success on that Sunday !

No sooner had we begun, however, than Wells shot out his left hand that seemed miles long. I strove to get inside of it, but the Bombardier standing bolt upright, a perfect boxer, held me at bay. He was a

giant ; by comparison I was a dwarf ; it was David and Goliath all over again. And crash came the right of the Bombardier, and down I went, my knees almost breaking to pieces. I sickened. I could feel my colour changing ; my head was a whirl ; specks of black danced impishly before my eyes. Yet I could see, I could hear, and while I knelt and shook my head and did battle with the muzziness that had come into my brain, I heard the people as one man shout and hiss. They shouted and hissed at Descamps.

" Assassin ! " they yelled. " Stop it ! " And for a second or two I felt sure they were right. But at the count of nine I rose. " I will be killed before I give in ! " I determined ; but my legs had lost their straightness ; they bent horribly, so that it was as much as I could do to keep myself from reeling all over the ring.

I was in no sort of condition to fight ; I was helpless, hopeless, and why Wells did not walk up to me and end the contest there and then I shall never be able to understand. It would have been ridiculously easy for him to have done so. There he was, to me in my pitiful condition, as big as a mountain, and yet he did not move towards me. His blue eyes bulged ; he stood as a man transfixed. That I, having been hit so hard, could scramble up, appeared to produce in him a mental and physical paralysis. Here he had me beaten to the world. I was faint ; I could not wonder ; the strength to build even a poor defence was not in me ; only in a half-blind sort of way could I toddle up to him and lean on to his huge frame. Had he sidestepped me and hit me ever such a puny blow I should have been defeated. But he did not do even an elementary thing ; he obligingly held me up, and I survived the first round.

" How do you feel ? " inquired Descamps, whose face was all trouble.

"He is too big and heavy for me. But I will see how I go the next round. I will just hang on."

Round number two I spent nursing my sickened body. I kept close : I confess that I leaned on. I did not attempt one blow likely to take away what little strength remained. My eyes were still blurred ; my head ached. I was only half able to know what to do. I know that every man who looked on had come to the conclusion that it was all over ; not one spectator in the big building (not even myself) thought otherwise when I entered upon the second round. I learned afterwards that a well-known member of the National Sporting Club, when I was knocked down, had offered £1000 to £3 on Wells, and there was no taker.

It was then a million to one on the Bombardier.

And in the second round I suffered awful mental agony. I went into it, knowing full well that I was nearly all but beaten ; only a miracle, I was sure, could save me. Here was Wells, ever so many inches taller then myself and at least a couple of stone heavier, and whilst I was sore distressed he had not been touched ! If ever a man had me in his pocket that man was Wells.

However, I assumed a face of brass. I had seen, while I was being tended and nursed and soothed in my corner, that although Wells had practically finished me, there was much nervousness in him. There was a strange look in his eyes ; he did not appear to hear or understand a word whispered to him by his chief second and manager, Jim Maloney. And as I took stock of him it came upon me like a flash that even Wells was wondering what the end would be.

Had this not been forced on my mind I do believe that I should have given up the ghost at the end of the

first round. When I had got through the second and I had almost completely thrown off the effects of that mighty punch I had received at the very beginning of the contest, I had hopes that I would pull through. Let me say that I shall never be able to understand why Wells, with all his physical advantages, did not insist on boxing instead of allowing me to get inside. With his tremendous left he could have held me off entirely, and when I saw that he did not stretch himself to his full and tremendous height, I rejoiced exceedingly. If he had only done the obvious thing he could have polished me off, and it may be that to-day he would have been the champion of champions.

Doubling himself up, and thereby standing little higher than myself, and by refusing to make use of his speed—there is no faster heavy-weight in all the countries than Wells ; there is certainly no prettier or more stylish boxer—I was able to get to grips and pound away at his stomach. After every blow I delivered I felt him cringe. Then I was positive I had a chance.

" And how now, my good Georges ? " asked Descamps at the end of the second round.

" *Très bien*, François," I answered gaily, and the little man's eyes sparkled. He grinned and chatted and hummed a tune in turn.

Half-way through the third round I was absolutely sure that, barring an accident, I would win, for this is what happened.

As I left my corner I jumped at Wells. In a second I was hammering at his body and I hurt him. I could feel his frame rock ; he half grunted. He was buckling up. Descamps saw what was happening and when the gong told that the round was over and I sat in my corner to have my limbs massaged, he cried : " Go in for all you are worth next time. If you do—finis ! You have won."

I was now a new man, an inspired man. I was strong ; I was filled with joy.

As in the third, so in the fourth round. I leapt at the Bombardier, whose white skin had many crimson patches splashed all over it. To attempt to hit him anywhere but on his body would have been fatal to my chances. To reach his chin seemed impossible. So, making my body swing, and giving to each blow its weight, I drove left and right to the neighbourhood of the waist-line. Wells shivered, and he did not attempt to return my punches. He appeared to have been seized with an amazing stiffness. I felt his legs tremble ; every time I hit him I reduced his height. He was a man seized with a cruel cramp.

And then, at a signal from Descamps—the best and surest reader of a fight I have ever known—I uppercut Wells just below the breast-bone ; his guard dropped, and with a swinging right that started from my hip I caught him full on the chin and over he went. He was counted out. GEORGES CARPENTIER

PHOTOGRAPHING LIONS BY FLASH-LIGHT

ON our way our attention was attracted by some vultures sitting on the dead branches of a tree. Where vultures congregate there is likely to be meat, and the meat is more than likely to be a lion's kill. If there was one thing more than another that we wanted to find it was this, so we hastened towards the vultures, but for a long while were unable to find any sign of meat. At last our search was rewarded by the discovery of some animal's entrails. Following the signs of blood we soon came to the remains of a hartebeest hidden among the grass under a high grass-covered bank, below which was the dry bed of a

small stream. The animal had been partly eaten. Nothing remained but the shoulders, head and fragments of the hindquarters. From the condition of the grass we were able to determine definitely whether the carcass had been eaten where it lay or whether it had been dragged and hidden there after the lions had had their meal. The latter seemed the more probable, however, as the grass had been much trampled in a little depression about forty yards from the bank. If we had arranged the setting to suit the requirements of flash-light photographing we could not have found anything more entirely satisfactory for the position of the kill than where the lions had placed it. Not only was the background most excellent, with the high bank of grass overshadowed by two overhanging thorn trees which made the composition nearly perfect, but there was a knoll on the opposite bank where the boma* could be built in such a way as to control the situation most completely. The gully would be quite a valuable protection against a surprise attack by the lions, as they would be under great disadvantage in having to come up the steep bank, where a long spring would be practically impossible. Then, too, there were splendid positions for the cameras, where they would be near the boma, and clear of any intervening brush.

Altogether we were more than pleased with our good fortune, and our trip to the Thika was abandoned in view of the comparative certainty of seeing lion pictures where we were. How much good luck was in store for us we did not know, but we were about to enjoy the finest night's sport that had yet come to us—the crowning night of the twenty-eight which we had spent in our endeavours to obtain flash-light pictures of the African beasts.

* A native hut constructed of logs and leaves, in which the photographers concealed themselves and their apparatus.

Time was valuable, as we had much to do before night, for it was noon when we found the lion's kill, and we were three miles from camp. The photographic outfit had to be brought, a boma built, and everything put in perfect readiness for the night's work. So we hurried back to camp, had lunch, and returned with the outfit, and men to build the boma. Three cameras were placed in a line about eight or ten feet apart, and nine yards from the kill. They and the flash were all on one electric circuit, so that they might operate simultaneously. In the boma, which was ten yards from the kill, were two more cameras, and an extra flash to be used in case the others failed, or in the event of a lion remaining after the first flash had been fired, or they might even be used if a lion charged.

We had everything ready by about half-past five, when the boys brought to us our much needed dinner. After eating it we crawled into the boma, put up the bars of the opening, and settled ourselves down to enjoy a cup of hot coffee and a quiet smoke. We had just finished, and darkness was settling fast on the country, when to our surprise we heard a slight sound in the grass beyond the dead hartebeest. Very soon we were able to distinguish a light shadowy form coming slowly through the grass. Then another and another. Lions they were without doubt. Three more than we had bargained for, and to have them all within twelve or fourteen yards was, to put it mildly, exciting—almost too much so. The night was so intensely dark that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could see anything under the shade of the trees. The lions looked unreal; their ghostly forms blended with the grass so that we could scarcely tell where they were. Two seemed to be above the kill, and one lower down, and to the side. They were making strange noises, which sounded like the crunch-

ing of bones, and I feared there was one lion at the carcase, and that he would carry it away. If that happened we should lose all chance of any more pictures, as I for one would not care to go out in the dark to haul back the lions' kill after they had carried it away. To satisfy myself I turned on the little electric pocket lamp, and by its light could see there were three lions sure enough, but that only one was near enough to the kill to be within the field of the cameras. This one was a lioness, and as the light fell on the big creature her eyes gleamed with the brilliancy of jewels. I was so interested in the wonderful picture, and so excited, that for the moment the idea of pressing the electric button scarcely entered my head, but soon I realised the fact that if I did not soon act trouble might come our way, and I might, through several causes, lose the opportunity of securing a picture, so I pressed the button, and, with a report like a shot, the blinding flash illuminated the scene with its unnaturally brilliant, bluish light, which was followed by darkness more intense and impenetrable than ever. The lions, startled and frightened by the sudden interruption, retreated in haste, uttering low growls as they went, but as we had three photographs of them we were delighted. The next question was the filling of the flash-lamp and re-setting of the shutters. Should it be done at once before the lions had recovered from their surprise, or should we wait until they had gone further? The former course was the better, as we had no means of telling how far they had gone and if we waited they might return and catch us outside, in which case the consequences might be unpleasant, so with reluctance we both went out of our comfortable shelter to do the most disagreeable part of flash-light work. Needless to say no time was wasted. The three cameras and the flash were put in readiness, and we crawled back into the boma with a feeling of

intense relief. For two hours nothing occurred to disturb the night save the occasional roaring of lions and the distant barking of zebras. My companion was asleep while I kept watch. It was about nine o'clock when I heard sounds of something approaching, and I awoke my sleeping companion so that we should both be ready for anything which might occur. Soon the form of a lioness was discernible coming slowly toward the kill. Nearer and nearer she crept until she appeared to have reached it. Instantly I pressed the button, and secured some of the best pictures I have made of lions. She was broadside to the cameras, crouching as though about to commence the meal when the flash went off, and she was only about ten yards from us. She went away with a bound and a growl, and we hoped she had taken herself off to a respectable distance, for the cameras had to be re-set again in case any more lions might come. It seemed scarcely possible that they would after the two bad frights they had received, but as there was absolutely no telling what these fearless animals might do, it was best to be ready. Accordingly, armed with rifles and lights, we went out and completed the task. For a long time after that we saw no more of the hungry creatures, but they kept us constantly on the *qui vive* by their roaring, which sounded in every direction. There could be no doubt we were in a thoroughly good lion region, for there must have been at least a dozen of them within half a mile of us. At two o'clock when we were about to change watch, for I was very tired, and badly in need of some sleep, we heard a low growl, then more growling, and sounds as though some animal or animals were coming through the dry grass. For a long while we could see nothing. The growling, however, continued until it got on our nerves. There is something decidedly uncanny in the sound of a lion growling when you

cannot see the animal, but know it is probably within fifteen or twenty yards of you. At last three lions came within sight. They were on the bank overlooking the kill, and as they roved about they would mysteriously disappear among the high grass and dark shadows of the trees. The horrible growling never ceased for a moment. It was evident that the lions fully understood that our presence was a menace to them, while we, on our part, had come to the conclusion that they were a decided menace to us. To make matters worse, even though more interesting, a fourth lion approached from the *back* of the boma. He, too, growled, as he came along, and we felt we were really in for trouble. At one time he could not have been more than *three* yards away from us. The situation, though not by any means pleasant, was exciting, but we could not help wondering as to the possible outcome, either photographic or otherwise. Home certainly seemed a long way off, and I wondered whether I should ever see it again. It seemed to us as though the four lions would never make up their minds what to do. They were probably debating whether to attack us or go to their meal, and, after what seemed an interminable time, one of the growling animals—a lioness—came down the bank. When she was within a few feet of the kill we turned the electric light on her, and almost at the same moment released the flash shutters. After the severe strain which we had been undergoing, the sudden report of that flash sounded so loud that it actually startled us. The lions, instead of rushing away as they had done before, retreated most deliberately, growling ominously as they went. What became of the one which had been behind us we could not tell, as the flash had silenced him. If, earlier in the night, we had been averse to leaving the comparative safety of the boma, it may be easily understood that after

all the excitement of the last hour we absolutely dreaded facing the outside darkness. The attitude of the lions had been decidedly threatening, and the idea of four of them being about caused us to wonder whether it would not be better to give up the chance of any more pictures that night. For that it was a risk there was not the slightest doubt. The lions were unquestionably enraged at being interrupted in their meal, and if they decided to attack us we should have very small chance of defending ourselves against four, or even more of them. After much deliberation we concluded that as we might never again have such an opportunity it would be foolish not to make the most of it, and so, with fear and trembling (I confess it), we pushed down the bars and went out. How frightfully dark it was ! The little light from the electric torch seemed rather to accentuate than relieve it, and the deep roar of the lions could be heard in all directions. It was altogether weird and horrible. We carefully scrutinised the immediate surroundings, but could discern no sign of the lions. So the cameras were once again set, and the flash filled, while we wondered what the next pictures would be. It did not take us very long to complete our task, and we were soon safely ensconced once more in our little boma.

Less than two hours had passed before our next visitors arrived—only two this time, and a noisy two they were. Such snarling and growling as they indulged in was highly disconcerting. Backward and forward they walked, always keeping on the bank over the kill, but never coming within the range of the cameras. For over an hour they kept us in suspense, and we were beginning to become used to their menacing tones when they quieted down, and we could see the pair crouching alongside one of the trees. They were facing us, and we felt most uncomfortable. The sudden silence was really more disconcerting than

their growls had been, for a lion is always supposed to be quiet when about to do mischief. Instinctively we both cocked our weapons and held them ready. I also had a heavy revolver convenient in case of a fight at close quarters, for that is what we had every reason to expect. Several seconds passed, long seconds which seemed more like minutes or even hours, but nothing happened, and the deathly silence was appalling. Those two shadowy forms were as motionless as the tree near which they crouched. Should we fire, and so perhaps avert the onrush? In that dim light it would have been risky, as we should probably have missed, and the firing would most likely precipitate the attack. There was still a chance that their attention might be diverted by some occurrence, so we waited, while our eyes tried vainly to penetrate the darkness. All at once there was a sound, and the two creatures came down the bank with a rush and a growl, straight toward us. The seriousness of the situation was alarming, but just as we were expecting to receive them, they changed their minds, and as they reached the sandy stream-bed, not more than five or six yards from us, to our intense relief they turned and beat a rapid retreat up the gully, and that was the last we saw or heard of them.

The night's work was ended, and it was almost a relief to see the gorgeous tropical dawn after the hours of darkness and intense excitement. No one who has not undergone the experience can have any idea of the nervous strain such a night's work implies. If one were simply shooting, the tension would be of comparatively short duration, but where a shot would probably spoil the opportunities for the whole night, it should not be fired except in extreme emergency. The slightest sound or move might result in the loss of a picture, so it is necessary to stay absolutely quiet while the ferocious creatures sit and look at you,

practically within springing distance, for minutes at a time. Although nervous it is fascinating to the utmost. But it is better to have the help of the moon, for if the night be dark the strain of listening for the almost noiseless footsteps of a lion going through grass, and the vain endeavours to pierce the blackness with one's inefficient eyes, is so great that it plays havoc with the nerves. There are several experiences of my African trip which will linger in my memory for many a year, but the night of May 21st will outlast any. Not only was it thrilling, but it resulted in my securing no less than ten photographs of lions, an achievement which I shall probably never equal.

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NOTES

The Finding of the Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. From "The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen," by Howard Carter.

Howard Carter, British archaeologist, was born at Swaffham, Norfolk, in 1873. He made his first visit to Egypt in 1901, assisting Sir Flinders Petrie in excavation work which produced important evidence of the customs of the Neolithic pastoral peoples who were probably the ancestors of the Egyptian race. In 1901, Carter was appointed Inspector-General of antiquities at Thebes and made his first outstanding discovery, that of the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut. In 1907, he became associated with Lord Carnarvon, and from that time concentrated his attention upon The Valley of the Kings at Luxor, where it was known that many tombs and caches existed. The difficulties were immense, and many tombs were located and unearthed only for the discoverers to find that bandits had anticipated them and robbed the tomb of its valuable contents and of its value as a "discovery." After labouring for seven years Carter was rewarded for his patience by the discovery of the first Egyptian tomb to be found intact, exactly as it had been left on the day of the entombment.

Tut-Ankh-Amen, whose mummified body lay in the innermost shrine, was a relatively insignificant monarch of the 18th dynasty, about whom little is known except that he restored the national religion of "Amen" which had been superseded by a form of sun-worship, and was popular on that account. But the importance of the discovery can hardly be over-estimated, since it exposed to view for the first time the actual burial customs of the ancient Egyptians and brought to light many treasures.

P. 3, l. 21. *Luxor :* a village of Egypt, near the Nile, and founded by Amenophis III, who was a prominent builder of temples to the God Karnak in the 18th

dynasty. Luxor is in the vicinity of ancient Thebes—the "hundred-gated Thebes" referred to by Homer, meaning that the city was never walled round but consisted of a number of vast temples, each one a fortress in itself.

P. 4, l. 6. *Akh-en-Aten Cache :* A "cache" is a chamber containing funerary furniture and treasure, but no tomb or mummy. The superficial resemblance of a cache to a genuine tomb gave rise to many disappointments.

P. 8, l. 6. *Lord Carnarvon :* (1866–1923), Fifth Earl of Carnarvon, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He began a life of adventure in which archaeology and politics claimed equal interest, by sailing round the world in a yacht. His travels in the East, in Africa, Australia, and Germany were always fruitful of knowledge which the politician turned to good account. Ill-health led him to spend the winter of 1903 in Egypt, and it was then that his interest in excavation of the Valley of the Tombs first took a strong hold on him. He co-operated with Howard Carter in the work which followed. Lord Carnarvon was a man of great versatility who threw himself wholeheartedly into a variety of undertakings. He died at Luxor as a result of a mosquito bite, his poor state of health being aggravated by fatigue.

A Caravan Journey through Unexplored Tibet. From "To the Forbidden Land," by Sven Hedin.

Sven Hedin (1865), Swedish explorer, whose investigations revolutionised the geography of Central Asia, was born at Stockholm. At the age of twelve, after eagerly absorbing the works of Livingstone, Fenimore Cooper, Jules Verne, and others, he determined to become an explorer. Before leaving school he served for six months on board a vessel in the Caspian Sea, acting as tutor to the "hands." He studied geography and geology at the universities of Upsala and Berlin and also became an expert linguist. His first definite ambition was to explore the Arctic, but the fascination of the East proved a deciding factor, and he spent most of the active years of his life travelling over the ancient caravan routes of Xerxes, Darius, and Tamerlaine, and investigating conditions of life in the Gobi desert and Chinese Turkestan. Sven Hedin's adventures in this

one quarter of the globe were various and unique. He was the first European to cross Tibet into India, overcoming the antagonism of the Tibetans to visitors and being permitted to penetrate into the land of the Holy Books, where he saw temples, monasteries, and sacred objects in connection with the mysterious Lamaist religion. Sven Hedin's investigations of the sources of the Sutlej, the Indus, and the Brahmaputra rivers have been of great value to geographical research.

P. 11, l. 10. *Northern Tibet:* Sven Hedin's caravan approached Tibet from India by way of the Himalayas. Tibet lies on an immense steppe, or series of plateaux, in the eastern part of Asia, adjoining eastern Turkistan, Mongolia, and the Gobi desert. The northern part of Tibet is the furthest from civilisation and the least accessible; it is the highest country in the world, its plains standing 16,000 feet above the sea level.

P. 13, l. 12. *Ladak:* District situated in the broad valley of the Upper Indus on the south-west of Kashmir. It was once part of the Tibetan Empire. At this point caravans leaving India cross the frontier.

P. 17, l. 7. *Karakorum Pass:* one of the links between India and Eastern Turkestan—the conventional name for the whole of the region which is geographically central Asia—and forming a precarious way for travellers, who may have to ascend peaks as high as 22,000 feet.

On the Roof of the World. From "The Assault on Mount Everest," edited by Sir Francis Younghusband.

Captain George Finch was a lecturer on chemistry at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington, when invited, partly on account of his knowledge of climatic conditions in the Himalayas and of the use of oxygen apparatus, to become a member of the Mount Everest (1922) Expedition. The object of the expedition was to climb Mount Everest and reach the summit, the way having been indicated by the reconnoitring expedition of 1921. The party was led by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. C. Bruce, famous as a climber of the Himalayas and Alps, and included George Leigh-Mallory, Major E. F. Norton, Captain Geoffrey Bruce, of the Gurkha regiments, Major T. Howard Somervill, Dr. T. Longstaff, and others. The attempt was unsuccessful, although Captain Finch and Captain Bruce

reached to within a mile of the summit. Their heroic effort stands out in the story of Mount Everest exploration, for they actually came nearer to their objective than the more fully equipped expedition which followed two years later (1924) and ended in disastrous failure. A further attempt, in 1936, also failed owing to the arrival of the monsoon earlier than usual.

P. 21, l. 7. *Mount Everest :* The maximum altitude of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is 29,140 feet. It is situated on that part of the Himalayan range which is narrowest and therefore most exposed to the south-west monsoon. Attempts to scale the peaks of the Himalayas at this point are limited to the short period—between May and June—when there is no danger of monsoons, and there is then intense cold and strong wind. The feat of climbing Mount Everest therefore involves great exertion within a short period.

Mount Everest was so named after the late Sir George Everest, who completed the trigonometrical survey of the Himalayas in 1841, and fixed the altitude and position of the highest point.

l. 25. *The North Col :* A shelf, convenient for the pitching of a " base " camp, situated at a height of 23,000 feet, and comparatively sheltered. Stores and scientific apparatus were carried up to this point by the sturdy Tibetan porters, who are used to the climatic conditions.

P. 22, ll. 13–14. *East Rongbuk and Main Rongbuk :* " Rongbuk " means " the valley of precipices or steep ravines."

P. 25, ll. 35–37. *Like an inspiration came the thought of trying the effect of oxygen :* Oxygen cylinders were used for the first time on this expedition. The atmospheric pressure at such altitudes is so low that human life is scarcely supportable, although Major T. Howard Somervill says : " Personally I felt pretty well at 27,000 feet, and my condition seemed no different at that height from what it had been at 25,000, or even lower, and I have no doubt that there are many people, if any can be found, who can get to the top of Everest unaided save by their own physiological reactions to life at 21,000 feet for a few days."

P. 28, l. 23. *Scree :* rock formation due to the action of frost.

P. 29, ll. 36–37. *Ours were truly the tortures of Tantalus :* The Tantalus of legend was supposed to be the son of Jupiter,

who was punished for betraying his father's secrets by being placed in a lake whose waters receded when he attempted to quench his thirst, and amidst fruits which perpetually evaded his grasp.

The Good Sheykh. From " Travels in Arabia Deserta," by Charles M. Doughty.

Charles Montagu Doughty (1843–1926) was an " original," both as a personality and as a traveller. When a student at Cambridge his tutor despaired of his " dishevelled " mind, but Doughty's inward preoccupations were not easily expressed or understood. At the age of thirty-three, after some desultory journeys in Europe, a passionate curiosity led him to travel into the heart of Arabia. Taking with him some rudimentary medicines with which he doctored the natives, and very little money, he risked the hazard to his frail physique of perilous journeys through the deserts, taking impressions of ancient sepulchral inscriptions, and travelling into the more remote districts of a land where hostility to the Christian was then intense. Some years afterwards Doughty wrote, in *Arabia Deserta*, a record of " the haps that befel me," employing a literary style which seems at first cryptic but grows upon the reader, who finds himself quickly absorbed in one of the finest accounts of adventure ever written.

Doughty was the first to reveal the mind and the heart of the Moslem to Europeans, and his geographical observations, although neglected for many years, were of the utmost value to archaeologists and British Expeditionary forces. In personality Doughty belonged rather to the Elizabethan age than our own : he passed through Arabia, a fanatic among fanatics, and, withdrawing from the world, wrote in a language in which there is hardly a word, apart from the Arabic, not to be found in Chaucer, and as explicit as Hakluyt, a testament of unique experience which will live for ever.

P. 30, l. 18. *Beduins :* Arabia consists of a northern and southern area, both mainly desert, although there are highlands in the north. The northern Arabs are Semites, descendants of the earliest known Hebrew tribes. Beduins are Southern Arabs ; their origin is not known exactly, but they are not Semites, although they live the life of pastoral nomads.

The Dash for the Pole. From "Scott's Last Expedition," edited by Leonard Huxley.

Captain Robert Falcon Scott (1868–1912) was one of the greatest of modern British explorers, whose last antarctic expedition, planned to reach the South Pole by the most difficult route in order to obtain additional scientific results, ended fatally for himself and the four steadfast companions who shared with him the rigours of its last stages. Although the expedition failed to attain the spectacular achievement of being the first to reach the South Pole, arriving a few weeks after the Norwegian explorer Roald Amunsden and his party had planted their flag there, the scientific value of the undertaking was of the highest value. Scott was the first to discover the great ice-cap on which the South Pole is situated, and his meteorological and magnetic observations were of a brilliant character. He was also the pioneer of sledge-travelling in the South Pole region, and one of the first to make clear the essential differences between arctic and antarctic exploration.

Scott was primarily an adventurer in the field of science, a fact which makes all the more poignant the human story of the adventure undertaken by himself and his party of geologists, surveyors, physicists, and biologists who left their laboratories to face privations and physical stresses for which their normal lives had been scarcely the best preparation.

P. 40, ll. 31–32. *The surface subsided once, as on the barrier :* The "barrier" is an immense sheet of ice, over 400 miles wide and of still greater length, which lies south of Ross Island to the west of Victoria Land.

P. 44, ll. 3–4. *Polar hoosh :* a thick camp soup with a basis of pemmican.

l. 18. *Roald Amunsden :* (1872–1928), the Norwegian explorer who forestalled Scott in the race for the South Pole, was born at Borje, the son of a shipowner. He made his first voyage in 1905, through the North-West Passage, and in 1910 set out for the North Pole but changed his mind and sailed for the antarctic instead. Scott says in his diary (October 11, 1911) : "I don't know what to think of Amunsden's chances. If he gets to the Pole, it must be before we do, as he is bound to travel fast with dogs and pretty certain to start early. On this account I decided at a very early stage to act exactly as I should have done had he not existed. Any

attempt to race must have wrecked my plan, besides which it doesn't appear the sort of thing one is out for."

Amunsden followed up his achievement in discovering the South Pole by making the first air-flight over the North Pole, with General Umberto Nobile, an American explorer, in an airship. Later, General Nobile was reported missing during another expedition, and Amunsden went out with a rescue party, but never returned (1928).

l. 31. *Hypsometer :* an instrument for measuring heights. It is based on the principle that the boiling point of a liquid is lowered by diminishing the pressure.

P. 45, l. 1. [*South*] *Pole :* The existence of an "arctic" region in the South was suspected by the Greeks, but it was not until the fifteenth century that the surroundings of the South Pole were charted. Delay in exploration was probably due to the diversion of successful discoveries of routes in the East by Diaz, Magellan, and others. James Cook first crossed the Antarctic Circle in 1773, while seeking a continent which proved to be Australia.

l. 23. *Sir Ernest Shackleton :* (1874–1922), British explorer, was born at Kilkee, Ireland. He entered the service of the Mercantile Marine and gained his first experience of antarctic exploration with Scott in 1901. He led the British Antarctic Expedition of 1907, of which no news was heard for nearly two years, when the party arrived at New Zealand on the return journey and Shackleton sent his famous cable—the longest on record—to the London "Daily Mail." Sailing from New Zealand in the "Nimrod," Shackleton reached to within 97 miles of the South Pole in 1908. His last expedition (1921), in the "Quest," was cut short by his death from heart failure in 1922.

P. 52, l. 15. *Meares had a bad trip home, I suppose :* The supporting party, with dogs, had been forced to return, owing to blizzards and shortage of food for the dogs. Scott was expected to reach the camp between March 3rd and 10th. The leader of the supporting party had to decide whether to go out and look for him, with the chance of missing the party, or to remain in camp. He chose the latter course, waited two days, and was forced to return.

The shortage of oil of which Scott complains at this juncture was due very largely to leakage. The leather washers of the stoppers to the tins had perished owing

to the intense cold, and the warmth of the sun caused the volatile oil to evaporate.

P. 55, l. 11. *Blizzard bad as ever :* Mr. Frank Wild, who led one wing of Dr. Mawson's Expedition on the northern coast of the antarctic continent, Queen Mary's Land, many miles to the west of the Ross Sea, states in his account of the journey that "from March 21, for a period of nine days we were kept in camp by the same blizzard which proved fatal to Scott and his gallant companions."

A War Correspondent in Greece. From "Chances and Changes," by Henry W. Nevinson.

Henry W. Nevinson, one of the most brilliant, resourceful, and conscientious of modern journalists, was born at Leicester in 1856 and educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford. From the beginning of his career he showed a crusading spirit, regarding his calling as something more than the mere reporting of sensational news. He was largely responsible for the international investigation into the horrors of Portugese slave-trading in central Africa in 1904. His reputation as a war correspondent was assured by graphic and scholarly despatches to the "Daily Chronicle" during the Balkan War of 1912, and during the Great War he represented the "Manchester Guardian" in Gallipoli, Salonika, and Egypt, subsequently attending the Naval Conferences at Geneva and Washington in 1929. In home affairs Nevinson has proved himself a vigilant and illuminating commentator, watchful, in the first instance, of the public interest and social reform.

The Balkan War of 1912.—The first Balkan War broke out in 1912, as a result of the revolt of the lesser Balkan States against the threatened domination of Turkey. The Ottoman Empire at this time comprised Macedonia, Albania, and Epirus. Against the Turks were ranged in alliance Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro. The Turkish forces were obliged to fight three campaigns on three fronts, and within six months they were defeated.

P. 60, l. 11. *Albania :* "Turkey in Asia." The word, however, means "the mountain region" and properly comprehends Schinwan, Daghestan, and Georgia. Poets have used the term loosely. As one result of the Balkan wars an independent state of Albania was formed,

and it is now represented in the League of Nations. Its population is a mixture of Turk, Greek, and Italian.

P. 61, ll. 25–26. *Where Caesar once stormed the fortified town of Gomphi :* The Thessalasian passes were of the utmost importance to Greece. The main military road passed over the Pindus range and descended into the valley of the Peneus in the north-west angle of Thessaly. This was probably the route by which Julius Caesar arrived after the battle of Pharsalia (A.D. 46–120), but there is another pass, called the " Gomphi," which communicates with the Ambracian Gulf.

P. 66, l. 23. *Byron's War of Independence :* The poet Lord Byron came to the assistance of Greece in the early stages of the War of Independence (1824), and died at Missolonghi as a result of over-exertion and exposure to the fever-ridden marshes of this district. Byron, inspired by his love of the Greece of tradition, believed that the Great Powers were not sufficiently interested in the struggle of Greece for independence, and he threw himself recklessly into the adventure which cost him his life. He contributed money, sat on the Greek Committee, and actually drilled soldiers. His activities, however, were mainly concerned with the interior rebellions which preceded the final bid for independence on the part of the whole country.

The Armoured Train. From " My Early Life," by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H.

In his youth the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., C.H., served both as a soldier and as a war correspondent, and his personal exploits during the Boer War attracted attention to his brilliant and audacious personality long before he attained more permanent fame as statesman, orator, and author. From time to time interest in military science and an impulsive disposition have led him to desert the study for the field of action : during the Great War, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty (1915) and Secretary of State for War (1918–1921), he took part in the Antwerp raid and had much to do with the planning of the Dardanelles campaign. His history of the War, " The World Crisis," is the most concise and comprehensive of contemporary records, written in a style at once vigorous and restrained. Churchill, like Demosthenes, had to master an impediment in his speech before excelling as an orator, and in all his

undertakings, whether dynamic or static, or even recreative, he has shown himself a keen enthusiast—building walls and painting pictures with as much energy and determination as he has fought in battle, inspired Cabinet Ministers, and written documents of permanent historical value.

The Boer War (1899–1901) resulted from the determination of the Boers, as the Dutch settlers were known, to realise the complete independence of the two republics in South Africa, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. They had made a previous bid for independence at the battle of Majuba Hill in 1881, which they won. The Boers possessed in President Kruger a leader at once obstinate and astute, and at least one of their generals, Cronje, outwitted the British forces many times. The soldier-farmers fought well and made good use of their knowledge of the country, but eventually they were forced to surrender. The final outcome of the war was the confederation of all the South African States under the British Crown in 1907.

P. 67, l. 12. [*Sir*] *Ian Hamilton :* Born at Corfu in 1853. He joined the Gordon Highlanders in 1873 and saw active service in Afghanistan (1878–1879) and in the Nile campaign (1884–1885). He had been present at the battle of Majuba in the Transvaal (1881), and when the second Boer war broke out he was besieged in Ladysmith, acting as Chief of Staff to Sir George White. After the relief of Ladysmith he became Chief of Staff under Lord Kitchener, and was particularly successful in the organisation of the mobile columns which were ultimately employed to defeat the guerilla tactics of the Boers. During the Great War Sir Ian Hamilton commanded the British Forces in the Mediterranean and Gallipoli. He retired in 1920.

l. 16. *General French :* Born at Ripple, Kent, in 1852. He entered the Navy at the age of fourteen, but quickly transferred to the army and as a cavalry officer took part in the relief of Khartoum (1884). His two greatest achievements during the Boer war were the relief of Kimberley with a force of 5000 mounted men who took the Boers by surprise and at a gallop, and the cutting-off of Cronje after the battle of Paardeberg. At the onset of the Great War General French was in command of the British Expeditionary Force in France and won distinction for his handling of the difficult situation on

the Ypres salient. Subsequently he was recalled and his place taken by Sir Douglas Haig. General French was created Earl of Ypres in 1921. He died in 1925.

My First Fight with the Foreign Legion. From "Twenty-Four Hours in the Foreign Legion," by P. C. Wren.

Percival Christopher Wren was born in Devonshire at Burroughs Court, the house described by Charles Kingsley as the birthplace of Amyas Leigh, in his novel "Westward Ho!" Wren is a direct descendant of a brother of Sir Christopher Wren, the seventeenth-century English architect. He was educated at Oxford, where he became champion amateur heavyweight boxer, and then travelled in five continents in search of adventure, being by turns sailor, tramp, schoolmaster, journalist, farm-labourer, explorer, hunter, and costermonger! He has served as a trooper in a British Cavalry Corps and also as a Legionary in North Africa, and he captained an Indian battalion in East Africa during the World War. He was director of education and physical culture at an institution in Bombay for ten years. From time to time Wren published novels and short stories in which his varied experiences are reflected, but it was not until 1924 that he achieved real success with "Beau Geste," a story of foreign legionaries.

The Foreign Legion.—Irregular corps of Volunteers, or Legionaries, have existed in all ages, their purpose being as a rule to defend a small nation struggling for its independence. The Foreign Legion as described by Wren was originally formed in 1831 to come to the rescue of Algeria. Although many of its officers are of French birth, no Frenchman may serve in the Legion without losing his nationality. The usual period of service is five years. The Legion to-day consists of adventurers of all nations.

P. 77, ll. 28–30. *And all in a hot and copper sky:*

"All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand;
No bigger than the moon."

S. T. COLERIDGE, "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

My Escape from a Turkish Prison. From "Bengal Lancer," by F. Yeats-Brown.

F. Yeats-Brown was born in Genoa in 1886, and

entered the Army, seeing service in India and fighting in France and Mesopotamia during the World War. He was taken prisoner by the Turks and, despite many efforts to escape, remained in Turkey for three years. On returning to England he became Assistant Editor of the "Spectator," and wrote a number of short, brilliant essays which he published under the title of "Bengal Lancer" (1930).

P. 82, l. 15. *Anatolia :* the part of Asia east of the Aegean Sea. The name means "sunrise," or "Eastern land." Eastern Anatolia was the home of early Greek culture. The territory has been much disputed, owing to the mixture of races—Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Italians, and Turks—who claim rights in it, but the country has really belonged to Turkey since 1453, and after the World War the Turkish Nationalist Movement held its centre there.

P. 86, l. 22. *Ramadan :* the ninth month of the Mohammedan year, throughout which the "faithful" are required to fast from dawn to sunset.

P. 87, l. 5. *The streets of old Stamboul :* Stamboul was the Turkish quarter of Constantinople, which is now called Istanbul. It is typically Asiatic and Oriental, containing many crooked streets, mosques, and bazaars.

P. 89, l. 36. *Enver Pasha :* a prominent leader of the "Young Turks," an association of Turkish students from Western universities who first came to the fore in 1908, with the demand "Turkey for the Turks." Enver Pasha became very powerful and as military leader occupied a strong position, but his conduct became more and more erratic and in the end he was obliged to flee the country. He died in 1921, while assisting General Denikin in the revolt of White Russia against the Soviet Union.

A Vision. From "Autobiography of Kingsley Fairbridge." Kingsley Fairbridge (1885–1924) was born in Grahamstown, South Africa, the son of a pioneering Rhodesian settler. As a boy he saw much of life in regions remote from civilisation, and was very early impressed by the contrast afforded by the spectacle of open spaces and his reading of the conditions of life in the over-populated parts of the world. In 1912 he took a Rhodes Scholarship and came to England, where he saw with his own eyes the consequences of over-crowding in big cities. He had hardly left college when he began scheming to

bring about his early vision of taking children from the slum areas to parts of the world where they would be given the chance of developing healthy lives. Fairbridge was the pioneer of Child Emigration. Beginning with a small farm of 160 acres at Pinjarra, Western Australia, he founded the Fairbridge Farm School, now an established institution to which children from Dr. Barnardo's Home and other orphanages emigrate yearly.

The Flight Home from Australia. From "Australia and Back," by Sir Alan Cobham, K.B.E.

Sir Alan John Cobham, British aviator, was born in 1894. After serving with distinction in the Royal Air Force (1914–1918), he took up civil aviation, associating himself with the famous firm of De Haviland in the attempt to develop air routes. In 1926 he brought off a double event twice, crossing from London to Cape Town and back, and also flying to Australia and back. He has flown round the entire African continent. After his retirement from active flying, Sir Alan turned his attention to commercial aviation and promulgated his Air-Route Scheme (1927–1928), the purpose of which was to consolidate the gains of experimentation and indicate the development of British flying.

A Descent to Davy Jones's Locker. From "Half a Mile Down," by Dr. William Beebe.

Dr. William Beebe (1877), American scientist and traveller, is famous for his record descents into the depths of the ocean in the bathysphere, a steel globe capable of resisting enormous pressures of water. Through the quartz windows of his unique diving-bell, while it rested on the bed of the Pacific Ocean, Dr. Beebe saw many luminous fish of extraordinary shape and size, the description of which seems to outdo, in interest and excitement, the most reckless tales told by ancient mariners of fabulous creatures dwelling in Davy Jones's locker. The classification of these eccentric organisms will add greatly to our knowledge of marine life. Before turning his attention to deep-sea exploration, Dr. Beebe won honours as a naturalist and contributed some 3000 ornithological specimens to the New York Zoological Society.

The Galapagos Islands have been Dr. Beebe's principal hunting-ground for the mysterious and the rare,

but he has also penetrated jungles in Africa and India, adding to the descriptions of animal life much new information about the less familiar world of tropical insects. Dr. Beebe's style is quartz-like in its clarity and brilliance, and he conveys to the reader his own vivid sense of the " thrill " of scientific adventure.

The Galapagos Islands, whose flora and fauna provided Charles Darwin with his first intimations of the origin of species, form an archipelago in the Pacific Ocean situated some 500 miles due west from Ecuador, to which country they belong. There are twelve large and several hundred small islands. The name Galapagos means, in Spanish, a tortoise, and it was the Spaniards who first discovered the islands in the sixteenth century and were impressed by the number of unusually large tortoises on the shores. These tortoises are the longest-living creatures on earth, some attaining to 400 years. There are also giant iguanas (lizards), which are found nowhere else in the world. The great value of the Galapagos Islands to the scientist lies in the fact that the majority of the species existing there are unique specimens, or varieties of known species only to be found in this region. The islands have never been inhabited, as a result of which both birds and reptiles are without fear of human beings. The scattered islands probably once formed a mainland, and recent research tends to the conclusion that they were joined to the South American continent.

P. 112, l. 8. *Pteropods :* marine molluscs of sedentary habit, and living on the floor of the ocean.

P. 115, l. 20. *Spiral nebula in Andromeda :* one of the two great areas of very faint cloudy matter visible through powerful telescopes. The other is called Orion. A spiral nebula is of immense size and may be a new universe in the making, but there are many theories about these very remote and indistinct masses.

P. 117, l. 11. *Herbert Spencer :* (1820–1903), English philosopher, was born at Derby and educated at Oxford. He was the first of the modern English philosophical writers to come under the influence of Darwin and Huxley, and to apply the reasoning of the scientific evolutionists to problems of human conduct. His most famous work, " First Principles," was published in 1862, and created a furore on account of its originality and challenge to existing philosophical tenets.

NOTES

Record "Glides" in a Motorless Aeroplane. From "Kronfeld on Gliding and Soaring."

Robert Kronfeld, Austrian aviator, was born in Vienna in 1904. He made a special study of motorless aeroplane flight and is the greatest living authority on gliding. He has also designed many gliding machines. He held the altitude record until 1934, having been the first to reach 150 kilometres, in his famous machine, the "Wien." In 1931 he made the first double flight across the English Channel, and he flew over Mount Vesuvius in 1933. Kronfeld has demonstrated gliding in England.

P. 117, l. 17. *The Olympiad:* organised games, so called after the Greek unit of chronology. Celebrations of games in ancient Greece took place every four years.

On Being One's Own Rabbit. From "Possible Worlds and other Essays," by Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

J. B. S. Haldane (1892) is the gifted son of the late Professor J. S. Haldane, the distinguished writer on philosophical subjects, and was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, where he was made a Fellow in 1919. He was appointed Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge in 1922 and Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institute in 1930. Professor Haldane also holds the position of Professor of Genetics at University College, London. He has made many valuable discoveries, many of them by direct experiment upon himself, involving risk and great powers of endurance. With Julian Huxley he shares the honour of having placed the science of Biology on a new basis by developing its hitherto largely neglected side—that concerning the importance of the environment of the organism. J. B. S. Haldane has shown, in his books "Possible Worlds" and "Daedalus," that he has the gift of making the most abstruse subject intelligible to the lay reader.

My School-days. From "My Life," by the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, P.C.

The Rt. Hon. George Lansbury (1859) was born at Oxford, his father being a platelayer on the railway in that district. The family moved to London, living within sight and sound of a squalor now unthinkable. Lansbury emigrated to Australia in 1884, but in less than a year was back in Bow and Bromley, where he

became vigilant in local politics and also as a Poor Law Guardian, helping people to endure their hardships and at the same time agitating for the removal of their disabilities. Lansbury represented Bow and Bromley in Parliament from 1910 to 1912, resigning over a question of principle. From 1914 to 1922 he edited the "Daily Herald," and at the end of that period was re-elected member for Bow and Bromley. In the second Labour Administration (1929–1931) he held ministerial office as First Commissioner of Works, signalising his desire to make life happier and healthier for all classes by throwing open the Serpentine Lake in Hyde Park for bathing purposes.

P. 137, l. 28. *The Society of Friends:* Commonly called "Quakers," an association of Christians professing the essentials of Christianity but dispensing with liturgy or formulated creed. Founded by George Fox in 1647.

How I Sense the World. From "The World I Live In," by Helen Keller.

Helen Keller, American authoress, was born at Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1880. When nineteen months old she contracted scarlet fever, and was afterwards found to be incurably blind, deaf, and dumb. At the age of seven she was placed in the hands of Miss Anna Sullivan of the Perkin Institute, Boston, famed for her methods of educating the blind and otherwise incapacitated. Helen Keller proved an astonishingly apt pupil, and soon it became evident that not only a first-class brain but an original mind was struggling to express itself in spite of terrible handicaps. Miss Keller graduated with honours at Radcliffe College in 1904. She began to write essays in which she pictured for the normal reader the world in which she lived. Possessed of brilliant imagination and uncommon insight, Miss Keller would have achieved distinction in the world of letters had she not been obliged by force of circumstance to add to her accomplishment a unique achievement of heroic perseverance. Miss Keller was made a Doctor of Laws at Glasgow University in 1932.

A Signature on the Canadian Prairie. From "Farmer's Glory," by A. G. Street.

A. G. Street is a native of Wiltshire. The son of a farmer he has never wanted to be anything but a farmer,

although his enthusiasm for a fine calling has brought him into prominence as author and broadcaster. As a young man he spent five years in Canada, where he learned the arts of farming on the grand scale. Inheriting his father's lands, he faced the actualities of English farm life in this generation and told the story of his fight in " Farmer's Glory," a book which opened the eyes of city-dwellers to the real difficulties of those whose living depends upon the land in these islands. In further books and through the microphone he has continued to act as a kind of literary liaison officer between town and country. While he believes that the lot of the farm labourer is always superior to that of the town worker, he is by no means pessimistic about the future of English agricultural life. He thinks that mechanisation, which first of all denuded the countryside of its young men, will end by repopulating the villages with a generation able to reconcile the advantages of the machine with those of Nature ; in other words, that the farm labourer need not be deprived of the blessings of swift transport and mechanical comfort, but will enjoy them without surrendering his traditional peace of mind.

On the Road with " Professionals." From " The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by W. H. Davies.

W. H. Davies (1871), Welsh poet, whose spontaneous lyrics are among the finest in English verse, was born at Newport, Monmouthshire. As a youth he emigrated to America and obtained employment as a cattleman. Thrown out of work in a strange land, he took to the road in company with hobos and vagrants, who taught him the tricks of vagabondage. An unsuccessful attempt to " jump " a freight train resulted in the amputation of his left foot. Returning to England, his way of life still uncertain and his talent unrecognised, Davies went through many vicissitudes, and in spite of his physical handicap, many times tramped the "open road " between Wales and London, composing songs and hawking shoe-laces. By dint of scraping he published, at his own expense, a slim volume of verse and sent the copies to periodicals for review. Not a single notice appeared, but the late St. John Adcock, then editor of the " Bookman," sent for the poet and wrote an article about him in the " Daily Mail " which brought Society with its guineas to the gates of

Rowton House, where Davies was lodged. In his "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" Davies describes in excellent picaresque fashion his experiences as an amateur vagrant among professionals.

Vagrants.—By the Vagrancy Act of 1824, beggars, unlicensed hawkers, fortune-tellers, and the like, and also those sleeping out or wandering with no visible means of sustenance or in other ways offending against the Poor Law, are liable to prosecution as "criminals." The English Poor Laws were created in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to meet the situation following the dissolution of the monasteries, which formerly cared for the poor.

P. 159, ll. 36–37. *The wandering Jew:* There are various legends of the wandering Jew, but the one most commonly referred to is that of Cartaphilos, the doorkeeper of the judgment-hall in the service of Pontius Pilate, who is said to have struck our Lord as he led him forth, saying, "Go on! Faster!" whereupon Jesus said to him: "I am going, but tarry thou until I return." Afterwards Cartaphilos became a Christian, and wandered over the face of the earth. Every hundred years he is supposed to fall into a trance and awaken rejuvenated.

The Greek legend concerns a poet, Aristeas, who continued to appear and disappear for over four hundred years and who visited all the nations of the earth in turn. There are also German, French, and Gypsy legends of wandering Jews, said to be immortal.

Across the Pacific in a Small Sailing Boat. From "Deep Water and Shoal," by William Albert Robinson.

William Albert Robinson, a young American amateur yachtsman, set sail from New York on the evening of June 23, 1928, in a ten-ton ketch-rigged yacht which cost £1000 to build and which its owner called "Svaap," which is a Sanskrit word meaning "dream." Knowing little more about navigation than he had picked up from books in the New York Library, and a little coastal cruising, he crossed the Pacific Ocean in this small craft, the crew consisting of himself and a "mate" casually engaged on the quayside. He reached Bermuda in twelve days, and from there negotiated the difficult waters of the "dangerous archipelagos," as this part of the Pacific is known, eventually heading for the

West Indies and thence to Panama. His voyage occupied forty-two months and, apart from the study of flora and fauna, he met with many adventures among natives friendly and hostile, and was captured by an Arab sheykh and held to ransom. His account of the trip, " Deep Water and Shoal," received high praise from Negley Farson, himself an adventurer in the Pacific.

P. 161, l. 14. *Tahiti :* the most important of the " Pacific Islands," known as the " Society Group." It is about one-third larger than the isle of Anglesea, and contains a mountain (Orohena) 7340 feet in height. Captain Cook named the island Otaheite, in 1774.

P. 162, ll. 11–12. *Polynesians migrating over the entire Pacific :* The Polynesians are a brown race, racially akin to the Malays but possessing many distinct characteristics. They came originally from Southern Asia and migrated to the Pacific Islands. They are expert boat-builders.

P. 163, l. 3. *The " trades " :* seasonal winds blowing from tropical hills of high pressure to equatorial belts of low pressure. Undisturbed by land, their regularity can be counted on by navigators.

P. 167, ll. 30–31. *Point Venus light, where Captain Cook made his famous observations:* Captain James Cook (1728–1779) first visited the Sandwich Isles in 1776–1778, in the " Resolution " ; in 1768 he was commissioned by the Admiralty to undertake geographical observations in the South Pacific and watch for the transit of Venus.

My First Salvage Case. From " Ship Ashore," by Desmond Young.

Desmond Young is the son of Commodore Sir Frederick Young, R.N.R., whose remarkable achievements in salving wrecks given up as hopeless won the commendation of the late Lord Jellicoe. Commodore Young successfully cleared the ports of Zeebrugge and Ostend from the block-ships sunk there in the course of the historic raid during the World War. Desmond Young helped his father to recover many fine vessels on the rocks, and his own salvage work has been distinguished by courage and resource. In his book " Ship Ashore," he describes many of his father's famous feats as well as his own.

P. 169, l. 27. *Soroka :* a fishing village in North Russia on the south-western shores of the white Sea. It was

formerly a place of exile for Russian criminals or political offenders not considered dangerous enough to be sent to Siberia.

P. 180, l. 12. *General Dawes :* (1865), American lawyer and soldier, was born in Marietta, Ohio. His profound knowledge of international law and his experiences during the World War led to his appointment to the Liquidation Commission of the Allies in 1918, and he played so important a part in the enquiry into German Reparations that the scheme adopted was called the Dawes Scheme. General Dawes was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1925.

P. 185, ll. 36–37—P. 186, ll. 1–2. *The ship began to move . . . from the rock on which she had lain for over two years :* The " Ulidia " was safely piloted to the Tyne, and repaired at a cost of £60,000. Her name was changed to the " Skarras " and in 1932 she was still carrying cargo round the world.

My First Fight with Bombardier Wells. From " My Fighting Life," by Georges Carpentier.

Georges Carpentier, the French boxer whose scientific methods won him the admiration of such literary followers of the game as Maurice Maeterlinck and George Bernard Shaw, was born at Lens in 1894. He won in succession all the different weight championships in France, and in 1918 twice defeated Bombardier Wells, the English heavyweight champion. In 1919, after serving in the World War and receiving the Military Medal for distinguished air-service, he knocked out the redoubtable Joe Beckett in the first round of their contest for the Heavy-weight Championship of Europe. In 1921, however, he was defeated by Jack Dempsey at Jersey City, and shortly afterwards retired from the ring.

P. 192, ll. 17–18. " *Georges, there is the big bombardier, Billy Wells* " *:* Bombardier Wells, British boxer, was born in London in 1889. While in the Army he won the All-India Championship, defeating Iron Hague in 1911. After leaving the Army Wells became a professional boxer, winning the Heavy-weight Championship, which he subsequently lost to Carpentier. He was beaten by Joe Beckett in 1919.

" *The Lions are Loose !* " From " Seventy Years a Showman," by Lord George Sanger.

Lord George Sanger, circus proprietor, was born at

Newbury, Berks, in 1827, the son of a showman. He began his career in partnership with his brother John Sanger, and the association continued until the latter's death in 1889, when George Sanger took over both circuses and also acquired Astley's Circus at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The addition of the name "Lord" to his Christian names was, of course, a piece of sly showmanship, which amused Queen Victoria, who gravely congratulated Sanger on his elevation to the peerage, whereupon the circus proprietor as gravely replied, "As you please, Madam." Sanger was attacked and killed by one of his own employees in 1911.

Photographing Lions by Flash-light. From "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

A Radclyffe Dugmore (1870) was educated at Guernsey and Smyrna, and studied painting in Naples and Rome. He turned to Natural History research, and after some years of ornithological work under the guidance of the late W. E. D. Scott, began photographing wild life in the African jungle. His film, "The Wonderland of Big Game," was a revelation in successful "shooting" of difficult subjects.

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ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. *The Finding of the Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen.* "I almost dared to hope that we had found our tomb at last." Discuss the situation suggested by this phrase and indicate the nature of the doubts experienced by the excavators.

2. *On the Roof of the World.* Consider the difficulties of Mt. Everest exploration, and indicate the causes of failure and the steps taken to avoid them in the 1921 expedition.

3. *The Good Sheykh.* Discuss the distinguishing features of Beduin and Aarab.

4. *The Dash for the Pole.* Give in detail the series of misfortunes that befell Scott and his companions on the last stages of their journey to the South Pole and during the attempt to return to the base camp.

5. *A War Correspondent in Greece.* "The description of battles in history have always filled me with admiration, but since that day I have more than ever marvelled at the insight and accuracy with which historians can describe almost every minute in the enormous conflicts of the world even many years afterwards." Discuss this statement in relation to the difficulties of war correspondents and their reports.

6. *The Armoured Train.* "Nothing looks more formidable and impressive than an armoured train : but nothing is in fact more vulnerable and helpless." Elucidate this and compare with the tank as used in modern warfare.

7. *My First Fight with the Foreign Legion.* Compare the equipment of a Foreign Legionary with that of an English soldier in the tropics.

8. *My Escape from a Turkish Prison.* "Things were on a hair-edge in Constantinople ; a burst tyre made us think the revolution had come at last : we gossiped hopefully about the imminent downfall of Enver Pasha." Discuss in relation to the World-War.

9. *A Vision.* "Suddenly the thought came to me, Why are there no farms ? Why are there no people?" Consider

this statement in relation to the problems of emigration and colonization, indicating the contrast between the overcrowded areas of the world and the still uncultivated empty spaces. How much progress has been made towards the solution of the problems since Kingsley Fairbridge wrote about them?

10. *The Flight Home from Australia.* Discuss the extent to which the air routes made possible by the flights of Sir Alan Cobham have come into being.

11. *A Descent into Davy Jones's Locker.* "The blackness of a blue midnight." Discuss.

12. *Record "Glides" in a Motorless Aeroplane.* Consider the essential differences between flight in an engine-propelled aeroplane and in a motorless aeroplane.

13. *On Being One's Own Rabbit.* Describe the symptoms of breathing hard for as long as humanly possible and indicate the chemical changes that take place.

14. *My School-days.* Compare the educational conditions in England to-day with those described by Mr. Lansbury and draw inferences.

15. *How I Sense the World.* "Certainly I get far enough to sympathise with the delight that my kind feel in beauty they see and harmony they hear. This bond between humanity and me is worth keeping, even if the idea on which I base it prove erroneous." Consider the philosophical value of this contention, made by one blind, deaf and dumb.

16. *A Signature on the Canadian Prairie.* "That piece of breaking is a thing to which I look back with considerable pleasure, and were it possible I would do it again gladly. But it is not possible, and as ploughing in this country seems doomed, I must be content to have these memories." Discuss this statement in relation to the future of agriculture in England.

17. *On the Road with "Professionals."* "Two months had I wandered, during which time I had not been able to concentrate my thoughts on any noble theme, taking all day to procure the price of a bed and two or three coppers extra for food." Consider this state of mind in comparison with that of the common vagrant who begs rather than do work of any kind.

18. *Across the Pacific in a small Sailing Boat.* "One cannot know the sea from steamships, nor look forward to new lands with the same intensity and fulness of pleasure that are given to those who sail." Discuss.

19. *My First Salvage Case.* Taking the story of the *Ulidia*

as a basis, discuss the part played by salvage in modern shipping from the point of view of the cost, risk to life, and the advantages gained.

20. "*The Lions are Loose!*" Discuss the narrative of Lord George Sanger's experience with the escaped lions. How much of the account would you consider to be true and how much due to irresistible "dressing-up" of the born showman?

21. *My Fight with Bombardier Wells.* Discuss the fight between Carpentier and Bombardier Wells from the point of view of fair play and sport.

22. *Photographing Lions by Flash-light.* "If we had arranged the setting to suit the requirements of flash-light photographing we could not have found anything more entirely satisfactory for the position of the kill and where the lions had placed it." Describe this "setting" and its advantages from the photographers' point of view.

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